★ May 17, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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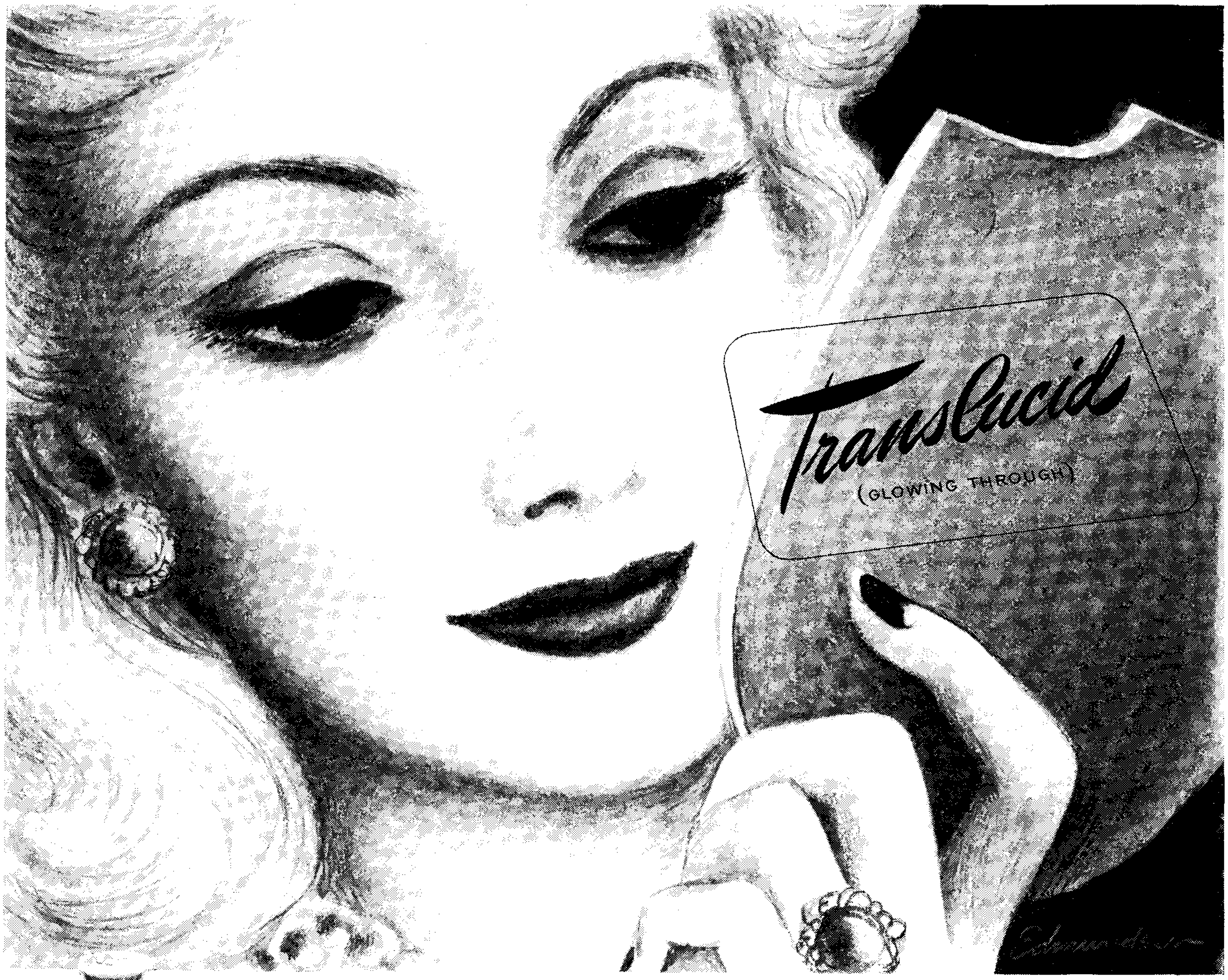

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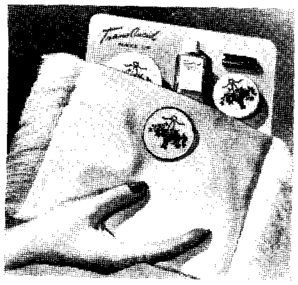

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 24. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Beautiful People—William Saroyan's fourth love letter to the human race is as passionate as his first and no more coherent. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey play the mad Websters, who love mice. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sat. at 8:50, and Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 18, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. *Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best foreign play.* (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—An excellent revival of Shaw's play about the medical profession, which isn't nearly as dated as you'd expect. Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey head a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Fri. Aft., May 23, at 2:35, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This, of course, is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin, Albert Hackett, Philip Ober, and Millard Mitchell are in the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Native Son—A considerably toned-down and simplified version of Richard Wright's novel, but still very moving and provocative. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a bit thin in spots. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., May 17.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with a fine cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best American play. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Happy Days—Zoë Akins' adaptation of Claude-André Puget's story "Les Jours Heureux," with Diana Barrymore. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—One of Broadway's oldest institutions, in which Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have recently taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—No more Joe Cook but still plenty of lovely skating and several new numbers. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is at his best as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

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Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory production, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, and June Havoc are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 15 and 17, at 8:45; and "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 22 and 24, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—This pleasant warm-weather spot is now open for another season. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—An ingratiating sort of place, where people like to get together in the evening—early or late. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pace-setter among the local tropics, with songs by Yvette and music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Very much the same as it's always been, with almost exactly the same faces. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious retreat for an hour or an evening. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—This is going a bit giddy at the moment with a show that includes three strip-teasers, but is otherwise little changed. John Buckmaster is on hand and so is Ted Straeter's orchestra.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—William Scotti and his orchestra play for dinner dancing in the spacious Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, and the De Marcos, Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and Chiquito's rumba band are around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Starting Wed., May 21, Radio City's aerial nook will have a new show, with Billy de Wolfe, Agnes de Mille, Hugh Laing, Barry Winton's orchestra, and a rumba band. Matty Malneck's orchestra heads the current entertainment. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is now open, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band providing the music. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde *is practically a fixture in the Café Lounge, where* Emile Petti's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Joe E. Lewis is there, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Margo heads the show on the Starlight Roof, where the music is by Xavier Cugat's orchestra.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): robust songs by Spivy, swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and quieter numbers by Betty Bryant—all on top of an office building. . . . **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night, except Mon., and is well worth hearing. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central

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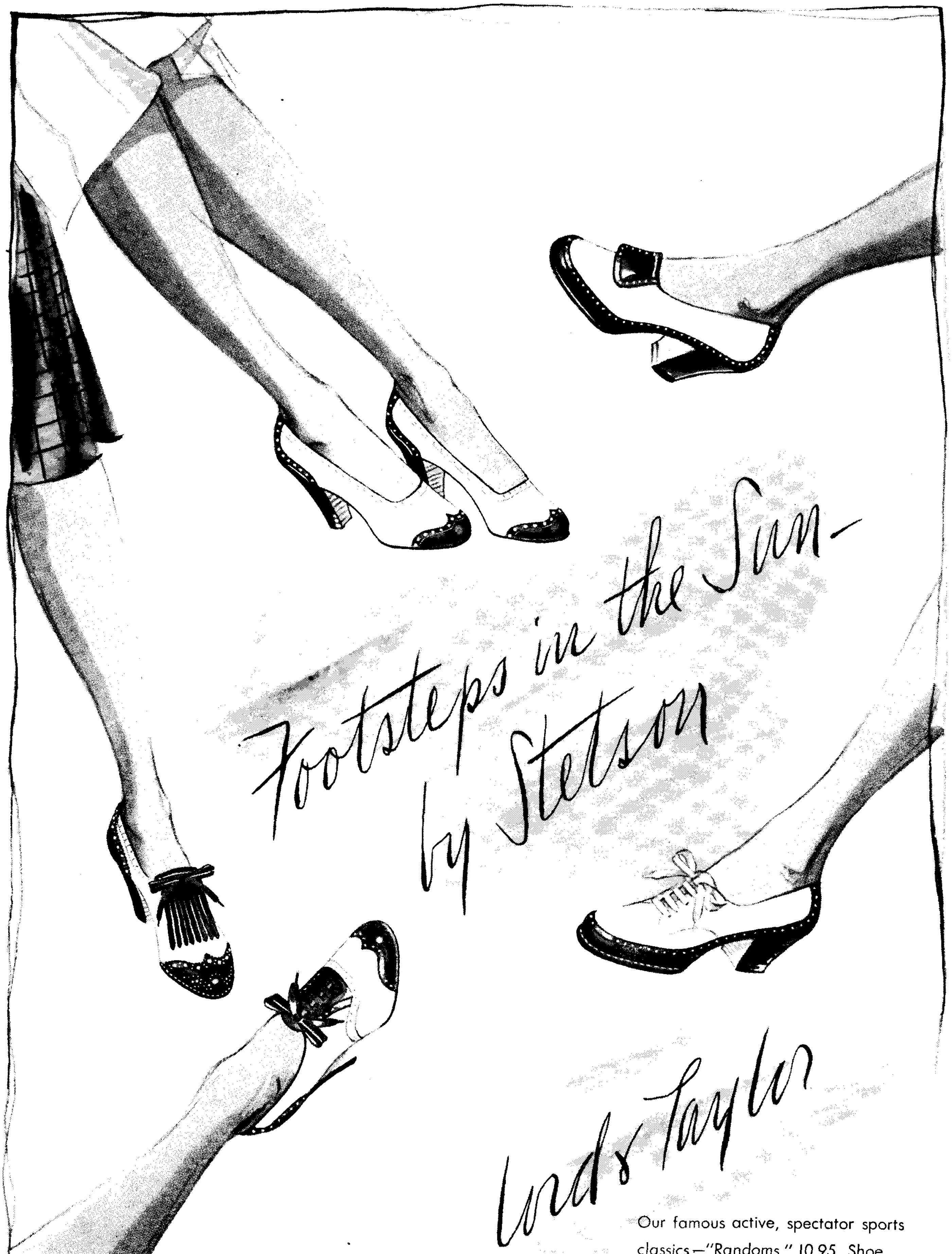
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 24. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

Miscellaneous—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): *a dance floor no bigger* than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): lots of Old Russian atmosphere, an orchestra, and a show. Closes for the summer on Sun., May 18. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Will Hollander's orchestra, playing for dinner dancing, will be replaced by Peter Kent's on Fri., May 16. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): José Morand's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with entertainment by the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Carmen Amaya (to be replaced on Fri., May 16, by Carmen D'Antonio) and a rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big establishment has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., play in this Village landmark every night, except Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but Stuff Smith's band turns up nightly, except Tues. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio are the mainstays here. They're off Tues.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Note—Among the sidewalk cafés you might drop into if you're down in the Village are those of the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8, the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9, and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Baum and Day—Pleasantly naïve landscapes by Baum; Miss Day goes in for strong linear design, which shows up best in her industrial scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6.

Beckmann—A minor retrospective of paintings by this cryptic but frequently rewarding modern German artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

Bellows—Lithographs and drawings, showing that the old master was pretty good after all, especially in his less pretentious moments: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Bliss—Oils by an Iowa primitive, a little muddled *in color but strong in spirit:* Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

British—The Edward T. Stotesbury collection of portraits, including many good examples by Raeburn, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Romney: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 23.

Brook—New paintings, in his first one-man show in several years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Burliuk—A showing of this artist's latest water colors and oils: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Tues., 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Dali—Recent oils, perhaps a bit tamer in style than we're used to but done with all his accustomed technical virtuosity: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

Dehn—New water colors and a retrospective showing of lithographs: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

Desha—Spirited drawings and water colors of the ballet and other subjects: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

Eckel—Richly colored, ruggedly designed paintings in a first solo show of real promise: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Folinsbee—Briskly painted Maine landscapes, with *a few less successful figure studies:* Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

French—Paintings by Fragonard, Dufy, Derain, and other eighteenth-century and modern French masters: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

Gross—Smartly handled, highly illustrative water colors of wartime scenes in London: Harlow, Keppel, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through May 29.

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: the annual midseason retrospective, featuring good pieces by Nassos Daphnis, Lebduska, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 23. . . . **VENDOME,** 23 W. 56: rugged landscapes by Herbert Deckelmann lead a group of works by five painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 24. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: the gallery, showing seven excellent but as yet unsold oils by as many contemporary artists, asks "What is wrong with this picture?" Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **DECORATORS CLUB,** 745 5 Ave., at 58: paintings by John Sloan, Peter Hurd, and other contemporary Americans; a benefit for Greek war relief. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Mac Nicol—*Broadly handled, decorative water colors* of South American and West Indian scenes: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A slightly *bric-a-bracky but occasionally interesting exhibition* of paintings, porcelains, etc., illustrating the influence of the China Trade on American and European art (through Sept. 21); also, work by students of the adults' and children's classes of the local WPA art project (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Prints—At the **GROLIER CLUB,** 47 E. 60: representative exhibit of etchings, engravings, and drawings by Jacques Callot, the seventeenth-century master. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: nicely chosen collection of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century prints, mainly by Dutch and Flemish artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 19.

Sculpture—At **VILLAGE SQUARE,** 6 Ave. at 8: the third outdoor exhibition of the always lively Sculptors Guild. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: small works by Sascha Brastoff. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 7.

Ullman—Neat little landscapes—almost miniaturistic—of Brittany and Provence: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

Utrillo—Seventeen paintings, containing about the cream of his early "white" period: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Comprehensive and generally enjoyable memorial show of oils, drawings, and other works by Jerome Myers, that specialist in painting New York's East Side. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Here and There—At the **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: paintings by Moholy-Nagy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB,** 16 E. 10: members' exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily, except Thurs., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: paintings by Svetoslav Roerich. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: eighteenth- and nineteenth-century flower paintings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **REED,** 46 W. 57: paintings by William H. Johnson and sculptures by Harry L. Comins. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 18. . . . **MCDONALD,** 665 5 Ave., at 53: wood engravings by Winslow Homer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: oils, drawings, and prints by *Fred Nagler. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.;* through May 29. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: ninth annual exhibition of the Arthur Schwieder group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24. . . . **JOHN LEVY,** 1 E. 57: Early American paintings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 12. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: water colors and small oils by Gifford Beal. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 6.

Note—The semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 16, and continue daily, through Sun., May 25, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

All-American Youth Orchestra—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 16, at 8:45.

Music Festival—Performances by choruses and orchestras from the four city colleges: Hunter College, Fri. Eve., *May 16, at 8:30.* (Park at 68. For tickets, call ED 4-5400.)

Catholic Young Women's Glee Club—McCulloch conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Sat. Eve., May 17, at 8:30.

Finnish Benefit—*A choral program conducted in part* by Antonia Brico, with the Roth String Quartet, the Finnish Male Chorus, and other groups: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., May 18, at 8:30.

Dean Dixon Symphony—Dixon conducting: Heckscher Theatre, Sun. Eve., May 18, at 8:40. (5 Ave. at 104. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Lily Pons—Her first concert here in almost a year will be given as a benefit for China, at which Dr. Lin Yutang will speak: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., May 20, at 8:30.

Negro Music—A revival-meeting program, with the Pentecostal Five, the Rolling Stones, the Little Unknown Four, and other gospel-singing groups; one of a series of special concerts: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., May 21, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

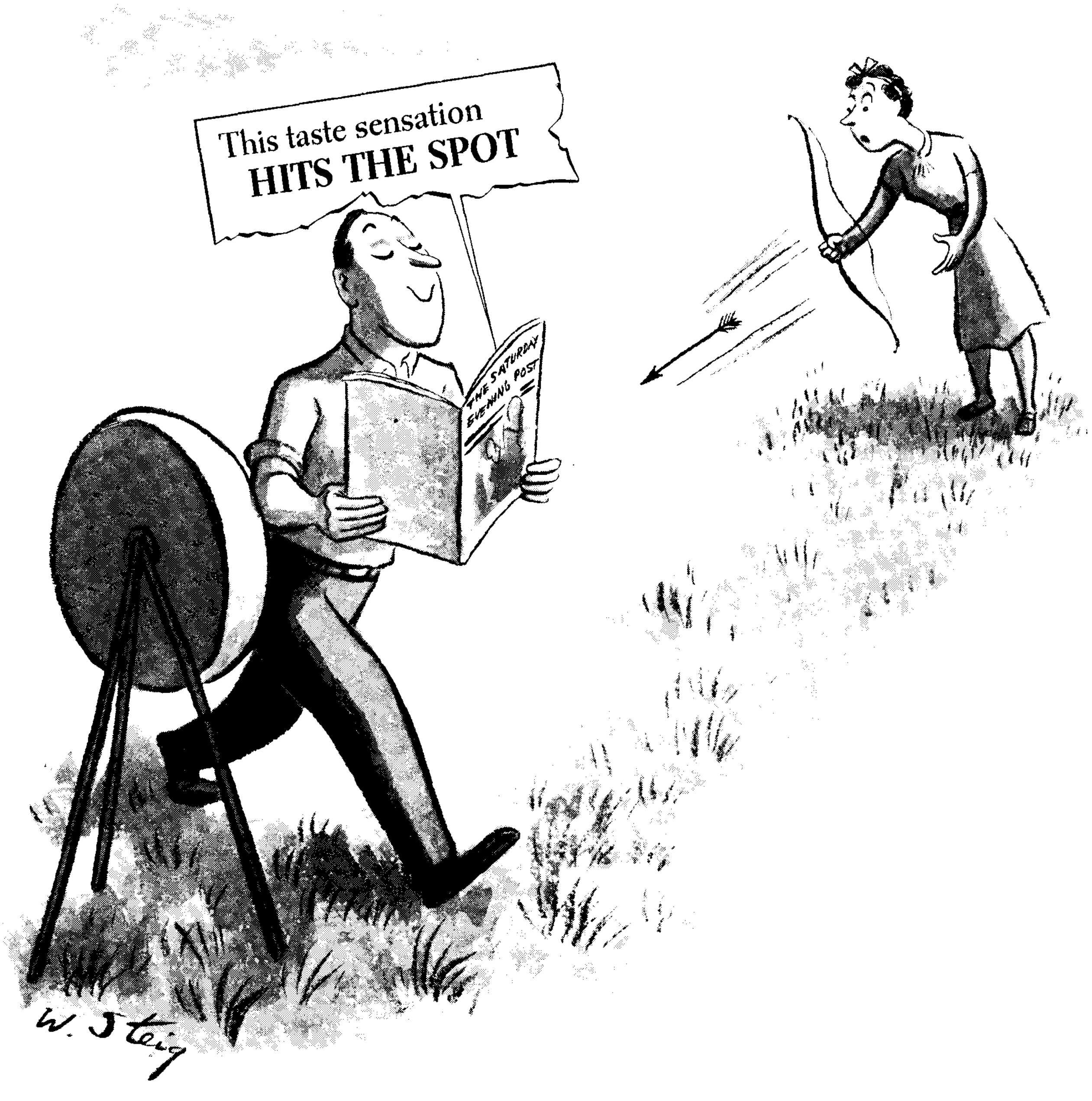
Hebrew Singers—Vladimir Heifetz conducting the Jewish Cultural Society Chorus in a program of his music for "The Golem": Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 22, at 8:30. (Soloist: Kipnis.)

Pan-American Program—Called "La Noche de las Américas," this will be an evening of diversified entertainment by musical and dancing celebrities of North and South America, to raise money for an inter-American music centre in Washington: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 23, at 8:30.

Note—Sir Thomas Beecham will speak on "Mozart and the Eighteenth Century" at Town Hall on Wed. Eve., May 21, at 8:45, using the piano to illustrate his remarks.

OPERA

Salmaggi Company—Tentative schedule: "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 16; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., May 17; "La Traviata,"


This taste sensation
HITS THE SPOT
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
W. Steig

To fly straight to the point—survey after survey shows one thing is unquestionably true. Whenever people are asked, "In what magazine do you pay the most attention to advertising?" the majority always answer, "The Saturday Evening Post!" It is not exactly surprising, then, that advertisers last year awarded $27,212,997 to the Post—$8,796,557 more than to the next magazine.

People pay attention

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sun. Eve., May 18; at 8:30. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 15-16, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 17, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sun. Aft., May 18, at 3, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., May 19-20, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 21-22, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 23, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 24, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 24, at 2:30.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Lew Jenkins vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., May 16; Anton Christoforidis vs. Gus Lesnevich, light heavyweights, 15 rounds, Thurs., May 22. (Preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.)

Crew—On SAT. AFT., MAY 17—Carnegie Cup, Cornell-Princeton-Yale, Ithaca: freshmen at 6:30; junior varsity at 6:45; varsity at 7. . . . Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Pennsylvania, Annapolis: freshmen at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5. SAT. AFT., MAY 24—Harvard-Cornell-Syracuse, Cambridge: freshmen at 5; junior varsity at 5:15; varsity at 5:30.

Dog Shows—Orange Kennel Club, South Orange, Sat., May 17, at 10 A.M. . . . Ladies' Kennel Association, Garden City, Sat., May 24, at 10 A.M.

Golf—Triangular Team Matches, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Thurs., May 15, at 9 A.M. . . . *Invitation Tournament, Lakeville Club, Great* Neck, Fri. through Sun., May 16-18, at 10 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Rock Spring Club, West Orange, Fri. through Sun., May 16-18, at 9 A.M. . . . Goodall Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, Thurs., May 22, at 1 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., May 23-25, at 10:30 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., May 23-25, at 9 A.M.

Horse Shows—Washington Show, Chevy Chase, Md., Fri. and Sat., May 16-17, at 10 A.M., and Sun., May 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Vassar, Poughkeepsie, Sat., May 17, at 9:30 A.M., and Sun., May 18, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Watchung Riding and Driving Club, Summit, Sat., May 17, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 18, at 1 P.M. . . . Oaks Hunt, Great Neck, Sun., May 18, at 9 A.M. . . . Wilmington, Del., Thurs. through Sat., May 22-24, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Races—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 17, at 3.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2:15 P.M.; through June 7. The Withers, May 17; the Juvenile and the Metropolitan Handicap, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Track—Heptagonal Championships, Princeton, Sat., May 17, at 1 P.M.

Yachting—Horseshoe Harbor Y.C. championship race on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M., Sat., May 24.

OTHER EVENTS

Diamonds—An exhibit of a several-million-dollar collection of jewels, many of them famous and some of them privately owned: Cartier, 5 Ave. at 52. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Costumes—American wedding dresses of the eighteenth *and nineteenth centuries:* Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Barnard Collection—The late George Grey Barnard's second collection of Romanesque and Gothic art, assembled after the first became a part of the present Cloisters, has been placed on sale and may be seen at the old Cloisters building, 698 Fort Washington Ave., at 190. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 29. (Admission fees will be turned over to the Red Cross.)

Benefits—May Ball, for Bundles for Britain: Waldorf-Astoria, Mon. Eve., May 19, at 10. . . . Musicians Emergency Fund supper, with entertainment by Ruth Draper, Jascha Heifetz, and Artur Rubinstein: Plaza, Wed. Eve., May 21, at 9:30.

Garden Exhibitions—The Long Island gardens of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Old Westbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez and Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Tobin, Syosset: Tues., May 20, from 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. (For tickets, call Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, WI 2-0882.) . . . Tulips on the estate of Mrs. John T. Scheepers, Brookville, L.I., a benefit for British war relief: Thurs., May 22, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-2300.) . . . The gardens at the Samuel Untermyer estate, North B'way, Yonkers, are on view every Tues., Thurs., and Sat., from 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Silver Miniatures—A large loan exhibition of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English pieces, a benefit for British war relief: James Robinson, 716 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., May 22.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 24. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Auctions—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—The second part of the A. Edward Newton collection of books and manuscripts: Thurs. Aft., May 15, at 2, and Thurs. and Fri. Eves., May 15-16, at 8:15. . . . English and French furniture, Georgian silver, *and decorations, owned by Miss Charlotte* Broad: Fri. Aft., May 16, at 2. . . . Chinese porcelains, pottery, bronzes, sculptures, and other Oriental objects of art, owned by Mrs. Gustave Lindenmeyr and others: Sat. Aft., May 17, at 2. . . . Antique furniture and tapestries, Oriental rugs, and art objects, from the estate of the late Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler: Wed. through Fri. Afts., May 21-23, at 2.

COLLECTORS CLUB, 22 E. 35—The Norman Serphos collection of air-mail stamps: Mon. through Thurs. Afts., May 19-22, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

Blackout—A British picture and a prize thriller of London, spies, and romance—slick and handsome. *With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt.* (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 18-19.)

Citizen Kane—Orson Welles' extraordinary film study of a rich man and his life. A superb and triumphant business. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor, and beauty, and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Flame of New Orleans—Marlene Dietrich in a sly morsel of comedy, directed by René Clair, with a very pretty touch to it. Roland Young and Bruce Cabot are also concerned. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Thurs., May 22.)

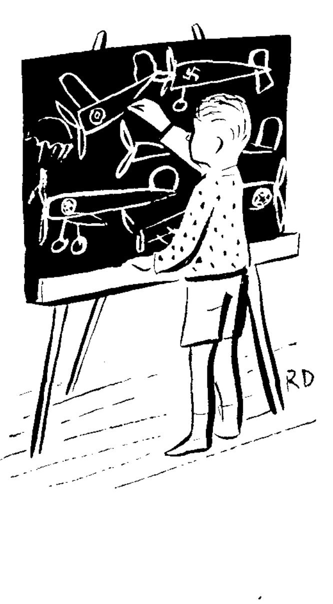
The Girl in the News—British excitement, with Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams, about a trained nurse and some murders. Directed by Carol Reed of "Night Train." (Globe, B'way at 46; through Sat., May 17.)

Go West—The Marx Brothers let loose upon the wild plains of frontier days. What might be called hilarious. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 17-19. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave., at 84; Sat. through Tues., May 17-20.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty of the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie. Certainly unique. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., May 15. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., May 17. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Sat., May 18-24.)

The Lady Eve—A nice little sparkler, written and directed by Preston Sturges. With Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., May 20. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., May 17-20. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., May 22-24.)

Meet John Doe—Frank Capra's latest message to *the plain citizen of America, in which he rather* overdoes things. With Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., May 21.)



Night Train—Spies, the Gestapo, Berlin, and England in another British thriller of the first rank. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison, and altogether something to give you exquisite jitters. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave., at 12; through Sat., May 17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 17-20. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., May 21-22. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; starting Sat., May 24.)

Pépé le Moko—The French film from which came our "Algiers." Though its reels are worn now, it is still of strange interest. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Sea Wolf—Jack London's old story revised again, and very thoroughly worked out too. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., May 17. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., May 18-19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 20-21. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. through Fri., May 21-23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Sat., May 24.)

Strawberry Blonde—The tale of a dentist from "One Sunday Afternoon," with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. Plain American folk, you know, around 1900. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 16.)

The Wagons Roll at Night—Circus life, not streamlined, with Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney. A shocker of the old school, with never a quiet minute in it. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 22.)

A Woman's Face—A curious, morbid experiment, and something new for Joan Crawford, who lets her face be seen distorted and wounded. Unusual and exciting. With Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Sat. through Mon., May 17-19. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., May 21.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Racy and French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., May 22-23.)

Chaplin Comedies (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's Western, with Una Merkel and James Stewart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 17-20.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., May 16-17.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., May 17.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., May 22-23.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave., at 84; through Fri., May 16.)

The Prince and the Pauper (1937)—The Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains reviving Mark Twain. (*Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington* at 52; Sun. and Mon., May 18-19.)

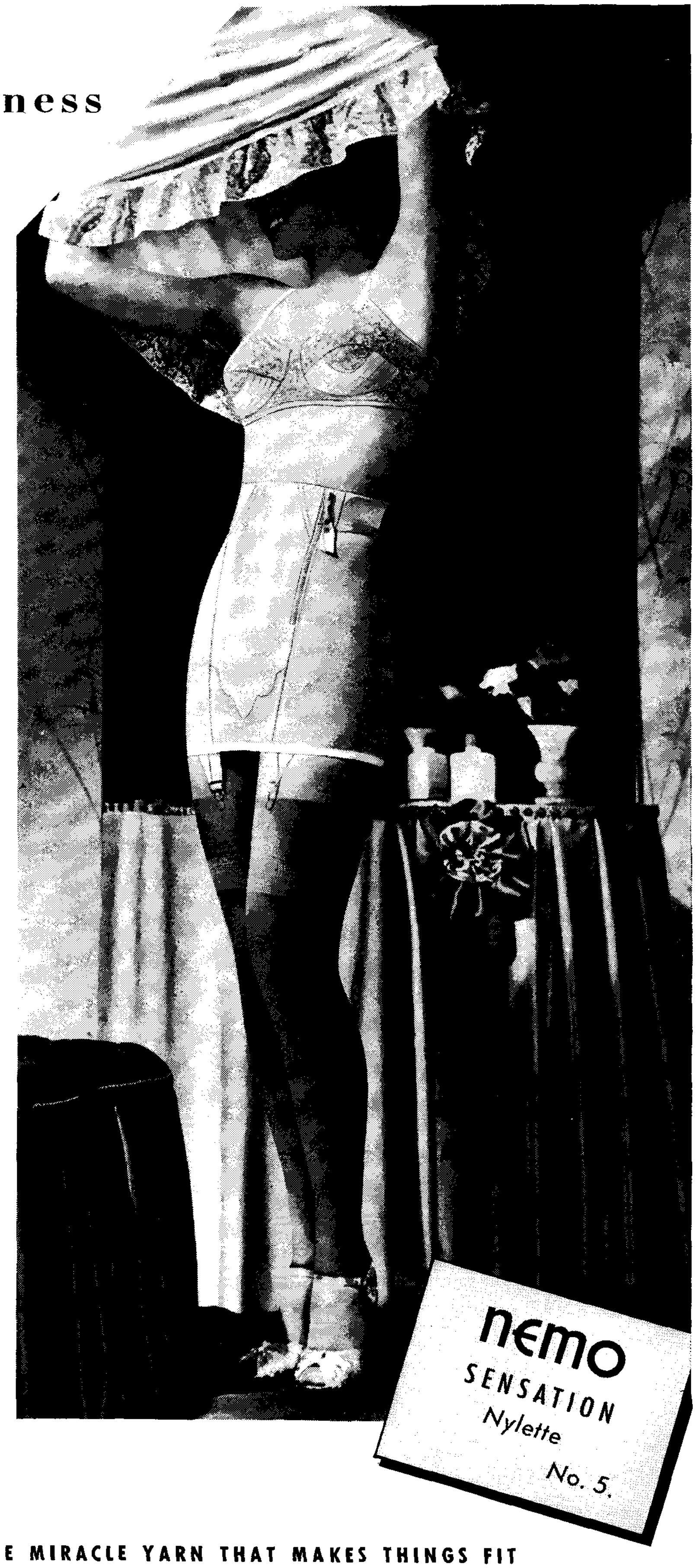
The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as King. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., May 21-22.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 18-20.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 16.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art is concluding its showings of American film comedies with the following programs—Thurs., May 15: four 1915 Chaplin films. Fri., May 16: four 1914 Chaplin films. Sat., May 17: four 1915 Chaplin films. Sun., May 18: "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell. Mon., May 19: "What! No Beer?," Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. Beginning Tues., May 20, a series of documentary British war shorts will be shown. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900. Weekdays 2 P.M.; Sun. 2 and 4 P.M.)

All out preparedness against summer slump



DON'T let your loveliness wilt with the first heat wave. Stand right up to it in the neatest, trimmest, smoothest girdle that ever was—the new Nemo Sensation Nylette. It's only a wisp of "Lastex" here and a flick of Nylon there—a deft design in sheerness and coolness. But it's surprisingly strong to mould and hold, the last word in individual fit, comfort and control for Summer wear. Rayon satin panels front and back, made with "Lastex" yarn in vertical stretch, are faggot-stitched to side sections in power net, made with "Lastex" and Du Pont ● Nylon yarns in two-way stretch. Slide fastener side closing. Tiny bones in front and wide cuffs at top of side sections combine to prevent rolling. All sizes 25 to 29, at $5. Worn with Nemo Partos, The Brassiere that "Parts," (Style 100-6) at $1.00, also made with "Lastex." At leading stores everywhere, with other Nemo girdles, pantie-girdles and all-in-ones at from $1.00 to $18.50, also made with benefit of your figure's best friend.

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STOMACHIC AND APPETIZER
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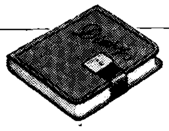
The story of Anne

and how she grew!



(*from a mother's diary*)

JUNE 15, 1920. Took her home from the hospital today. Jim carried her in mother's clothes-basket. She's so *tiny!*

NOVEMBER 8, 1920. I was feeding Anne her cereal—something clicked against the spoon. A TOOTH! Jim made me wake her up tonight so he could see it!

APRIL 4, 1924. We're so *scared.* Anne fell off her tricycle and cut a deep gash in her forehead. We rushed her to the hospital.

APRIL 5, 1924. Please, God, *please* don't let those stitches show!

SEPTEMBER 5, 1926. Anne started school today. Jim came home early to hear all about it.

JANUARY 17, 1931. We'll have to have Anne's teeth straightened. (I really didn't need that new coat!)

MAY 6, 1933. Anne's first dance. Her first long dress! (Made it myself.) Jim said she looked like a million and went and splurged on two orchids!

JUNE 22, 1937. High school over. Anne got a summer job all by herself. Pretty spunky.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1938. Anne's second year in college. The plucky girl is earning money tutoring.

MAY 2, 1941. In just a few weeks, Anne will graduate from college. We've talked and talked about what to give her. Only one thing seems important enough to show how we feel. It's the one thing she wants but probably hasn't dared hope for . . . *a Hamilton watch!*

For girl or boy, there's no finer start in life than a Hamilton. All Hamiltons have 17 or more jewels. All are cased in precious metal (except special military watches). $37.50 to $5000. Made in U. S. A. Write for folder. Hamilton Watch Co., 150 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.

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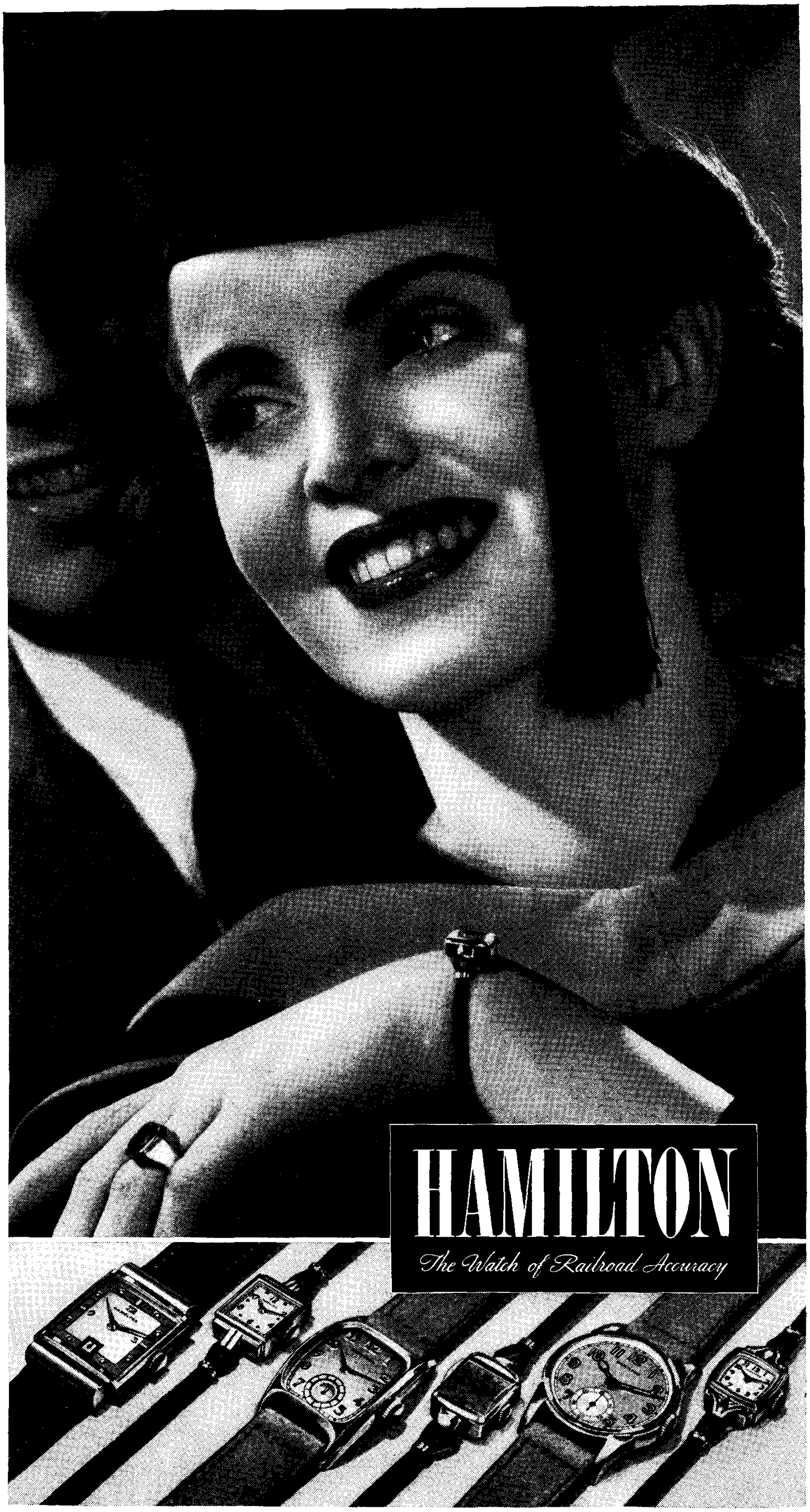

MIDAS. 19 jewels. 14K coral gold. 18K applied gold dots. $100.	LINDA. 17 jewels. 14K natural gold. Black numeral dial . . . $55.	BOULTON. 19 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. 18K nums. $55.	VENITA. 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Gold-filled fittings . . . $60.	ENDICOTT. 17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled $37.50	ELLYN. 17 jewels. 14K white or natural gold. 18K nums. $55.

Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures the greatest possible ACCURACY in every other size and grade.

Mother and daughter pastoral . . .

highest example of our good-things-come-in-threes school of thought, this enchanting trio in eyelet embroidered pique. Crisp and clean cut as white blossoms, its edges pinked with the red or blue zigzag of ric-rac. Mother's dress, sizes 9 to 15, 10.95. Big daughter's, sizes 7 to 14, 6.95. Little daughter's, sizes 3 to 6, 5.95.

children's shop, second floor young colony shop, third floor

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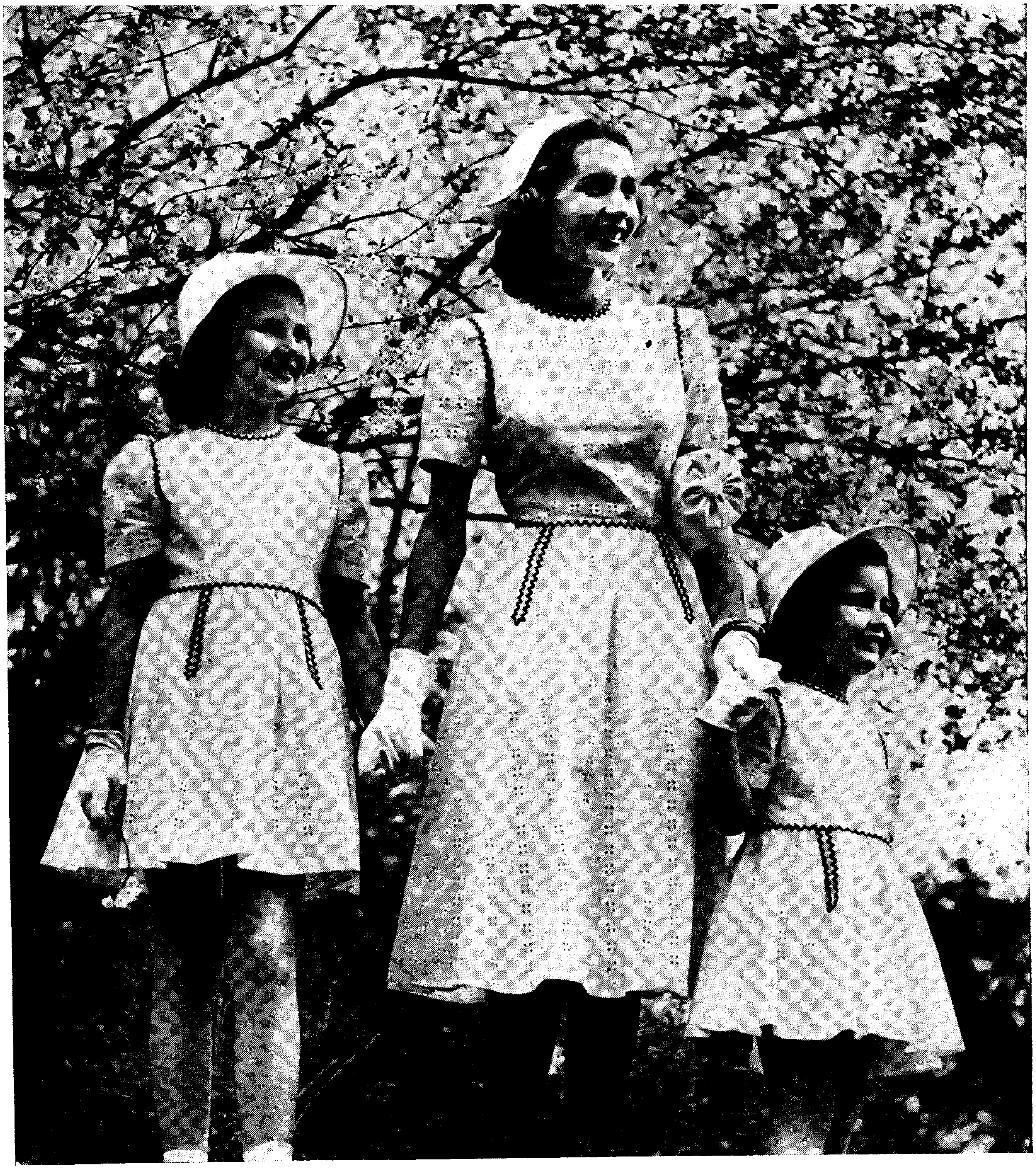


FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET, N. Y. MU. 9-7000 ALSO AT OUR EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS SHOPS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is quite possible that Secretary Stimson's radio speech last week is the closest thing to an actual declaration of war with Germany that we're going to get this time. As such, the thirty minutes between half past ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of May 6, 1941, belong to history, and the manuscript from which Mr. Stimson read is a national document, to be preserved under glass in the Capitol. We listened to the Secretary's speech, sitting in a soft chair with a big glass, and we're darned if we know what we're going to tell our grandchildren about it. Mr. Stimson spoke rather badly, in a hurried, nervous voice, often going up in his lines, as the dramatic critics say. Lincoln's delivery, however, was terrible at Gettysburg, and it may be that great words need no help from practiced technique. It may even be that they can be sandwiched in between a program of bad music and a bunch of baseball scores.

The trouble was that it was very hard for us to believe that we were hearing great words or even particularly straightforward ones. In the language of the trade, Mr. Stimson was engaged in hoisting a trial balloon. That is, he was attempting to sound out public opinion on a subject upon which the President of the United States was still reluctant to commit himself publicly. He spoke with the President's complete knowledge but without his specific approval, a distinction which may possibly baffle posterity. In addition to voicing the wishes of the administration without ever quite acknowledging that they *were* the wishes of the administration, Mr. Stimson was able to advocate convoys without using the word "convoy."

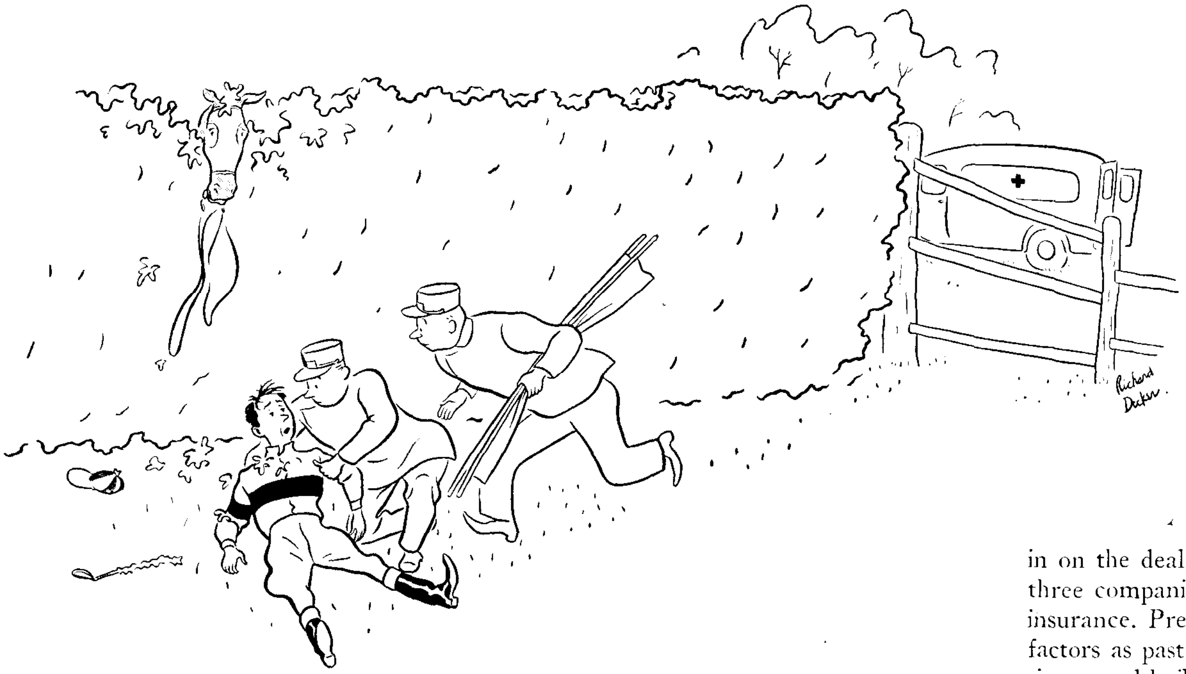
The whole thing was a triumph of indirection and, for all we know, it may have been sound politics, but it struck us as a hell of a battle cry, and we wonder how it is going to look in the textbooks. The nation drifted into war, the unborn historian will write, while a Cabinet member said something ambiguous about "the naval instrument" and the head man sat tight. We aren't quite sure about the morality of all this, or even the curious paradox of a speech which was simultaneously a ringing declaration of faith in democracy and a subtle demonstration of how to give public opinion a little shove in the right direction. All we know is that it seemed to us rather bad theatre.

THE other day somebody was talking about the inspiring slogans that blossom in all great crises (and later get pressed between the leaves of history books), and before we knew it we were trying to write for posterity ourself. It's harder than we thought. What we'd planned to do was simply to sit down and recall what had caught on in the past and mold it all somehow into shapes that might fit today's and tomorrow's emotional needs. It all turned out pretty badly. Here, in an excited scrawl on a sheet of foolscap, we find "We have met the enemy and you can have them." Not much better, we fear, is this, on the other side of the paper, in a round, childish hand that doesn't look like ours at all: "The bridge is too much with us before we have crossed it." Exactly what "No taxation without millions for defence" meant to us we can't quite recall. At any rate, we've tried. The future will have to take care of itself.

QUITE aside from any patriotic considerations, we welcome the announcement that there aren't going to be any new automobile models for a while. The familiar levers will be in the same places next year and work the same way, the instruments on the panel will give the same information on the same old dials, a tiny remnant of manual dexterity will still be necessary to shift and steer, here and there an obstinate corner will still jut out to fight the wind—man, in short, will have a brief breathing spell to catch up with the intricacy of his own inventions. The continual change and refinement of the automobile has never been a good thing for people's nerves, just as the substitution of one mechanical process for another has been proved to be bad for a rat, driving him crazy. Man, of course, is more adaptable and can progress from changing his gears with a lever to doing it magically with a button and suffer nothing worse than a little heightening of his general anxiety. Even this is bad enough, though, and we think he's earned a rest. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't object to a moratorium on all the clever improvements that science has imposed on everything, from cigarette packages and beer bottles right on up. Let all the gifted designers turn their attention to defence, and we'll worry along somehow, even, by God, if it means doing without the sweet nuisance of cellophane.

NO NEW MODELS

WE wish authors would stop writing novels whose principal female characters have male first names, like Roy and Stanley in Ellen Glasgow's "In This Our Life" or Marvin in J. P. Marquand's "H. M. Pulham, Esquire." In spite of all the evidence to the contrary in the text, we always read along for the first chapter or so in such books with a gloomy conviction that Roy and



"Tell me, is the horse all right?"

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Marvin are really little boys. Even when we finally get the idea, we're seldom able to think of them as the frail, shapely vessels intended by the author. We keep on seeing Marvin (or Roy) in a gray tailored suit with white pin stripes. She wears her hair short, her heels low, and her handshake would crack a Brazil nut. She might have posed for Stephen (surely you remember good old Steve?) in Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness," but she couldn't wreck a home with a fire axe. We have tried to learn to love these girls, but it isn't any good. We leave them (along with a very tough little boy we once knew whose name was Irene) to those who can transpose sex at will in their heads. For our own part, it's back to the tattered old copy of the Decameron, where all the girls are called Ghismonda, Isabella, or Fiametta, and only man is vile.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The mail-order department of a textbook-publishing house which occasionally traffics with Japanese scholars got a request from Tokio the other day for "The History of American Foreign Policy," "The Physiography of the United States," and "General Psychology."

A sign outside Rosa Schwarz's gift shop, on the Atlantic City boardwalk, reads, "Ice Cream Cones and Those Holding Them Not Permitted."

A poem is displayed in the window of Katz's delicatessen store, Ludlow and Houston Streets:

Send a Salami
To Your Boy in the Army.

Big Risk

PRETTY staggering story it was the newspapers had on the B-19, the eighty-ton Douglas bomber, to the effect that the builders had paid a premium of $82,000 for a $1,000,000 policy to cover the first minute of the ship's initial test flight. This, like many of the other stories you read in the newspapers, isn't exactly wrong, although it is harmlessly misleading. As we understand it, after investigation, the situation is this: Before turning the bomber over to the Army, the Douglas people will subject it to fifty hours of tests. A certain fraction of this time is regarded as being extremely risky. It is only during this period that the premium is actually $82,000. After that, it decreases greatly. Nobody, or at least nobody we talked with, would try to predict the point at which the $82,000 premium ends and the cheaper one takes effect. Maybe the perilous period will last half of the fifty hours. Technically, it's true, all right, that the B-19 will be insured for $1,000,000 at a premium of $82,000 during the first minute it's in the air, just as whatever insurance *you* carry is in force during a given minute, or second. And, by the way, would you be interested in increased protection . . .

Insuring airplanes, we find, is now a fairly standardized business. Some seven thousand privately owned planes in this country are insured from year to year, three hundred and forty of them air liners. The B-19's insurance is a record sum, topping the $900,000 placed several years ago on a smaller bomber during its trial period. A hundred and twenty insurance companies—American, British, and Swiss—are in on the deal, which was arranged by three companies specializing in airplane insurance. Premiums are based on such factors as past performances of the designer and builder and reports from engineers who pay regular visits to the factory. Also, before a propeller turns, the ship is to be inspected by a fellow named Mel Gough, who is chief test pilot for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Everybody—the Army, the manufacturers, and the insurance companies—has complete confidence in Gough. If he doesn't O.K. the B-19, there won't be any test flight until the plane has been fixed up to please him.

Yardstick

TWO ladies sunning themselves next to one of our spies on a bench in Central Park somehow strayed into the subject of art, which apparently was none too familiar to them. One of them contributed the fact that there was a young man in her boarding house who painted. "Portraits?" her companion asked. The first lady said no. "Modern art, maybe?" "Oh, *no!*" she said, very positively. "It's better than *that!*"

Prophet Without Honor

YOUR attention is directed to a few salient facts about Jean Stock Goldstone, who is undoubtedly the greatest play prognosticator in the world. Most dramatic critics, as you know, include in their reviews a guess as to whether the play will or won't be a hit. *Variety*, the trade paper of the entertainment world, prints a biannual box score of New York critics. The best record last year was that of Richard Lockridge, who batted .890. Our hero, Goldstone, has an average, extending over the past three seasons, of .955. He doesn't go to opening nights, either, but forms his judgments entirely by reading the manuscript. To avoid the suspicion that he may be a second-guesser, Goldstone, before a play opens, submits a sealed verdict on it to Mr. John Flynn, of the editorial staff of *Variety*. Of the last forty-six plays Goldstone has analyzed, he has called forty-four correctly. He tripped up on "Retreat to Pleasure," which he thought would be a hit, and the revival of "Kind Lady," which he didn't think would run. His most spectacular called shot of the season was "The Talley Method." Unawed by the fact that it brought together an august author, an august director, and august actors, Goldstone wrote, before the opening, "The play will fail to reproduce the cost of production and will probably be a total failure." "The Talley Method" closed after a tuberculous seven weeks. Goldstone, a man who despises understatement, says, "If I was half as good as I am, I'd still be twice as good as the best producer on Broadway."

Here's the snapperoo: Goldstone, who is now in his late thirties, has never made a penny out of this critical faculty. From the time he left Ethical Culture School, in 1919, until a year ago, when he started to live on his savings, he has earned his keep in the technical departments of the theatre, as a mechanic, carpenter, and electrician. He's an intense, excitable soul and, with his spectacles and pompadour, looks like a young George Kaufman. He lives in a dark, cluttered, one-room apartment, with a 1911 Underwood typewriter, an elderly victrola, four hundred records, a library of five hundred-odd books, mostly classics, and a pet alley cat. As far as we know, he lives on hardtack and olives, but he ate only one meal in our presence.

Early in his backstage career, Goldstone told us, he wrote a couple of plays, both of which were turned down by all the producers. "So then," he added, "I said to myself, 'Either Broadway is crazy or Goldstone is crazy. We'll find out.' " He began analyzing plays, and has in the last decade or so written opinions on some twelve hundred scripts that have made the rounds of the producers' offices. How he gets hold of scripts is his own secret, but he does. In addition to his analyses, Goldstone, in collaboration with each of ten other unproduced playwrights, has turned out twenty-three plays, all so far unproduced. Right now he's trying to land a job as adviser to the script department of a movie company or to a Broadway producer, but it is uphill work. "Get down off your high horse," a Theatre Guild executive told him a while ago, and a Warner Brothers man asked him who he thought he was, God Almighty? "I have no feeling of malice for these birds, as I have been kicked around and humiliated so long that if I didn't look at it objectively, I'd have been in the loony bin years ago," Goldstone said to us.

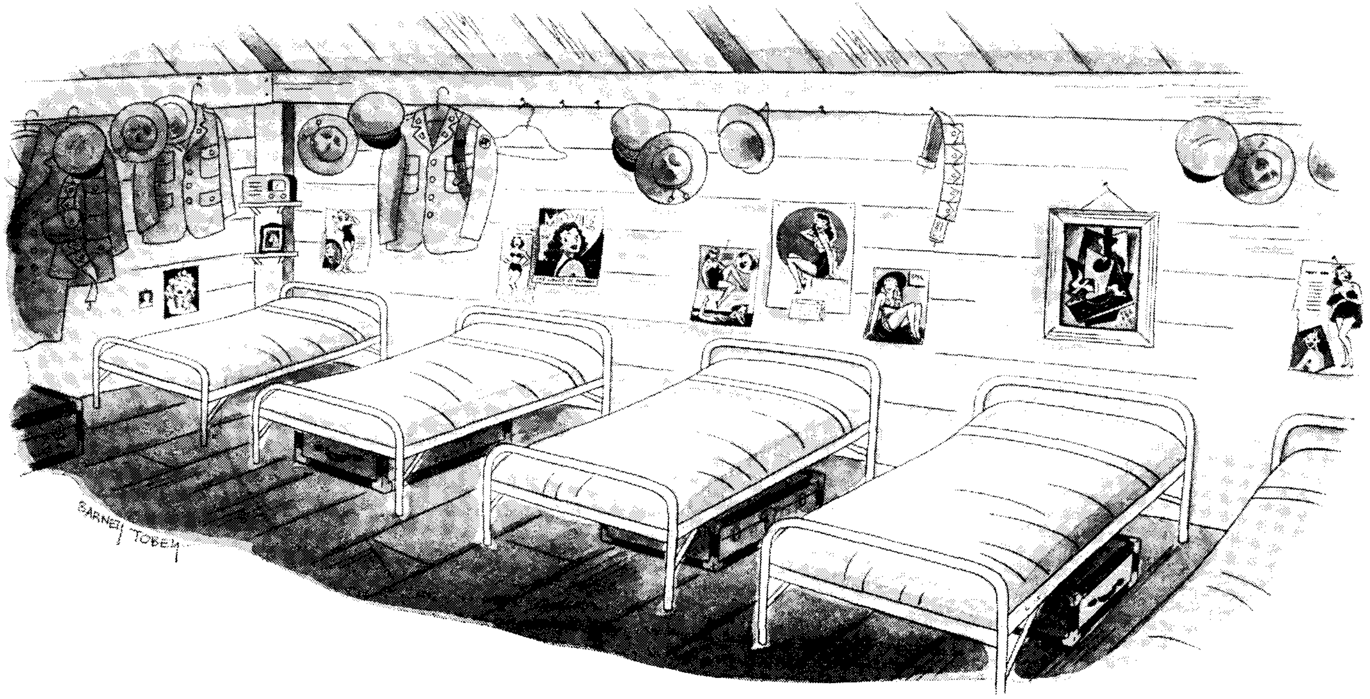
A number of people highly respected in the theatrical world will tell you that Goldstone is no nut. Besides Flynn of *Variety*, his admirers include Samuel Zolotow of the *Times*, Irving Hoffman of the *Hollywood Reporter*, and George Freedley, who reviews plays for the *Morning Telegraph* and is in charge of the dramatic section of the Public Library. They are confident that, sooner or later, Goldstone will get his chance, and so is Goldstone himself. "None of this has been wasted—all this frustration and horror," he says. "It just means I'll make fewer mistakes when I get in."

No Danger

WE'VE heard from a girl who was the victim of an annoying accident in a Fifth Avenue tearoom; she was lunching there and a waitress spilled Luncheon Suggestion No. 3 down her back. Immediately she was whisked to the ladies' room, where a hostess did what she could to clean her off. While the hostess was mopping up, she remarked in a let's-look-at-the-bright-side-of-this tone that at least it was lucky Luncheon Suggestion No. 3 was stuffed tomato. Suppose, she said, it had been something hot? "There were hot string beans," the customer said, not reacting very well to this belittling of her ordeal. "Oh, our string beans aren't so very hot," the hostess said cheerily.

Seraphics

WE take all our own dictation, so we felt entirely justified in attending the first annual dinner of the Seraphic Secretaries of America, Inc., held one evening last week at the Hotel Lexington. Such notable dictators as Bruce Barton, Herbert Hoover, Lowell Thomas, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and Commissioner Moses were repre-



sented by their confidential secretaries, all of whom were in the middle of supper when we arrived in the foyer of the New England Room. We stood in the doorway, drinking in the high, girlish laughter, and were practically bowled over by a troupe of female Hawaiians who suddenly emerged from the dining room and adjusted their grass skirts in the foyer. "Play four bars, rest eight," said the chief Hawaiian, a plump girl wearing a *lei*, and the troupe thereupon tore back into the New England Room and sang a native song. We were somewhat confused, too, by the decorative motif of the foyer, which represented nothing remotely Down East or secretarial, and consisted of a huge cardboard cutout of a moose with the admonition "Make a noise like a moose. Yoo-hoo-oo-o." While we were considering making a noise like a moose, a young woman introduced herself to us as Frances Schooner, president of the Seraphics and secretary to Samuel F. Pryor, Jr., assistant to the president of the American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co. Miss Schooner told us that there are two hundred Seraphic Secretaries and that their club was formed a year ago to create a spirit of fellowship among private secretaries in New York City. "The word 'Seraphic' is purely humorous," she explained.

Miss Schooner said that F. Darius Benham, a public-relations man, had got the notion of forming the club, receiving his inspiration from a remark made to him by Herbert Bayard Swope. Swope said that a man couldn't get ahead in this world unless he made friends with the private secretaries of prominent executives. "Ah," said Miss Schooner suddenly as a young lady breathlessly checked her hat and coat, "that's Wilfred Funk." Seraphics call each other by their bosses' names. Miss Schooner told us that Wendell Willkie (Grace Grahn) had been slightly detained at her office. She also said that Bruce Barton (Louise McLeod) and three Lowell Thomases (Mary Davis, Ann St. Peter, and Electra Ward) had beaten their employers in to dinner, these gentlemen being expected to show up in person. We entered the dining room and sat down at a long table beside Detective Raymond Schindler (Elysee Schillinger) and F. V. Baldwin (Grace Walters), a vice-president of the Empire Trust Company. Every Seraphic wore a colored *lei* around her neck. The real Lowell Thomas appeared and spoke, mentioning that one of his former secretaries had turned into a professor of economics at Princeton and another had turned into stone, as a result of contracting a strange malady in India. "Right into stone," boomed Mr. Thomas, in his most impressive Blue Sunoco voice, and the girls gasped.

Schindler informed us that although she was a member of the club, nobody in her office considered her seraphic after ten o'clock in the morning. "Who is *that?*" asked the Executives Association of Greater New York (Elizabeth St. Aubin) as a lanky girl walked past our table. "She worked for a publicity office," said Vice-President Baldwin, "but now she's with a prominent Park Avenue doctor." The closing address was made by Phyllis Moir (Phyllis Moir), who was secretary to Winston Churchill for a couple of months back in 1932 and has written a book about it. Miss Moir said that she was impressed by the combination of beauty and talent in the room, and the Seraphics, as a mark of their appreciation, presented her with a portable typewriter.

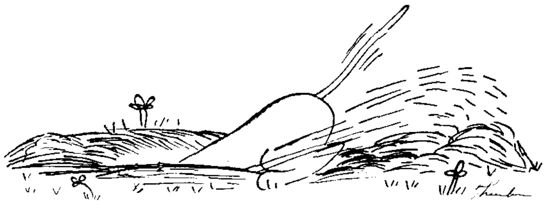
Game

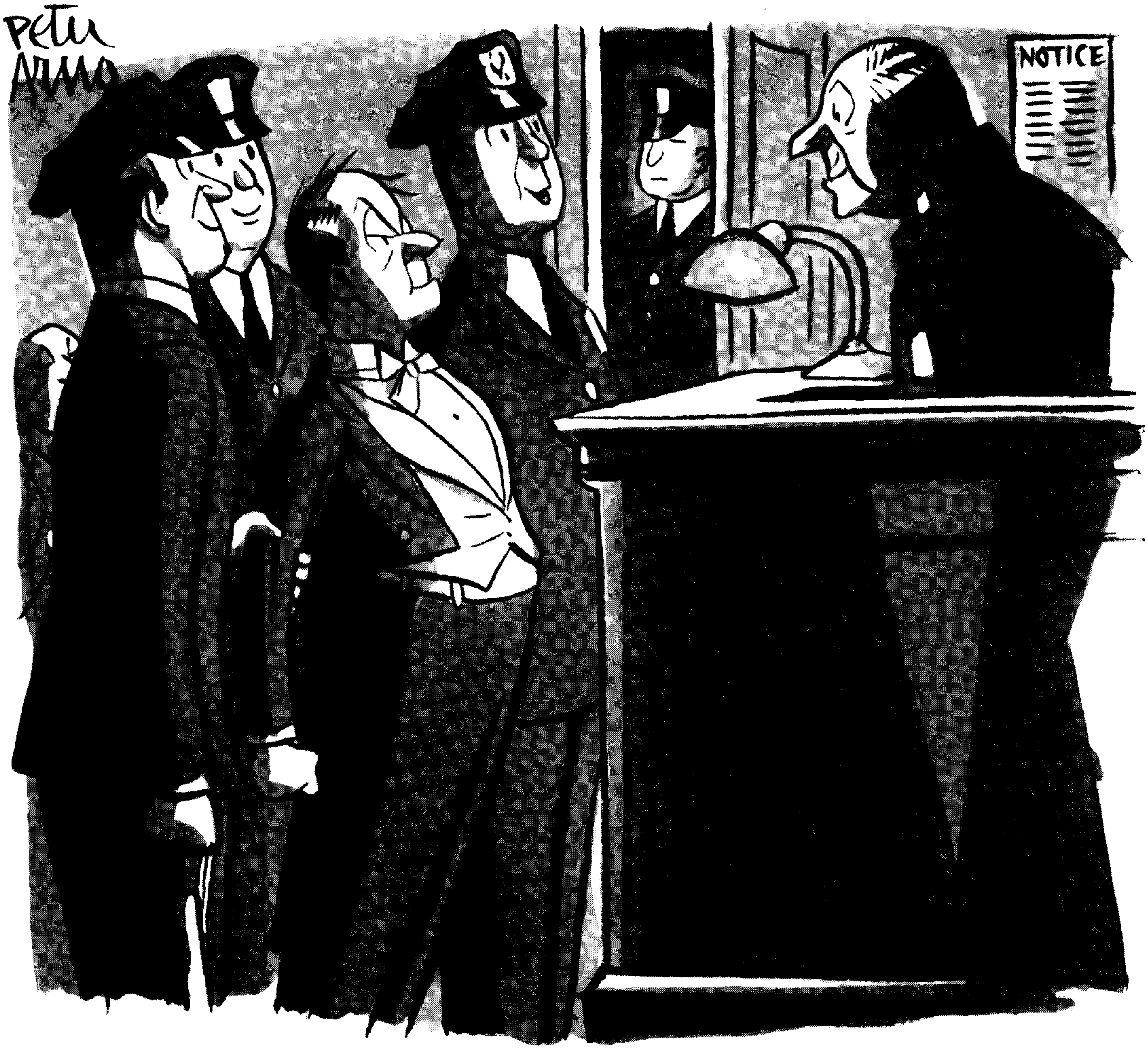
THE small fry of Washington Heights have a new street game. They draw a big chalk circle, divide it into segments, like a pie, and letter on each segment the name of a European country. The child who is "it" stands in the centre of the circle, with a rubber ball at his feet. He is Hitler. The other contestants stand around him, one to each part of the circle. Hitler says, for instance, "I declare war on—Poland." Poland then runs, while Hitler stoops down, picks up the ball, and, without moving from the centre of the circle, tries to hit him with it. If Poland is hit, he's captured and retires from the game, which continues until everybody has been captured. It's just a question of who can hold out the longest, and as for Hitler, he can't lose.

Yearling

ATTENDANCE at the Metropolitan Museum was 946,000 in 1940, whereas in 1930 it was 1,250,000. We are able to mention this discouraging statistic without alarm because it is believed that this year the attendance will be up where it was ten years ago, thanks largely to two innovations the Museum recently tried out. One was to open up evenings for a period of eight weeks during the winter. Attendance rose as high as 2,000 a night, although the experiment, annoyingly, ran into the bus strike. The other flyer was to reduce the admission two days a week. This resulted in an increase in attendance of thirty per cent on those days over the corresponding period last year. Both experiments are regarded as having been successful and will be continued.

The man behind these changes, which are sensational in view of the Museum's conservative past, is Francis Henry Taylor, who a year ago this month became, at thirty-seven, the youngest director the Metropolitan has ever had. Having given Mr. Taylor a year, we called on him the other day and found him to be thirty-eight, five feet eleven, with a displacement of over 200 pounds, a hawk nose, a blue suit, a blue bow tie, and an air of reticence that contrasted strangely with the reputation he has around town for being an abandoned raconteur, generally employing impeccable French. Mr. Taylor gave us a clue to his demeanor by saying that he felt his conduct at present should be that of a model child: he should be seen but not heard. We pried a few facts out of him, however, pointing out that his institution is substantially aided by municipal taxes and that the public has its rights. He was born in Philadelphia, the son of a doctor, and is a graduate of Kent School and the University of Pennsylvania ('24). After college he spent a year abroad, doing graduate work in Paris, Florence, and Barcelona and teaching English at the Lycée de Chartres. He followed this with a year as a Carnegie Fellow in the Princeton Graduate School and in 1927 became an assistant curator in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, soon rising to the post of curator of medieval art. He resigned in 1931 to become director of the Worcester Art Museum, in Massachusetts, and assisted William T. Aldrich, the architect, in designing a modern $700,000 building for it. This structure was opened in 1933, to an accompaniment of gasps of admiration from other museum officials. They continued to gasp as Taylor, partly by arranging magnificent loan exhibitions, increased the attendance from 37,000 to 145,000. One such exhibit, a Flemish show held





"Sergeant, this is Mr. J. Stanhope Alderson. He has money, position, many influential friends, and we can't do this to him."

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in 1939, put Taylor to some personal bother. He had borrowed for the occasion a small Jan van Eyck, "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," insured for $200,000, from the Philadelphia Museum. This was delivered to Worcester by a Philadelphia Museum man, but Taylor personally returned it, sleeping with it in his berth on the train. Taylor's heart is in his work, and he did not boggle at this.

Although Taylor has concentrated on attendance since coming here, he plans a number of internal changes for the Metropolitan. These, however, he will not divulge until he outgrows his present model-child stage. He intimated to us that this would be in about six months. He is married, the possessor of four children and forty pipes; an amateur chef, specializing in crêpes Suzette and spaghetti sauces; an indefatigable eater and sleeper, and a knowledgeable consumer of wine. Lee Simonson, a man of like gustatory tastes, is a friend of his and once Simonson and his wife, visiting the Taylors in Worcester, brought along a four-pound Oka cheese, a product of the Trappist monks. Taylor was out for dinner, and Mrs. Taylor and the Simonsons each had a bit of the cheese and left the rest of it in the kitchen. Next morning, Mrs. Taylor came downstairs to find her husband asleep in the living room and the cheese gone. He had come home late, found the cheese, and eaten it all, singing the praises of Trappist monks.

Sad

WE know a bride who believed that she had found the ideal apartment—an airy, high-ceilinged place overlooking the Hudson—until one of her first visitors got her upset about it, in a way which the bride finds hard to analyze. "What a lovely place!" the visitor cried, looking around. "Isn't it too bad that there aren't any more people of the sort that used to live in places like this!"

MIRACLE IN MAY

"NICE pussy," said Mrs. Thompson as Wagner jumped up in her lap and settled down for a nap. She was mistaken. Wagner was far from a nice pussy. He was really a hell of a pussy, with many disgusting secrets on his mind. None of these, however, was betrayed by his candid, hazel eyes, and Mrs. Thompson stroked him admiringly.

"My, how pretty!" she said to her host. "What kind is he?"

"Persian," said Mr. Hewlett, observing that the tip of Wagner's splendid brush had begun to twitch.

"He's lovely," she said. Wagner twisted his head around sideways so that he could look up into Mrs. Thompson's face. His expression was bland and it would have been inscrutable to anybody except Mr. Hewlett, to whom it spoke only too eloquently. Wagner was thinking that he would probably have to eat this fat bore if she didn't quit messing around with his hair.

"Perhaps you'd better put him down," said Mr. Hewlett rather quickly. "He sheds."

Wagner allowed himself to be dumped back on the rug without comment, but he continued to look thoughtfully at Mrs. Thompson. He had handled them bigger than that in his day.

Mrs. Thompson was Mr. Hewlett's next-door neighbor and also his landlady. She was there in his small living room at the moment because he had just taken the cottage for the summer and she'd run over to see if he had everything he wanted. In spite of Wagner's rancid distaste for her, she was a gentle and thoughtful old lady with many friends. Mr. Hewlett himself liked her very much.

"What a magnificent garden you have," he said after a long pause.

"Isn't it?" she said, pleased. "You must come over soon and let me really show it to you."

"I want to," he said.

"And the birds," she said. "It's my own private little sanctuary, you know." A vaguely disquieting thought crossed her mind. "I don't suppose your little kitty—"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Hewlett firmly. "Oh, no. Oh, certainly not. He's awfully gentle. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

Wagner's cold, topaz stare moved from Mrs. Thompson to his master and back again. Then he got up rather abruptly and left the room.

"Goodness," cried Mrs. Thompson gaily, "I do hope we haven't hurt his feelings!"

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mr. Hewlett.

"They come from all over," said Mrs. Thompson, returning to the birds. "Hundreds and hundreds of them."

Mr. Hewlett was only half paying attention, because Wagner was making rather peculiar noises out in the kitchen. It sounded as if he were unwrapping some kind of package.

"Hundreds and hundreds and *hundreds*," said Mrs. Thompson. "I keep a little score. Do you know, this year I have twenty-eight absolutely separate and distinct species."

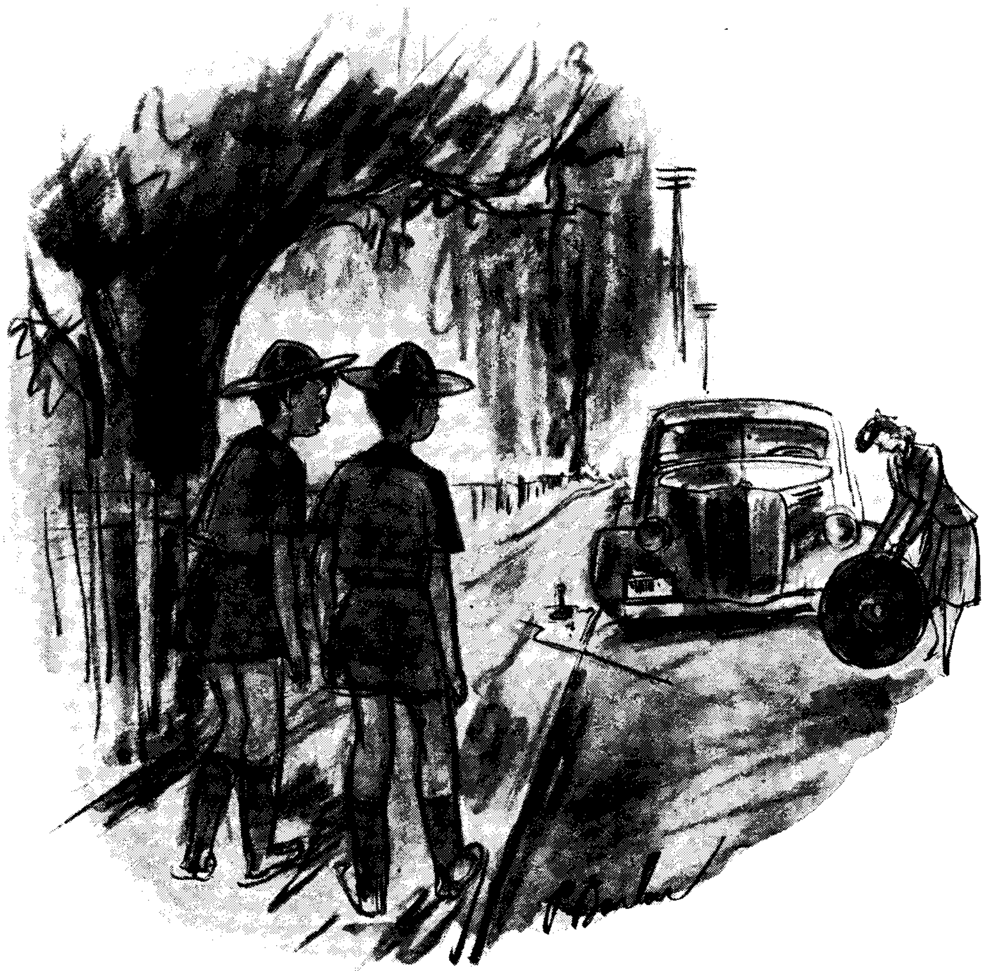
"Imagine," said Mr. Hewlett absently. What the hell do you suppose that damn cat is up to out there? he thought uneasily as the sound of unwrapping went on in the kitchen. "Excuse me a second," he said, getting up. "I think I'd better—"

He was too late. Wagner had found what he had hidden so carefully in the kitchen that morning and now he was entering the living-room door. He crossed the rug, stepping proudly, and laid something small, bright, and damaged beyond all repair at Mrs. Thompson's feet. In that instant, the incredible, the awful, the totally miraculous fact of perfect communication between man and beast was established forever.

"Twenty-*seven* separate and distinct species, I should say," observed Wagner politely.

"Oh, my God!" said Mr. Hewlett.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"I'll match you."

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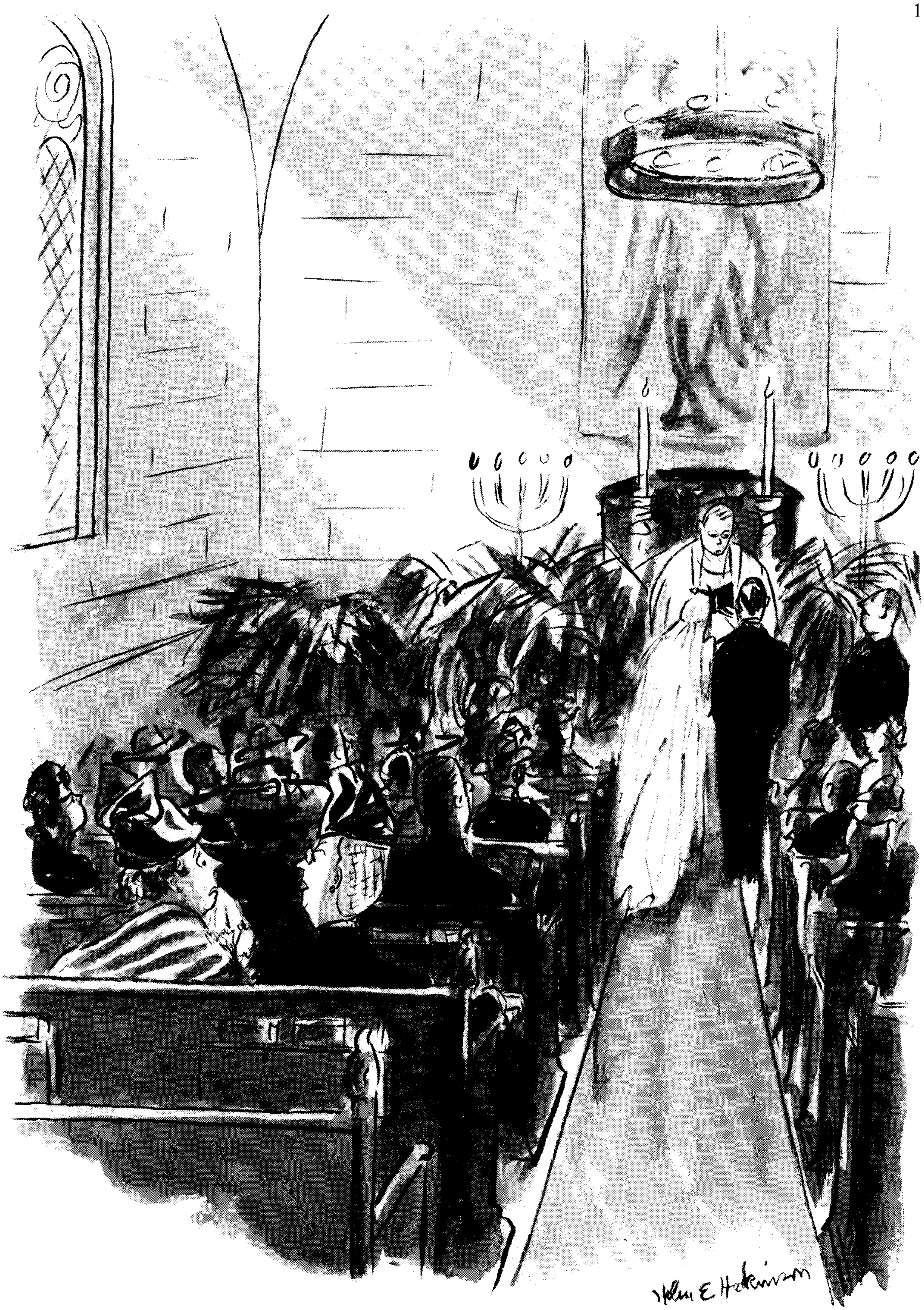
Dear Mrs. Post: How can the attention of one's waiter (or waitress) be attracted when he is looking in the other direction?

Most people tap the glass with whatever fresh implement is lying beside their plate—either a knife, or fork or spoon. A man also often snaps his fingers. But a light double clap of the hands is my personal preference.—*From Emily Post's column in the Chicago Daily News.*

Ever tried the two-finger whistle?


Helen E Hokinson

"Personally, I like to see a nervous bride."

DEFEAT

TOWARD the end of June that year and through July, there was a sort of uncertain pause, an undetermined suspension that might properly be called neither an armistice nor a peace, and it lasted until the men began coming back from where they were. They came at intervals, trickling down from the north in twos or threes, or even one by one, some of them prisoners who had escaped and others merely a part of that individual retreat in which the sole destination was home. They had exchanged their uniforms for something else as they came along—corduroys, or workmen's blue, or whatever people might have given them in secret to get away in—bearded, singularly and shabbily outfitted men getting down from a bus or off a train without so much as a knapsack in their hands and all with the same bewildered, scarcely discrepant story to tell. Once they had reached the precincts of familiarity, they stood there a moment where the vehicle had left them, maybe trying to button the jacket that didn't fit them or set the neck or shoulders right, like men who have been waiting in a courtroom and have finally heard their names called and stand up to take the oath and mount the witness stand. You could see them getting the words ready—revising the very quality of truth—and the look in their eyes, and then someone coming out of the post office or crossing the station square in the heat would recognize them and go toward them with a hand out, and the testimony would begin.

They had found their way back from different places, by different means, some on bicycle, some by bus, some over the mountains on foot, coming home to the Alpes-Maritimes from Rennes, or from Clermont-Ferrand, or from Lyons, or from any part of France, and looking as incongruous to modern defeat as survivors of the Confederate Army might have looked, transplanted to this year and place (with their spurs still on and their soft-brimmed, dust-whitened hats), limping wanly back, half dazed and not yet having managed to get the story of what happened straight. Only, this time, they were the men of that tragically unarmed and undirected force which had been the French Army once but was no longer, returning to what orators might call reconstruction but which they knew could never be the same.

Wherever they came from, they had identical evidence to give: that the German ranks had advanced bareheaded, in short-sleeved summer shirts—young, blond-haired men with their arms linked, row on row, and their trousers immaculately creased, having slept all night in hotel beds and their stomachs full, advancing singing and falling singing before the puny coughing of the French machine guns. That is, the first line of them might fall, and part of the second, possibly, but never more, for just then the French ammunition would suddenly expire and the bright-haired, blond demigods would march on singing across their dead. Then would follow all the glittering display: the rust-proof tanks and guns, the chromiumed electric kitchens, the crematoriums. Legends or truth, the stories became indistinguishable in the mouths of the Frenchmen who returned—that the Germans were dressed as if for tennis that summer, with nothing but a tune to carry in their heads, while the French crawled out from under lorries where they'd slept maybe every night for a week, going to meet them like crippled, encumbered miners emerging from the pit of a warfare fifty years interred, with thirty-five kilos of kit and a change of shoes and a tin helmet left over from 1914 breaking them in two as they met the brilliantly nickelled Nazi dawn. They said their superiors were the first to run; they said their ammunition had been sabotaged; they said the ambulances had been transformed into accommodations for the officers' lady friends; they said "*Nous avons été vendus*" or "*On nous a vendu*" over and over, until you could have made a popular song of it—the words and the music of defeat. After their testimony was given, some of them added (not the young but those who had fought before) in grave, part-embittered, part-vainglorious voices, "I'm ashamed to be a Frenchman" or "I'm ashamed of being French today," and then gravely took their places with the others.

"Now do something interesting."

THERE was one man, though, who didn't say any of these things, probably because he had something else on his mind. He was a dark, short, rather gracefully made man, not thirty yet, with hot, handsome eyes and a cleft chin. Even when he came back without his uniform and without the victory, a certain air of responsibility, of authority, remained because he had been the chauffeur of the mail bus before the war. He didn't sit talking in the *bistro* about what he had seen and where he had been, but he got the black beard off his face as quickly as he could, and bought a pair of new shoes, and went back to work in stubborn-lipped, youthful, almost violent pride. Except one night he did tell the story; he told it only once, about two months after he got back, and not to his own people or the people of the village but, as if by chance, to two commercial travellers for rival fruit-juice firms who were just beginning to circulate again from town to town in the Unoccupied Zone. They sat at the Café Central together, the three of them, drinking wine, talking about the anachronism of horse-and-mule-drawn cannon in Flanders and the beasts running amok under the enemy planes, and saying how they had all believed that the French line was going to hold somewhere, that it wasn't going to break.

"At first we thought it would hold at the Oise," one of the travelling men said. "We kept on retreating, saying the new front must be at the Oise, and believing it too, and then, when we dropped below the Oise, we kept saying it would hold at the Marne, and believing it, and then we thought it would be the Seine, and even when we were south of Paris we kept on believing about some kind of a line holding on the Loire. . . ."

"I still don't know why we stopped retreating," said the other commercial traveller. He sat looking soberly at his glass. "We can't talk about the Italians any more. I still don't see why we didn't retreat right down to Senegal. I don't see what stopped us," he said. Then the quiet-mouthed little bus-driver began telling them about what had happened to him on the fourteenth of July.

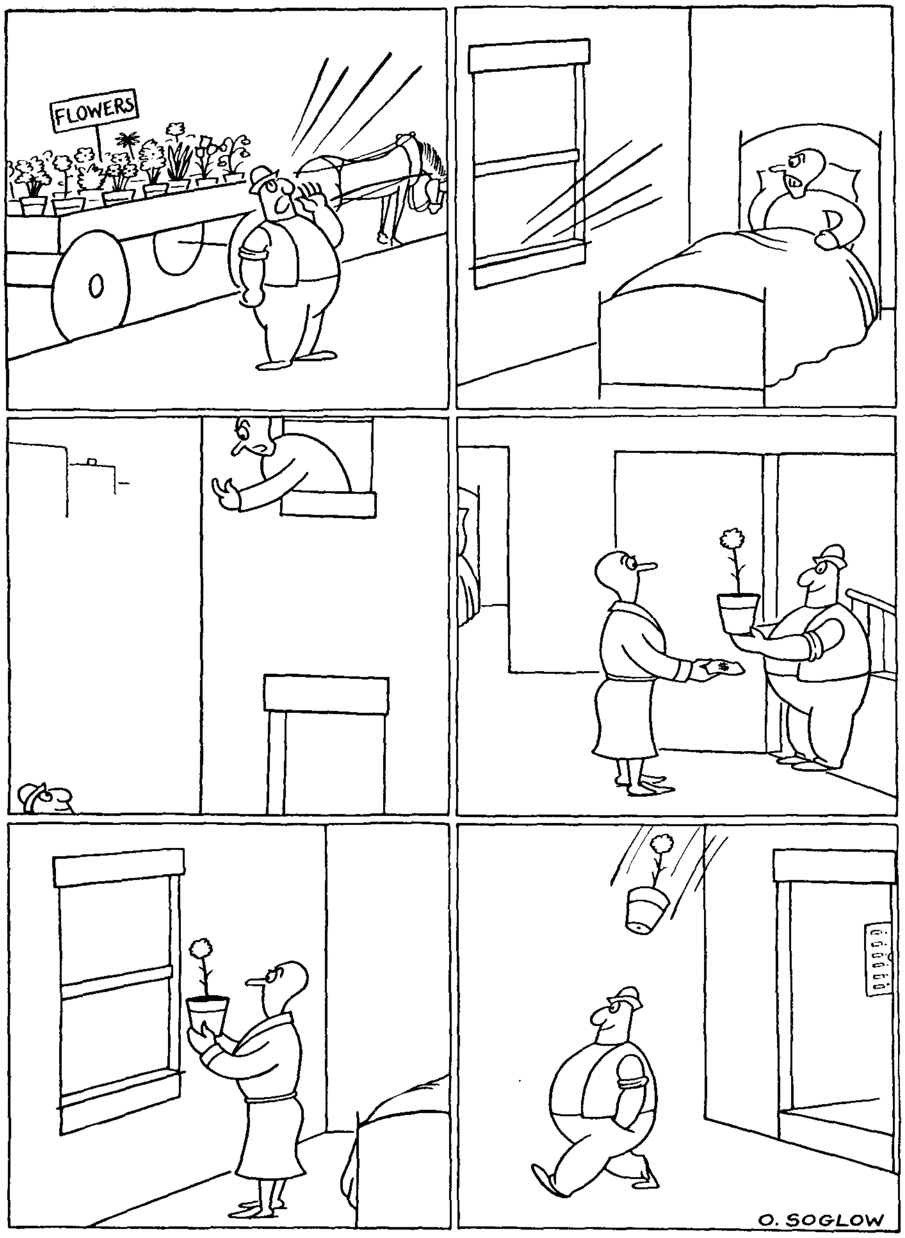
He had been told, he said, that in some of the cities the enemy hadn't taken or had withdrawn from, processions formed on the fourteenth and passed through the streets in silence, the flagstaffs they carried draped with black and their heads bowed. In some of the villages, the mayor, dressed in mourning, laid a wreath on the monument to the last war's dead while the peasants kneeled about him in the square.

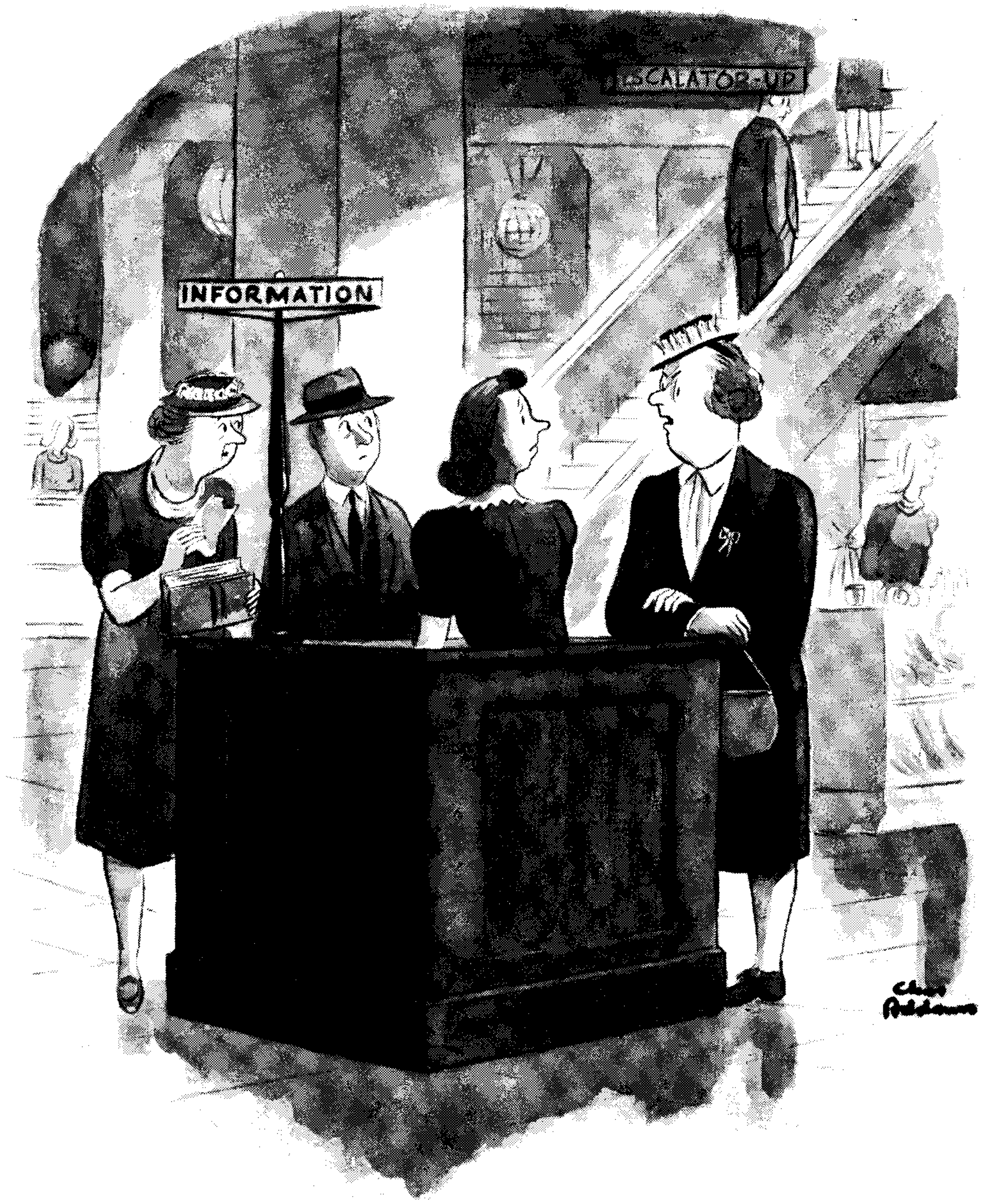
"I was in Pontcharra on the fourteenth," said one of the travelling salesmen, "and when the mayor put the wreath down and the bugle called out like that for the dead, all the peasants uncovered themselves, but the military didn't even stand at attention."

"By that time none of the privates were saluting their officers in the street anywhere you went," said the other salesman, but the bus-driver didn't pay any attention to what they said. He went on telling them that he'd been taken prisoner near Rennes on the seventeenth of June, and that there he saw the tracts the Boche planes had showered down the week before. The tracts said, "Frenchmen, prepare your coffins! Frenchwomen, get out your ball dresses! We're going to dance the soles off your shoes on the fourteenth of July!" He told the commercial travellers exactly what use they made of the tracts in the public places there. He was more than three weeks in the prison camp, he said, and on the night of the twelfth of July he and a *copain* made their escape. They went in uniform, on borrowed bicycles. They kept to the main road all night, wheeling along as free and unmolested in the dark as two young men cycling home from a dance, with their hearts light, and the stars out over them, and the night air mild. At dawn they took to the side roads, and toward eight o'clock of the new day they saw a house standing alone, a little in advance of the village that lay ahead.

"We'll ask there," the bus-driver had said, and they pushed their cycles in off the road and laid them down behind a tree. The house, they could see then, was the schoolhouse, with a sign for "*Filles*" over one door and for "*Garçons*" over the other. The *copain* said there would be nobody there, but the bus-driver had seen a woman come to the window and look at them, and he walked up to the door.

The desks were empty because of what had happened and the time of year, but the bus-driver said he knew it must have been the schoolmistress who was standing in the middle of the room be-





"Blunt instruments?"

tween the benches, a young woman with fair, wavy hair, eying them fearlessly and even sharply as they came. The bus-driver and his *copain* said good morning, and they saw at once the lengths of three-colored stuff in her hands and the work she had been doing. They looked around them and saw four French flags clustered in each corner of the classroom and great loops of bunting that were draped along three sides of the room. The first thing the bus-driver thought was that she ought to be warned, she ought to be told, and then, when he looked at her face again, he knew she knew as much as or more than they.

"You ought to keep the door locked," he had said, and the schoolmistress looked at him almost in contempt.

"I don't care who comes in," she said, and she went on folding the bunting into the lengths she wanted to cut it to drape across the farthest wall.

"So the village is occupied?" the bus-driver said.

"Yes," she said, but she began cutting the tricolor bunting.

"There's one thing," said the *copain*, looking a little bleakly at the two others. "If you give yourself up, at least you don't get shot."

The schoolmistress had put her scissors down and said to the bus-driver, "You'll have to get rid of your uniforms before there's any chance of you getting through." She glanced around the classroom as though the demands of action had suddenly made it strange to her. "Take them off and put them in the cupboard there," she had said, "and cover yourselves with this stuff while you wait," and she heaped the blue and white and red lengths upon the desks. "In case they might come in," she said. She took her hat and *filet* off the hook as she said, "I'll come back with other clothes for you."

"If there would be any way of getting something to eat," the bus-driver had said, and because he asked this, the tide of courage seemed to rise even higher in her.

"Yes," she said. "I'll bring back food for you."

"And a bottle of *pinard*," said the *copain*, but he didn't say it very loud.

When she was gone, they took their uniforms off and wrapped the bunting around themselves, doing it for her and modesty's sake, and then they sat down at the first form's desks, swathed to their beards in red, white, and blue. Even if the Boches had walked into the schoolhouse then, there probably wasn't any military regulation made to deal with what they would have found, the bus-driver had said to his *copain*—just two Frenchmen in their underwear sitting quietly inside the colors of their country's flag. But whether he said the other thing to the teacher as soon as she brought the bread and sausage and wine and the scraps of other men's clothing back, he didn't know. Sometimes, when he thought of it afterward, he wasn't quite sure he had ever got the actual words out, but then he remembered the look on her face as she stood by the tree where the bicycles had lain and watched them pedalling toward the village just ahead, and he knew he must have said it. He knew he must have wiped the sausage grease and the wine off his mouth with the back of his hand and said "A country isn't defeated as long as its women aren't" or "until its women are" or "As long as the women of a country aren't defeated, it doesn't matter if its army is"—something like that, perhaps saying it just before they shook hands with her and cycled away.

That was the morning of the thirteenth, and the bus-driver told how they rode all day in the heat, two what-might-have-been-peasants cycling slowly hour after hour across the hushed, summery, sunny land. The war was over for them, for this country the war was over; there was no sound or look of it in the meadows or the trees or grain. The war was finished, but the farmhouse they stopped at that evening would not take them in.

"Have you got your bread tickets with you?" the peasant said, and even the white-haired sows behind his legs eyed them narrowly with greed.

"We're prisoners escaped. We've got a bit of money," the bus-driver said. "We'll pay for our soup, and maybe you'll let us sleep in the loft."

"And when the Boches come in for the milk they'll shoot me and the family for having taken you in!" the peasant said, and the bus-driver stood looking at him bitterly a moment before he began to swear. When he had called the man the names he wanted to, he said, "Look here, we were soldiers—perhaps you haven't got that yet? We haven't been demobilized; we were taken prisoner, we escaped. We were fighting a little war up there."

"If you'd fought it better, the Boches wouldn't have got this far," the peasant said. He said it in cunning and triumph, and then he closed the door.

THEY slept the night at the next farm (the bus-driver told the commercial travellers), eating soup and bread and drinking red wine in the kitchen, and when they had paid for it they were shown up to the loft. But they were not offered the side on which the hay lay; the farmer was thinking of next winter and he told them they could lie down just as well on the boards. They slept heavily and well, and it was very light when they woke in the morning, and so that day, the day of the fourteenth, they did not get far. By six that night they were only another hundred kilometres on, and then the *copain's* tire went flat. But a little town stood just ahead and they pushed their bicycles toward it through the summer evening, and down its wide, treeless street. They hadn't seen the uniform yet, but they knew the Germans must be there. Even on the square in the heart of town they saw no sign, but still there was that unnatural quiet, that familiar uneasiness on the air, so they pushed their wheels through the open doors of a big garage, past the dry and padlocked gas pumps, and stood them up against the inside wall. There, in the garage's half-security and semi-dark, they looked around them; twenty or more cars stood one beside the other, halted as if forever because of the lack of fluid to flow through their veins. Overhead the glass panes of the roof were still painted blue; the military and staff cars parked in the shadowy silence still bore their green-and-khaki camouflage. The war was over, everything had stopped, and out beyond the wide-open automobile doorway they saw the dance platform that had been erected in the square, and the dark, leafy branches twined on its upright beams and balustrade, and the idle people standing looking. There were no flags up, only this rather dismal atmosphere of preparation, and it was then the bus-driver and his *copain* had remembered it was the fourteenth.

"It's a national holiday and we haven't had a drink yet," the *copain* said. He stood there in the garage with his hands in the pockets of the trousers that didn't belong to him, staring bleakly out across the square. Even when two German soldiers who were putting electric wiring up in the dance pavilion came into view, his face did not alter. He simply went on saying, "We haven't had the *apéritif* all day."

The bus-driver took a packet of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket and put one savagely on his lip. As he lit it, he looked in hot, bitter virulence out to where the Germans were hanging strings of bulbs among the fresh, dark leaves.

" 'Frenchmen, prepare your coffins!' " he had said, and then he gave a laugh. "They've made only one mistake so far, just one," he said, and as he talked the cigarette jerked up and down in fury on his lip. "They've got the dance floor and the decorations all right, and they've probably got the music, and maybe the refreshments too. So far so good," he said. "But they haven't got the partners. That's what's going to be funny. That's what's going to be really funny."

THE bus-driver sat there in the Café Central telling it to the two commercial travellers, perhaps because he had had more to drink than usual, telling them the story, or perhaps because it

THOUGHTS THOUGHT WHILE WAITING FOR A PRONOUNCEMENT FROM A DOCTOR, A BIG EXECUTIVE, THE DEPARTMENT OF INTERNAL REVENUE, OR ANY OTHER MOMENTOUS PRONOUNCER

Is Time on my hands? Yes, it is; it is on my hands and my face and my torso and my tendons of Achilles,
And, frankly, it gives me the willies.
The quarter-hour grows to the half-hour as chime clings to the tail of the preceding chime,
And I am tarred and feathered with Time.
No matter how frantically I shake my hands, the hours will not drop off or evaporate,
Nor will even the once insignificant minutes coöperate.
The clock has stopped at Now; there is no Past, no Future, and, oddly enough, also no Now;
Only the hot, moist, beaded seconds on the brow,
Only the days and nights in a gluey lump,
And the smothering weeks that stick like a swarm of bees to a stump.
Time stands still, or it moves forward or backward, or at least it exists for ex-Senator Rush Holt, for Dr. Dafoe, for Simon & Schuster, yes, and for Schiaparelli,
But for me it is limbo akimbo, an inverted void, a mouse with its tail pulled out of its mouth through its belly.
O, The World's Most Honored Watch, I haven't been there, I've been here,
For how long—for one small seventeen-jewelled tick, or have I been sitting a year?
I'm a speck in infinite space,
Entombed behind my face.
Shall I suddenly start to gyrate, to rotate, to spiral, to expand through a nebular process to a new universe, maybe, or maybe only a galaxy?
But such a Goldbergian scheme to extinguish one lonely identity seems, well, under-simplified and, if I may say so, smart-alexy.
Oh, I shall arise and go now, preferably in a purple-and-gold palanquin
Borne on the copper shoulders of a Seminole, an Apache, a Crow, and an Algonquin,
And whatever be my heart's desire, be it a new understanding of Time or a cup of dew gathered from the spring's first jonquil,
Why, if none of the other three will bring it to me, why, perhaps the Algonquil.

—OGDEN NASH

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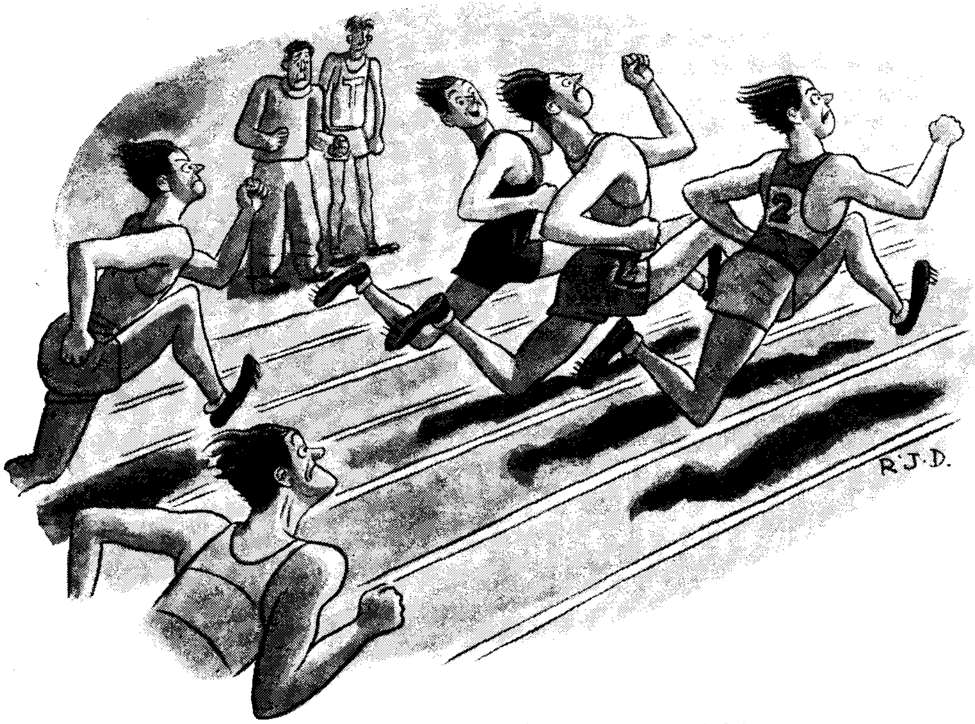

"Exciting, isn't it?"

• •

had been weighing long enough heavy on his heart. He told them about the dinner the garage owner gave him and his *copain:* civet and fried potatoes and salad and four kinds of cheese and armagnac with the coffee. He said they could scarcely get it all down and that then their host opened a bottle of champagne for them. That's the kind of man the garage owner was. And during the dinner or afterward, with the wine inside of him, it seems the bus-driver had said it again. He had said something about as long as the women of a nation weren't defeated the rest of it didn't matter, and just as he said it the music struck up in the dance pavilion outside.

The place the garage owner offered them for the night was just above the garage itself, a sort of storeroom, with three windows overlooking the square. First he repaired the *copain's* tire for him, and behind him on the wall as he worked they read the newspaper cutting he had pinned up, perhaps in some spirit of derision. It exhorted all Frenchmen to accept quietly and without protest the new regulations concerning the circulation of private and public vehicles.

"Without protest!" the garage owner had said, taking the dripping red tube out of the basin of water and pinching the leak between his finger and thumb. "I'll have to close the place up, and they ask me to do it without protest." He stood rubbing sandpaper gently around where the imperceptible hole in the rubber was. "We weren't ready for war and yet we declared it just the same," he said, "and now we've asked for peace and we aren't ready for that, either." When he had finished with the tire he showed them up the stairs.

"I'll keep the light off," he said, "in case it might give them the idea of coming up and having a look," but there was no need for any light, for the illumination of the dance pavilion in the square shone in through the windows and lit the rows of storage batteries and the cases of spare parts and spark plugs. From outside, they heard the music playing—the exact waltz time and the quick, entirely martial version of swing.

"Somebody ought to tell them they're wasting their time," the bus-driver had said, jerking one shoulder toward the windows. He could have burst out laughing at the sight of them, he explained, some with white gloves on even, waiting out there to the strains of music for what wasn't going to come.

The garage owner shook out the potato sacks of waste on the floor and gave them the sacks to lie down on, and then he took one look out the window at the square and grinned and said good night and went downstairs. The *copain* was tired and he lay down at once on the soft rags on the floor and drew a blanket up over him, but the bus-driver had stood a while at one side of the window, watching the thing below. A little group of townspeople was standing around the platform where the variously colored lights hung, and the band was playing in one corner of the pavilion underneath the leaves. No one was dancing, but the German soldiers were hanging around in expectation, some standing on the steps of the platform and some leaning on the garnished rails.

"For a little while there wasn't a woman anywhere," the bus-driver told the commercial travellers. "There was this crowd of people from the town, perhaps thirty or forty of them looking on, and maybe some others further back in the dark where you couldn't see them, but that was all," and then he stopped talking.

"And then what happened?" said one of the travelling men after a moment, and the bus-driver sat looking in silence at his glass.

"They had a big, long table spread out with things to eat on it," he said in a minute, and he didn't look up. "They had fruit tarts, it looked like, and sweet chocolate, and bottles of lemonade and beer. They had as much as you wanted of everything," he said. "And perhaps once you got near enough to start eating and drinking, then the other thing just followed naturally afterward—or that's the way I worked it out," he said. "Or maybe, if you've had a dress a long time that you wanted to wear and you hadn't had the chance of putting it on and showing it off because all the men were away—I mean if you were a woman. I worked it out that maybe the time comes when you want to put it on so badly that you put it on just the same whatever's happened, or maybe, if you're one kind of a woman, any kind of a uniform looks all right to you after a certain time. The music was good, it was first class," he said, but he didn't look up. "And here was all this food spread out, and the corks popping off the bottles, and the lads in uniform, great, big fellows, handing out chocolates to all the girls. . . ."

The three of them sat at the table without talking for a while after the bus-driver's voice had ceased, and then one of the travelling men said, "Well, that was just one town."

"Yes, that was just one town," said the bus-driver, and when he picked up his glass to drink, something as crazy as tears was standing in his eyes.

—KAY BOYLE

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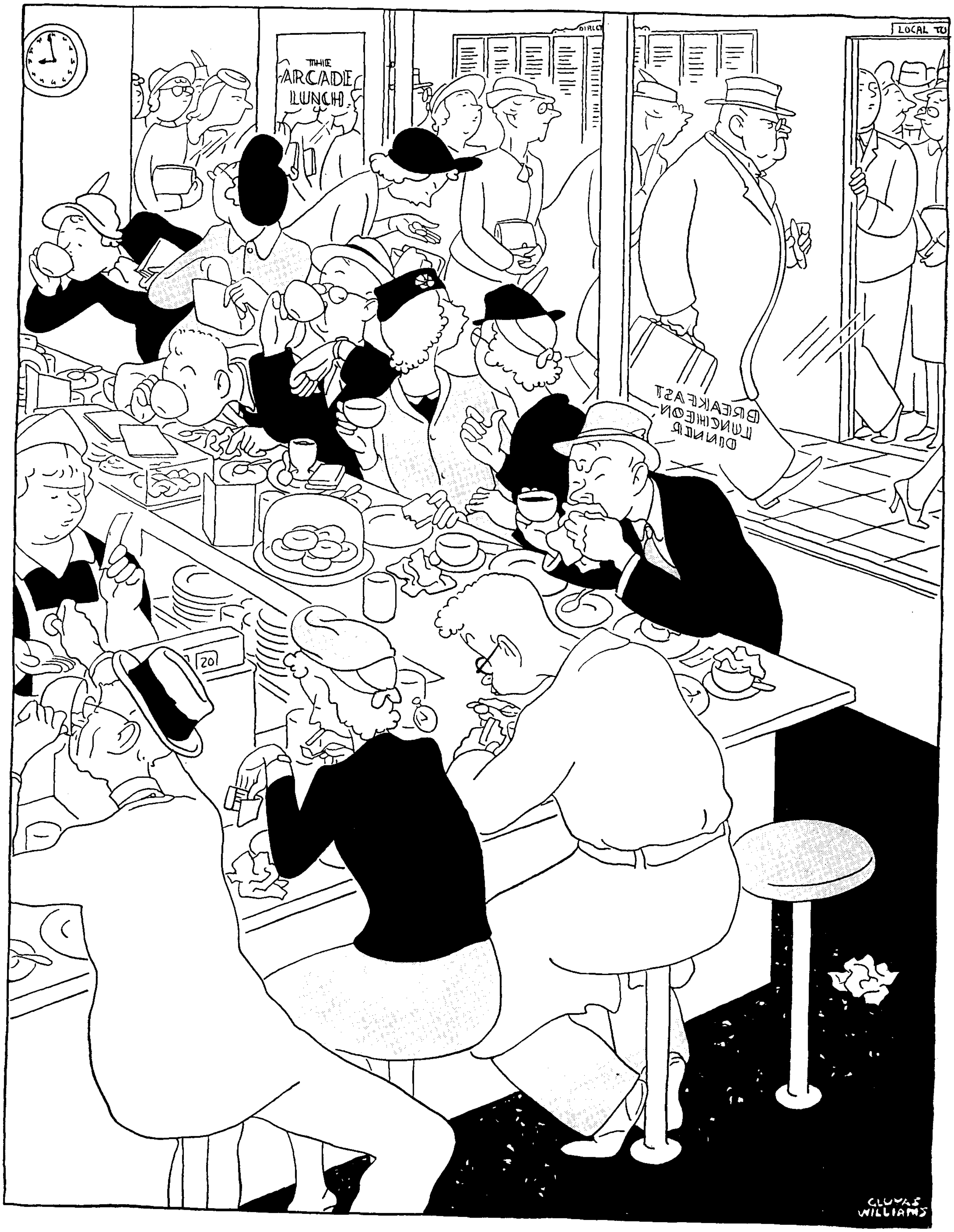
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

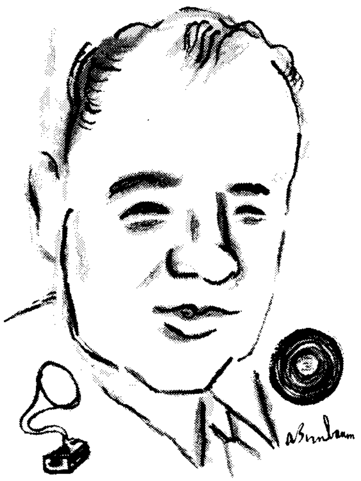
[From the St. Louis Star-Times]

IF YOU WISH to have my exercises for the hips so that you can hang them on the bedroom door for reference, send a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.


THE ARCADE LUNCH
DIREC
LOCAL TO
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON
DINNER
20
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE INNER MAN

White-Collar Breakfast



PROFILES

VOICES

George Robert Vincent is a man whose hobby has got out of hand. His hobby is collecting, on records, the voices of famous people, and it has got out of hand to the extent of costing him about half of his income. Specifically, he earns about ten thousand dollars a year at his vocation, which is being a free-lance sound-recording engineer specializing in "location," or out-of-the-studio, jobs of recording, and he spends at least five thousand a year recording the voices of the great by a number of more or less expensive methods—transcribing radio broadcasts, catching his subjects at banquets or other public appearances, setting up portable apparatus in their homes or offices, or luring them to his studio in Radio City. Occasionally Vincent's collection of voices brings him in a bit of money—he got paid for providing authentic voices for a radio series called "Voices of Yesterday," but on the debit side of the ledger there is the fact that every record he makes for his collection represents time stolen from his business. Vincent, who is an apple-cheeked, bright-eyed little man in his early forties, firmly denies that his collector's fervor is sullied by unselfish motives. "Gosh," he says, making use of a favorite expletive, "I'm no more altruistic than a fellow who collects stamps!"

Vincent's voice collection, to which he attaches the somewhat austere term "Vocarium," now numbers more than five thousand records—seven hundred old-fashioned cylinder records made by famous people who are now, most of them, dead; a thousand discs Vincent has bought or obtained by making trades; three hundred recordings done expressly for his collection at his studio or made at public functions; and the balance speeches he has taken off the air. This is the largest private collection of its kind in the world, and the most varied. The National Broadcasting Company has since 1933 been recording broadcast speeches which are considered interesting or historically significant, the theatrical collection of the Widener Library at Harvard contains many readings recorded by actors, and La Musée de la Parole et du Geste, in Paris, has (or had) a large number of collectors' items. The first voice library accumulated in this country belonged to Thomas Edison himself, who naturally had the best opportunity to get famous people to speak into his new toy. Vincent, however, possesses the earliest record of any sort extant, a wax cylinder on which Thomas Edison, who combined a hatred for letter-writing with a predilection for rhymed business memoranda, spoke to his agent in London, Colonel George E. Gouraud, asking him to have Gladstone make a record for the voice collection Edison was starting. The message runs:

Gouraud, agent of my choice,
Bid my balance sheets rejoice;
Send me Mr. Gladstone's voice.

Vincent also owns Gladstone's response, a somewhat colorless message of greeting and good wishes spoken in the quavering voice of a septuagenarian. The very first record ever made—of Edison, in his Menlo Park laboratory, declaiming "Mary had a little lamb" into the first working model of his invention—was made of layers of tin foil and was extremely fragile. Probably it was not played more than once or twice, and nobody thought of saving it.

On records neatly stored in filing cabinets and racks in his office, Vincent has the voices of P. T. Barnum, Sarah Bernhardt, Kaiser Wilhelm II, Jane Addams, Ernest Henry Shackleton, Richard Harding Davis, Guglielmo Marconi, Rudyard Kipling, General William Booth, William Jennings Bryan, Dame Nellie Melba, Edgar Wallace, John Wanamaker, Rudolph Valentino, Joseph Jefferson, Ellen Terry, Buffalo Bill, Helen Keller, William McKinley, the Mayo brothers, Mahatma Gandhi, Warren G. Harding, Charles Lindbergh, Christabel Pankhurst, King Albert of the Belgians, Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge, and Mark Twain. The entire collection is not Grade A, but every voice in it is, at least to Vincent, in some way interesting or significant. Vincent claims to be able to judge character by voices. He has conceived a rather belated admiration for Andrew Carnegie and a dislike for Christabel Pankhurst. "There are certain vibrations that help me to tell what a man is like" is the nearest Vincent can come to describing this power, which, incidentally, he says enabled him to choose his candidate in the 1940 Presidential election. "My advice to the Republicans is to get a man with a *voice*," he says.

Even to the listener without the gift of voice analysis, Vincent's Vocarium offers an interesting perspective on history. The bumbling humor of Mark Twain, isolated on one of Vincent's records, might pass for a transcript of a Ben Bernie broadcast; Gandhi is, instead of a comedian in a bedsheet, an authoritative voice with an Oxonian accent. It comes as a definite surprise that the Republican voice richly expounding the theory that "the employment of our idle money will put every idle man in the country to work" is not that of Mr. Willkie but of Mr. McKinley, campaigning against William Jennings Bryan in 1900. Vincent can also put his visitors in a thoughtful mood by playing for them three records dealing with the first World War: Ambassador Gerard's outburst after his recall from Germany in 1917—"If there are any German-Americans here who are still for the Kaiser, there is only one thing to do with them. That is to hog-tie them, give them back their wooden shoes and the rags they landed in, and ship them back to the Fatherland;" Pershing's address to the American people made at G.H.Q. in France—"Three thousand miles from home, an American army is fighting for *you*;" and President Harding's plea, spoken at Hoboken after the arrival of a ship bearing 5,212 American dead—"It must not be again!"

Many of Vincent's prize records were given him by Edison. Vincent is an old friend of the Edison family, and worked at one time in the Edison laboratories. Vincent's present idea of the phonograph, that it is useful socially principally as a cultural and educational force, was also Edison's first idea about his invention. Edison, however, quickly became more interested in the commercial possibilities of the phonograph and did nothing further about his voice collection. "Edison was primarily a business-man," Vincent explains apologetically.

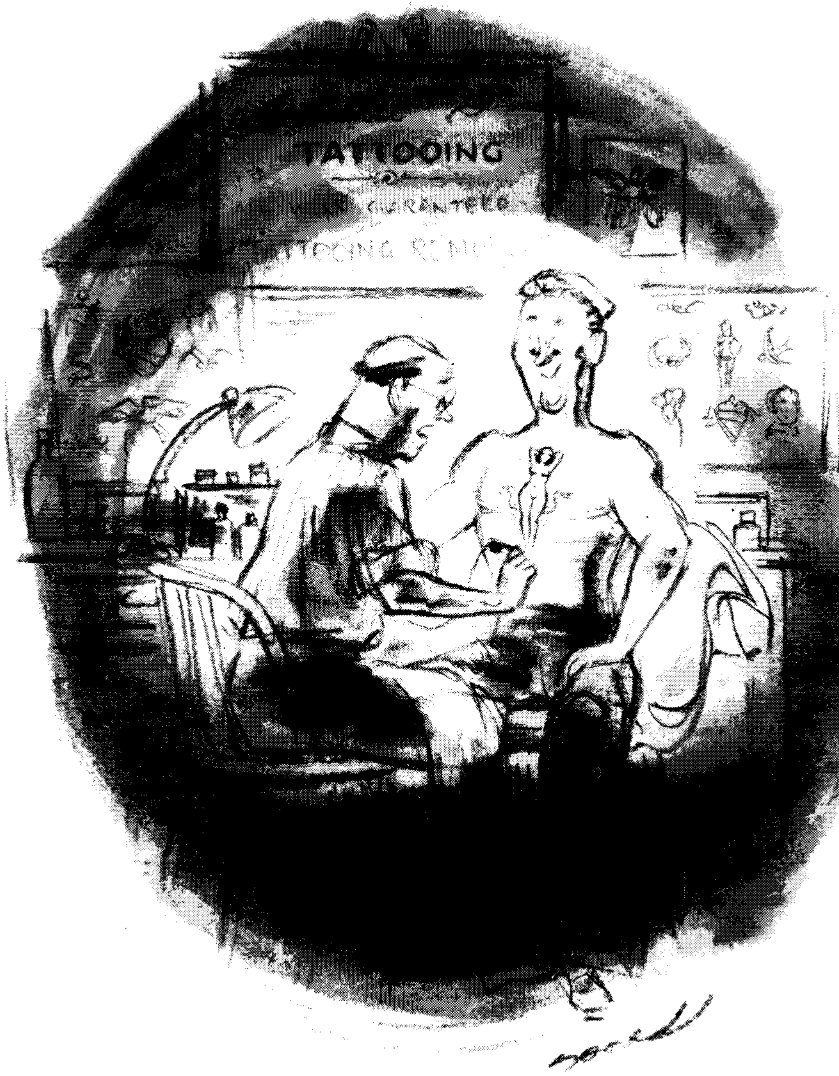
Vincent places an arbitrary value of $50,000 upon his Vocarium, and remarks, "It would be priceless to a man who wanted to hear a certain voice and *couldn't hear it anywhere else, and it* wouldn't mean anything to a filling-station attendant." (Vincent once lectured to an audience of filling-station attendants convened at the Hotel Barnum, in Bridgeport, and found them highly unresponsive.) The federal government could have the Vocarium as a gift, if it would accept it, but it won't. Vincent recently offered it to the National Archives in Washington, but the directors, after lengthy deliberation, turned it down; they explained that the resulting publicity would aid Vincent's business, and they couldn't have *that.* Vincent was then turned down by the Office of Education, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress. "They were afraid I wanted a job," Vincent says, "but I didn't. It's just that someone whose voice should be preserved is dying every day, and then you could spend a hundred thousand dollars and not be able to get it."

Just thinking about this has spurred Vincent to even greater efforts, but he has been dogged by bad luck. Congressman Sirovich, the drama critics' worst enemy, agreed to introduce in the House of Representatives a bill to make the Vocarium a federal institution, but died before he did anything about it. Despairingly, Vincent then suggested that Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, be wired for sound, on the ground that he could supply the voices of many of those it honors; this idea was vetoed by the board of directors. It is not impossible that Vincent, though a strong New Dealer, would have voted for Senator Taft if he had been nominated by the Republicans. When making a record for the Vocarium, Taft became so interested in it that he promised Vincent government support if he became President. Vincent can find only one argument against the government's taking over his collection: politicians and statesmen are far more articulate than other types of celebrities, and if they had unlimited privileges in the Vocarium, they might, he fears, throw it out of balance.

VINCENT came into existence twenty-three years after the phonograph. He was born in 1900, in Boston, where his father was doing postgraduate work in medicine. His mother, who is of French-Austrian extraction, writes somewhat poetic short stories under the pen name of Elizabeth Ysaye. After intervals in Heidelberg and Vienna, where Vincent's father continued his medical studies, the family settled down in New York. Vincent got his schooling *alternately at Riverdale and in the* public schools of the city, rounding this off by a year at Columbia. He has three younger brothers who are all well educated. One became a doctor, the two others lawyers, and Vincent sometimes fears that they regard him as a black sheep. "They think I'm juvenile," he tells his friends.

Vincent cannot, he says, remember a time when he was not interested in voices. He used to play the family gramophone and wish, he says, that he could have heard the voices of Alexander the Great, Mary Queen of Scots, and other characters of history, "because then I would have known what they were really like." When he was eleven he stopped fooling around and began to collect voices, one of his earliest subjects being Theodore Roosevelt. Vincent was able to make such exalted contacts with ease, having at the age of eleven achieved a certain fame as Robert Vincent, the Boy Editor. He had started a monthly ten-cent magazine which he called the *Boys' Paper.* This was in the day when prominent men made a great point of encouraging youthful initiative, and Vincent, an extrovert in short pants, was able to get a respectable number of advertisements and editorial contributions from grownups. The advertisements were paid, the contributions were gratis, and the *Boys' Paper* cleaned up twenty to thirty dollars a month. The *Times* ran a feature story about Vincent under the heading "He Was Born for Business." The adult Vincent, who has his ups and downs in business, sometimes thinks about this heading and laughs.

At any rate, with a list of contributors including Frank Munsey, Mayor Gaynor, Teddy Roosevelt, and a number of other people prominent in poli-



"Someday you may hate me for this."

tics, literature, and art, Vincent was a fairly well-known brat. One of the friendships he formed in his editorial capacity was with Charles Edison, and Charles invited Vincent out to Menlo Park to meet his father. They talked, naturally enough, about phonographs; the elder Edison told about his early collection of famous voices, and Vincent told him that he wanted very much to make a collection himself. Shortly afterward, Edison presented Vincent with a recording machine—a cumbersome, boxlike affair not unlike an old-fashioned phonograph in appearance. When a record was to be made, the subject shouted into the horn instead of listening to it, while an operator worked a bellows to blow away the wax cut from the blank cylinder by the recording needle.

Munsey, who had a splendid bass voice and liked to employ it, used to let Vincent interview him on political questions, for recording. Bob Davis, Munsey's right-hand man, recorded a sentimental prose poem of his own composition, "I Am the Printing Press." Homer Croy read one of his short stories into Vincent's machine. Vincent organized what he called the Boys' Progressive League, a pressure group designed to influence the parents of the members to vote the Progressive Party ticket, and as its president called at Oyster Bay one afternoon to invite T. R. to address the League at a meeting to be held that evening. Roosevelt begged off; he had to attend several other meetings, he said. Well then, Vincent asked, would he record a message for the meeting? (Vincent and several of his friends had brought the recorder along in an old Ford.) "It's against my principles to talk into one of those things, but I'll do it as a favor to you," Roosevelt said. Then, chin up and teeth bared, he made the only existing record of his voice. "I wish to see you boys join the Progressive Party and act in that party and as good citizens in the same way I'd expect any one of you to act in a football game," the record squeaks today. "In other words, don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard."

THE World War broke out about the time Vincent started in at Columbia. He stayed at college for a year, but in 1916, with the voice of history roaring in his ears, he decided that he had to go to Europe. He would record the voices of Kitchener and Foch and, after the final victory, the captive Kaiser. The story Vincent tells of his trip is incredible but fascinating. Lacking both funds and the consent of his parents, he had to stow away, and in the excitement of stowing away he forgot to make arrangements to take along his recorder. He was arrested at Liverpool by the English immigration officials, who listened to his story with ill-concealed disbelief and promised him more than half seriously that he would be shot. That night Vincent walked out of the hotel where he was confined with a number of other suspicious characters and set out for London. "When I got time to do a little thinking, I got to picturing how the other fellows would razz me if I got sent back," he says now, explaining this hardy action.

Vincent bumped around wartime London for a while, earning a little money by carrying luggage in Victoria Station, and then stowed away for France. He descended the gangplank at Boulogne immediately in front of Frank Woolworth, who was going there on some errand or other, and when the armed guards demanded his *laisser-passer*, he pointed at the innocent Mr. Woolworth and said, in Columbia University French, "*Demandez-le de mon père*." That seemed to be enough to pull him out of his predicament.

Then barely sixteen, Vincent managed, he says, to talk his way into the Thirty-ninth Division of the French Army as a dispatch-carrier. He was wounded at Arras, suffering a slightly damaged arm, leg, and eye. He came out of a coma to find himself in a military hospital in Calais, under arrest as a spy. During his delirium, it seems, he had spoken a few scraps of schoolroom German. Through the combined efforts of Ambassador Page, Ambassador Sharp, and Secretary of State Lansing, he was released and shipped home. Arriving in New York, he found that his family, who had not been in the closest possible touch with him, had moved to Boston, so he applied, as an ex-soldier of France, to the French Consulate here for train fare. The Consulate refused this, but a reporter who happened to be around offered him seventy-five dollars for a picture and an exclusive interview. Vincent bought a suit with the money and took a clipping of the interview around to the Shuberts, who were presenting a musical revue called "Her Soldier Boy." He suggested that since real American soldier boys were rare it would be mutually advantageous if he were to appear in the revue. He was signed up and did a singing turn with

a young singer named John Charles Thomas, both of them dressed, as it turned out, as Belgian sergeants.

When the United States entered the war, Vincent volunteered and was sent to Camp Wadsworth. He took his recording apparatus with him and entertained himself between drills by hypnotizing his tentmates and recording their babblings. He had the distinction of being the only man in camp practicing hypnosis. He had picked up this eerie knack from a French Army doctor, and though he does not like to talk about it today, he admits that he was pretty good. He hypnotized all his friends at Camp Wadsworth except Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. "Neilie's a nice fellow," Vincent explains, "but not everybody can be hypnotized."

Vincent saw service as a second lieutenant with the A.E.F., and after the armistice, by pulling strings with people he had known in his boy-editor days, he became an attaché of the American Embassy. He attended the Peace Conference as a code clerk, and, being without a recorder at the time, was made miserable by the tantalizing nearness of such eminently recordable people as King Albert, Joffre, Pershing, Foch, and Poincaré. Vincent now says that the hysterical ovations that greeted Wilson wherever he went in those hopeful days should have been recorded, and the fact that they were not increases his belief in the phonograph's usefulness to the historian. "It arrests time and the fleeting moment," he says. He likes to drive home this point by playing a record made of Wilson's only radio address, broadcast on the eve of Armistice Day of 1923, in which Wilson, propped up on his deathbed, speaks in bitter, stumbling words: ". . . we have done a great wrong to civilization . . . at one of the most critical turning points in the history of mankind."

"I did too see a gleam in your eye!"

• •

BACK home in 1920, Vincent exhibited the restlessness common to ex-soldiers. Temporarily financed by his family, he lived on a houseboat off Sands Point for a while. He drove down to Miami to record William Jennings Bryan conducting a Bible class and up to the north woods to record the dialect of the trappers. On this trip he snared a bear cub which has lived for the past two decades in the Prospect Park Zoo. Then he went abroad again, in search of voices. From a Major Heinrich von Stulpnagel he obtained records which had been made by the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff. A down-and-out retired admiral named Pacher got him a rare record made by Franz Joseph, dated 1915 and labelled "Strictly forbidden to be played without the consent of the Austrian government." This is a source of simple pleasure to Vincent, who is also proud of the fact that he got it cheap. He has never, he says, paid more than five dollars for an old record.

In the fall of 1922, Vincent slipped neatly into what was to be his niche, going to work for Edison as a recording engineer. He did technical work in the laboratory and went out on "location" jobs. In those days, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., recorded political talks, such as Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech, as well as jazz, and they sold reasonably well. Vincent stayed with Edison until 1928, when, with the issuance of a jazz record, No. 5705, "Down Among the Sugar Cane," the recording division went out of existence. He worked for a small firm of sound engineers until 1935, then branched out for himself. All the time, of course, he was collecting old records.

One source of items for Vincent's collection is the re-recording business, at which he is probably the living master, with a considerable number of clients; many people have old and irreplaceable cylinders or discs whose contents they want transferred to new records. While he was with Edison he spent his spare time in the studio tinkering with the problem of making, with modern equipment, re-recordings from old, badly recorded cylinders. Now, whenever an interesting-looking cylinder turns up in somebody's cellar, it is more than likely to find its way to Vincent, who re-records it for an average fee of twenty-five dollars. Vincent exerts (even if some other people do not recognize it) a sort of *droit du seigneur* which permits him to keep copies of recording jobs he does. Professor Frederick C. Packard, Jr., of Harvard, was once somewhat miffed to find that Vincent, in the course of re-recording some rare Edwin Booth readings, had decreased their rarity by making a set for himself.

Re-recording involves a number of tricks, and Vincent has a few of his

"He wants to know if I'm alone."

• •

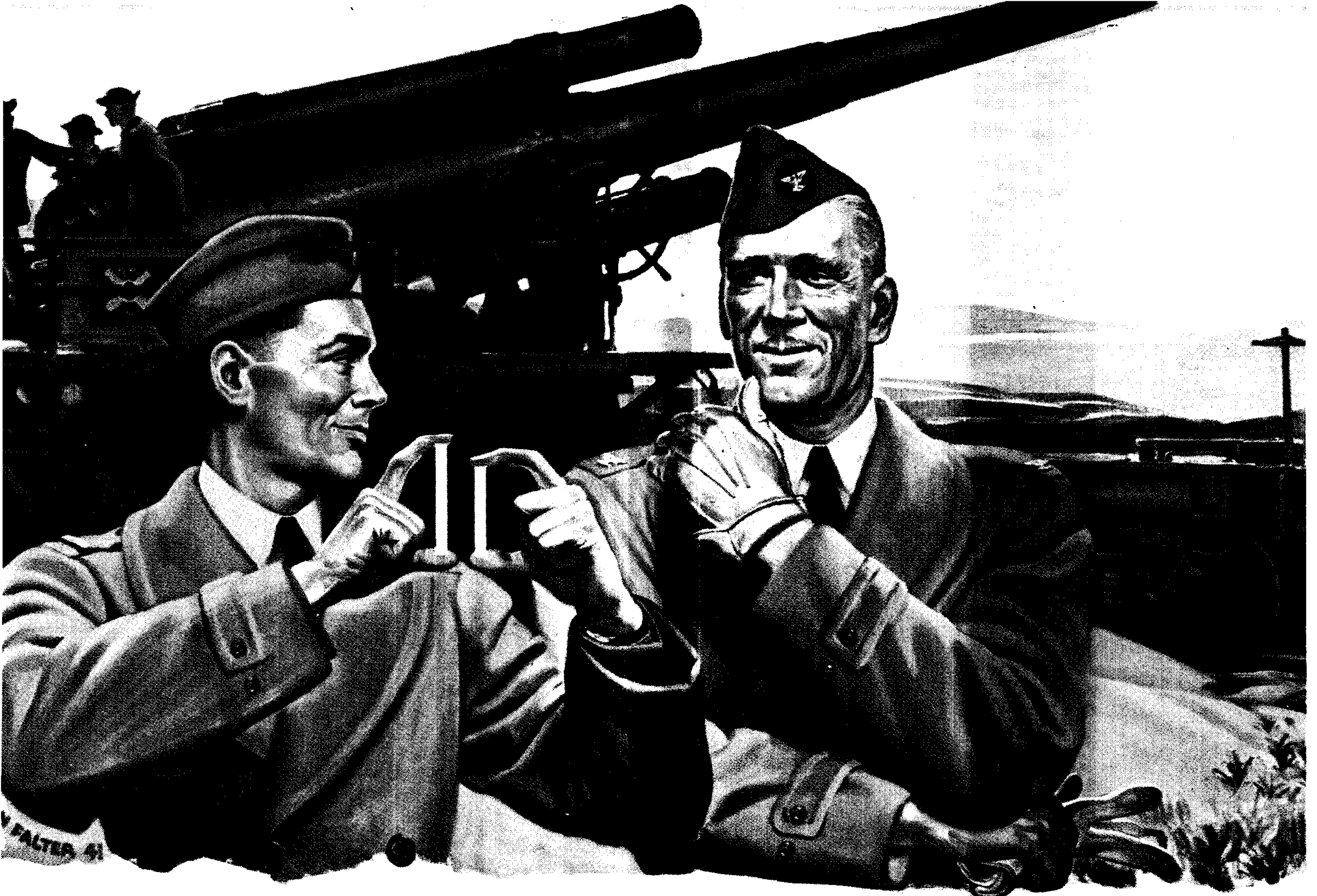
own. Cylinders thirty or forty years old, as most of them are, are almost sure to be warped by heat, pitted by oxidation, cracked, or even nibbled by rats. Vincent puts the cylinders on a mold to straighten them out, rubs oil into any scratches to allow a needle to slide over them, examines the grooves of each record under a microscope to determine what sort of needle to use on it, "tunes out" scratching and sound distortion electrically, and performs a number of other stunts he never discusses with anyone. "My love of human nature ends right there," he says.

One of the most difficult re-recording jobs Vincent ever tackled was an unlabelled cylinder which Walter Miller, who used to be an assistant of Edison's, found lying around his house. Vincent is always annoyed at the carelessness with which people treat old records, and he felt doubly indignant when, after working over this cylinder until three in the morning, he heard, following a brief announcement, the high and clear notes of the bugle which had once sounded "Charge" for the Light Brigade at Balaclava. The bugler had recorded the call in London in his old age. Vincent included this record in albums which he compiled for sale in schools, along with speeches by Florence Nightingale, Will Rogers, Andrew Carnegie, Admiral Peary, Ramsay MacDonald, and other prize personalities from his record files.

A few weeks ago Deems Taylor gave him a tricky commission. He brought in a cylinder record of his own voice which his father had made in 1889, when Deems was three years old. Taylor said that he had sung a song on the record and that he'd like to hear it again. The record was in wax on cardboard, and in bad shape. Examining it under a microscope, Vincent found that the grooves were squarish, and would require a special needle. He had one made in the experimental laboratories of the Dictaphone Company, in Bridgeport. Further, the record could only be played on a machine made by a long-defunct firm, and, as far as Vincent knew, a specimen in the Smithsonian Institution was the only one in existence. The Smithsonian people agreed to lend Vincent the machine. He played the elderly record with his special needle on the museum's phonograph, then made a series of re-recordings with modern equipment, each time cutting out more and more of the scratching and rumbling that interfered with Taylor's youthful vocal efforts. Finally he had a record that sounded as if it had been made yesterday. The child, coached by his father, says "Goody, goody, goody!" and then sings a little song. This bit of nostalgia cost Taylor a hundred and fifty-six dollars. At that, Vincent says, he didn't make any profit, though he had a lot of fun.

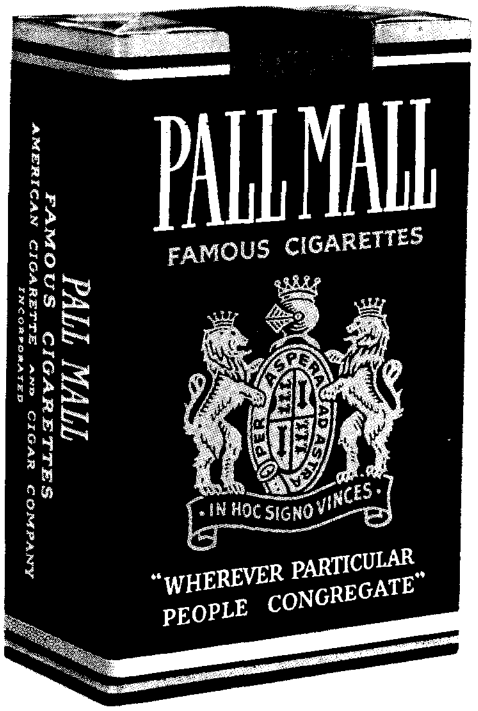
Vincent has his share of difficulties with the people he invites to make records for him. He always courteously tells them to talk about whatever they want to, but since he is spending time and money on the recording, he would like them to give him (and posterity) his money's worth. It maddens him to hear the voices of Stanley and Buffalo Bill uttering prim words of greeting to America and Thomas Edison, respectively, and he sometimes has no better luck in his own studio. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy during the World War, shied away from talking about his experiences in office and instead described the beauties of a statue he had seen in Brest. From a Southern evangelist named Bob Jones, Vincent got, instead of an evangelical outburst, a sober account of the death of the narrator's mother. Vincent cherishes a record made by Daniel Frohman, in which the old producer, perfectly in character, denounces the modern theatre. Last year Vincent invited General Harbord to make a record, but got a flat refusal, which, if recorded instead of being written, would have been a choice item: "This is not a time to talk truthfully for posterity."

THERE is little to Vincent's life except records, and his wife, a woman who can take an old voice or leave it alone, despairs of his ever broadening out. Vincent leaves the breakfast table at nine in the morning and may not be home from the studio until after midnight. He has even been heard to drop



In cigarettes, as in coast defense guns, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"*Yes, Colonel*—Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"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PALL MALL
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IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Of traditionally fine tobaccos

- Modern design has made a vast difference in coast defense—has given these streamlined railway guns a new kind of performance. That's important—for lives may depend on their range and accuracy—their modern design.

Listen to the men who direct these guns. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, too, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design brings you a new kind of smoking pleasure. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a much smoother, less irritating smoke. You see, tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered . . . filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. That's because the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree that—

"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Copyright 1941 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"It's really as thrilling as flying a plane to drive my Skyway Series Studebaker," says

MRS. Lawrence Copley Thaw

Noted big game hunter and explorer

Mrs. Thaw is pictured here with Ayatou I, the Sultan of Garoua, Cameroons.

MRS. THAW says there's more than a suggestion of the effortless power and sure-footed tread of a lordly jungle creature in the clean-lined symmetry of her distinctive Studebaker.

Like thousands of other critical motorists, Mrs. Thaw delights in the gliding, air-borne feeling that's characteristic of the performance of this Studebaker Skyway Series.

The good taste of Studebaker exterior design is effectively complemented by finely tailored upholstery and smart interior fittings. Brilliant engineering assures remarkable gas economy—and Studebaker craftsmanship keeps mechanical upkeep costs low.

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IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA OR ON PARK AVENUE

The gracious charm and boundless enthusiasm of Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw never vary—at home or on safari. Accompanying her well known husband she has but recently returned from a year's trek from Paris to India overland. Color motion pictures of the expedition are treasured historical documents. Stills have been featured in Life and National Geographic.

Distinctively smart new

Studebaker

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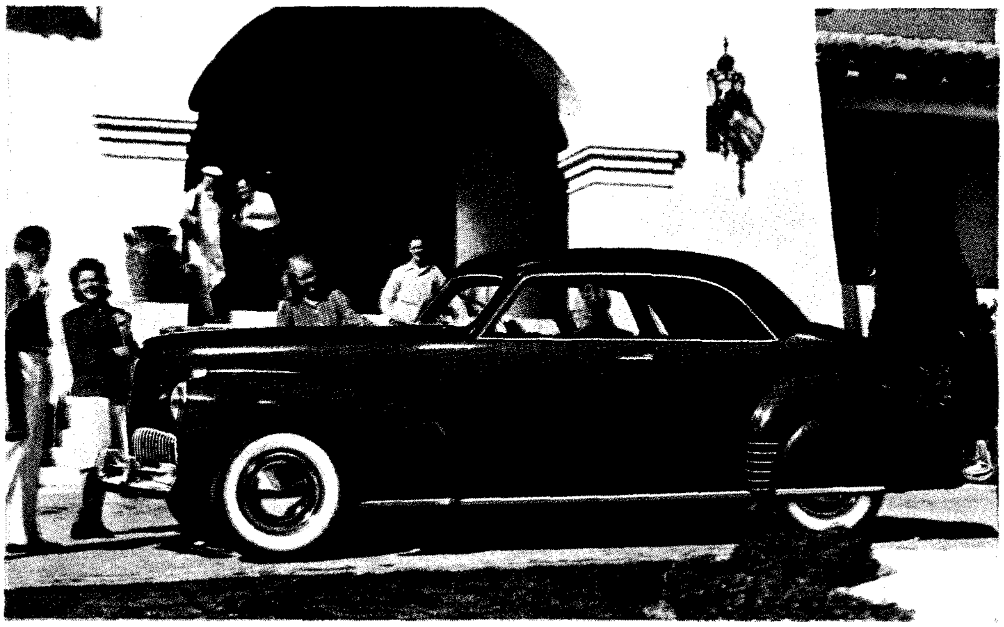
CHAMPION	$ 695 and up
COMMANDER . .	$ 965 and up
PRESIDENT . . .	$1115 and up

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of March 22, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.



Illustrated: Skyway Series President Eight Sedan Coupe, $1185 delivered at factory

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Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
Musical Icetravaganza
IT HAPPENS ON ICE
2nd Edition
"A Great Show."—Herald Tribune
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40: $2.75 to $1.10. Mats. Sun., Wed. & Sat. at 2:40: $2.20 to $1.10. CO. 5-5474. No Monday perf. Unreserved 75¢ seats on sale ea. perf. when doors open.

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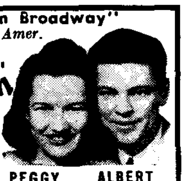
"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
"A PERFECT MUSICAL." Walter Winchell
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
with
RAYMOND MASSEY
SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.



"Most Attractive Couple on Broadway" —Louis Sobol, Journ.-Amer.
Alfred de Liagre, Jr., presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
BELASCO W. 44. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

"BRILLIANT." Watts, Her Trib
PAL JOEY
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL - GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT - JUNE HAVOC
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

hints that their son, Kenneth, now in his early teens, might leave school to help his father. So far, Mrs. Vincent has refused to allow any such thing.

For an avocation once removed, Vincent collects old musical records. He has about ten thousand of these, and plays one once in a while. In his business he makes records of banquets, fashionable weddings, and other public occasions, and is considered about the best man in this business. Lately he has branched out into the literary end of radio, collaborating separately with his mother and with Admiral Byrd. They are writing radio scripts—poetic dramas in the case of Mrs. Vincent, stories of arctic adventures in the case of the Admiral—which Vincent is recording in his own studio and offering to sponsors.

There are few other collectors with whom he can discuss voice recordings. He is happy, if almost alone, in his hobby, however, and wouldn't dream of taking a motor trip without his recording apparatus, any more than a photography fan would be caught without his camera. Occasionally, when dinner guests come to the Vincents' apartment on West 106th Street, he conceals a microphone near the table and after dinner plays back to the guests their own conversation. "The gabble they talk is quite a shock to them," he says happily. —BARBARA HEGGIE

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In other comparisons of this type, that is, comparisons which do not distinguish Catholic, Scandinavian, and independent schools, the advantage oscillates somewhat irregularly between these main groups. For example, men from Twin-City public schools are found to be superior to men from Twin-City private schools, while men from non-Twin-City private schools are superior to men from non-Twin-City public schools. Contrariwise, women from Twin-City private schools are superior to women from Twin-City public schools, while women from non-Twin-City public schools are superior to women from non-Twin-City private schools. These differences of tendency for Twin-City and non-Twin-City students of each sex counteract each other when data for Twin-City and non-Twin-City groups are merged.—*From "Private and Public Secondary Education," by Leonard V. Koos.*

Then merge them.

•

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman
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NEW PRICES! $2.20, $1.65, $1.10—No Higher

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TWO PRIZE-WINNING PLAYS
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
Lucile Watson • Paul Lukas • Mady Christians
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St., Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Drama Critics' Circle Awards 1941
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
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Vote These Members of CRITICS' CIRCLE
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"TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL"—Walter Winchell
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"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

Mercury Production by ORSON WELLES
Native Son
A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St. LAc. 4-4664
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. 2:40—Sun. 3. No Mon. Perfs.

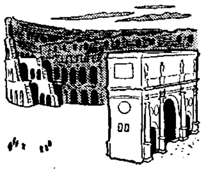
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"The best new American play of the season" Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

LETTER FROM ROME

MARCH (DELAYED EN ROUTE)

THE Germans, as you have perhaps already suspected, are getting into the Italians' hair. There are Nazis to the right and Nazis to the left—from fifteen to twenty-five thousand of them in Rome alone, counting both the smartly dressed military and the civilians in their *ersatz* mufti. Uniformed Nazis, heiling one another from table to table, crowd such popular restaurants and cafés as Alfredo's, the Fagiano, Berardo's, and Rosati's on the Via Veneto. Italians still frequent these places, but they don't like their guests. For one thing, the Germans are using their "tourist marks," which are worth what Hitler says they are, to buy up the little that the stores have left to offer; for another, next to being bombed by the British, the Italians' greatest fear is that this is the beginning of a thoroughgoing occupation of their country by Berlin. Judging by the rumors one hears, there are a quarter of a million German troops, more or less, in Italy today.



Whatever their numbers, the Nazis are running everything here right now. Their first job upon taking over was to teach the Italian anti-aircraft corps how to shoot. The Fascist gunners had been having a terrible time of it. They didn't know how to set the fuses of their shells or otherwise get along with their equipment, and they were being maimed and killed at an alarming rate by bullets going the wrong way. German instructors have done a good deal to cut down these casualties, at least in practice drills. Whether or not their lessons will be remembered under the trying conditions of a real air raid remains to be seen. Rome has yet to be bombed.

The Italians dread an air raid, and with reason. The government has done practically nothing about protecting its citizens from such an attack, and it is easy to believe that if Rome were heavily bombed, there would be a fearful panic. (Some people here are also convinced that an all-out British air raid would be followed by a stampede to the ranks of the ever-enlarging group of active anti-Fascists.) At the beginning of the war there was much bustle over building air-raid shelters, and when the excitement subsided Rome had a number of them—all made of wood. They were simply shacks propped up against walls, and one of the first things the Nazis did after arriving was to condemn them as useless and order them torn down.

ABOUT six months ago, when the Romans were still trying to manage their own affairs, it was decided that the famous Galleria Colonna, with its arcades, shops, and cafés, would make an admirable community shelter, or *rifugio*, and Mussolini's WPA set about fixing it up as one. First came the carpenters, who put down wooden floors and built a lot of wooden partitions and benches; they were followed by wagonload after wagonload of sandbags, which were piled up around the outside and looked very impressive, except that they were made of paper. Just before the place was to be opened for inspection, it occurred to someone that the paper wouldn't last long in the spring rains, and there was a delay while the carpenters came back and put up wooden walls to protect the sandbags. The walls were more than Fascist propagandists could resist, and there was a further wait while signboard men went about the premises pasting up government posters. Finally the "*Rifugio*" signs appeared, the shelter was opened, and hundreds of Romans, who had been given to understand that this was to be one of the city's finest shelters, streamed eagerly in from the Corso Umberto to look around. They found a crazy maze of wooden corridors twisting this way and that with no apparent purpose and usually winding up in a dead end, and it wasn't long before you began to hear jokes about people getting lost in the Galleria. Someone suggested that whoever designed the labyrinth must have thought that bombs, instead of falling on shelters, chased fugitives into them, like a cop after a thug.

The reaction of Nazi experts to Rome's best effort in the way of a *rifugio* was discouraging to the local authorities. When the Germans arrived, they ripped out all of the corridors and the benches and removed the disintegrating sandbags, leaving nothing of the Fascist handiwork except the outside walls and the posters. About the only Fascist air-raid preparations with which the Nazis have seemed satisfied are the strips of paper pasted on store windows to keep glass from flying around in the event of a bomb's falling nearby. The Germans may not have much faith in these strips, but they admire the taste of Italian shopkeepers, who have arranged them to form swastikas and to spell out "*Viva il Duce—der Führer.*"

NOW that the Galleria has been stripped of most of its wartime trimmings, it is again possible to see the show window of the Fiat establishment there. Of the three magnificent automobiles lined up in it for public inspection, one, a black sedan with red wheels, is particularly attractive and, by American standards, reasonably priced. The neatly lettered sign beside it on the showroom floor reads, "*Prezzo 30,180 Lire, Senza Gomme,*" which means that, since the lira is still worth a nickel, the car is yours for $1,509. It also means that the car is yours without tires, and there is the hitch, for you simply can't buy a new tire in Italy today. You can't even get an inner tube patched unless you can supply the garageman with the necessary morsel of rubber, and some people are finding that their old hot-water bottles come in handy for this purpose.

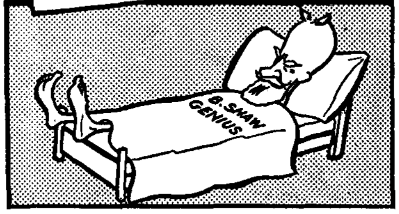
There is not much incentive to own a car anyway, for you are allowed only five gallons of gasoline a month (at $1.25 a gallon) and you can't operate it after ten o'clock in the evening, which is when you might want it most, as public conveyances are hard to find at night. Some people are buying automobiles and putting them up on jacks, looking toward the time when the war will be over. There is little else in which to invest money these days and there is always the chance that the cars will increase in value if, in the future, Italy has even fewer than she has now. Of course, any purchaser must be prepared to have the government commandeer his car without warning.

ANYONE who has ever dined at Alfredo's probably remembers the *fettucini*, that lovely, tender noodle dish with noodles so white and butter so golden and cheese just ripe enough. Nowadays the best Alfredo can do is to bring you a plate containing a hundred grams of gray spaghetti, and that only if you give him your ration card to clip. On the walls of his simple dining room, Alfredo still has those pictures of movie stars of which he has always been so proud—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor, Colleen Moore, and the rest. He has recently added to his gallery a new picture, showing Hermann Göring in his favorite white uniform. Unlike the movie stars, whose faces smile down on the diners, Göring is presented in profile, staring far away.

Alfredo's admiration for Hollywood

MOTION PICTURES

The producer of "Pygmalion" presents
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S
Major Barbara
starring
WENDY HILLER
co-starring
REX HARRISON and ROBERT MORLEY
introducing ROBERT NEWTON
produced and directed by GABRIEL PASCAL
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



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It's Terrific "Tremendous . . . You shouldn't miss this film" —N. Y. Times

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ORSON WELLES
CITIZEN KANE
TWICE DAILY 2:30 & 8:30
ALL SEATS RESERVED
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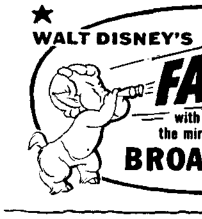

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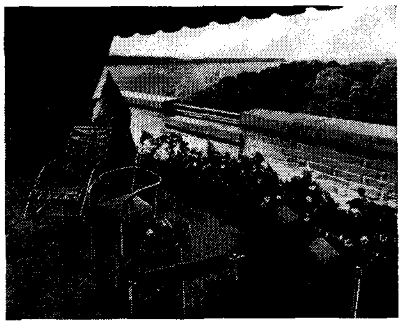
people is shared by many members of the Roman aristocracy, who, although they may not understand a word of English, wouldn't think of missing a picture at the Quirinetta, where American movies are still served straight, without subtitles. "Wuthering Heights," which recently played there, drew large crowds, and so did "You Can't Take It with You," though what a non-English-speaking Roman could have made of it is difficult to imagine. Virginio Gayda has no use for the Quirinetta and its American films, and constantly attacks it in his *Giornale d'Italia*. His latest argument for avoiding the place is that it is "where the bourgeoisie go," but even this stigma does not seem to affect the box office.

German newsreels, called *Die Deutsche Wochenschau*, are compulsory fare in every Italian theatre. They are given over almost entirely to war scenes showing the Nazis blitzkrieging, and all of them close with the sound of diving bombers, followed by the boom of a bomb. In many theatres the *Wochenschau* used to be run after the feature film, and nearly everyone was in the habit of walking out on it, but since the Nazis got here it is given a prominent place on all bills—between the Fascist newsreel and the feature. The Italian reels are usually made up of innocuous bits plugging home industries, mixed, in recent months, with shots of beautiful Fujiyama and bustling Tokio.

The Opera has had a highly successful season, which came to a climax recently when a bunch of Nazi *Sänger* from Dresden put on the "Nibelungen Ring." As for local singers, Franca Somigli's Salome was something that Italians are still talking about, and Maria Caniglia did a fine job in "William Tell." Some critics were not too enthusiastic about Beniamino Gigli's voice, but he seems to be making out all right. He continues to occupy his expensive villa near the Piazza Quadrata and has taken up the hobby of collecting Lenci dolls.

Everything closes down at 11:30 in the evening—movies, theatres, bars—and no dancing is allowed at any hour. As a result, people are doing a lot more reading than they used to when Rome had a night life. Most popular American novels are translated into Italian (unless the author is Jewish), and the bookstores and kiosks sell quantities of them. Among the favorites are Erskine Caldwell's "Journeyman," Pietro di Donato's "Christ in Concrete," and Margaret Mitchell's



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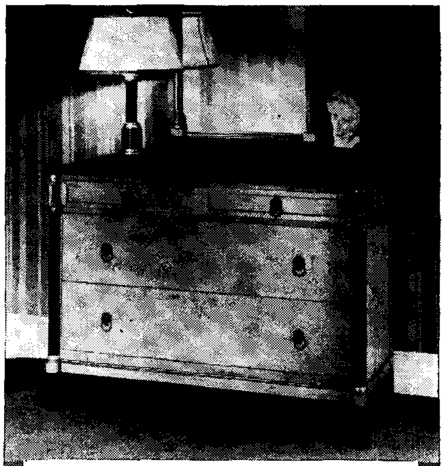

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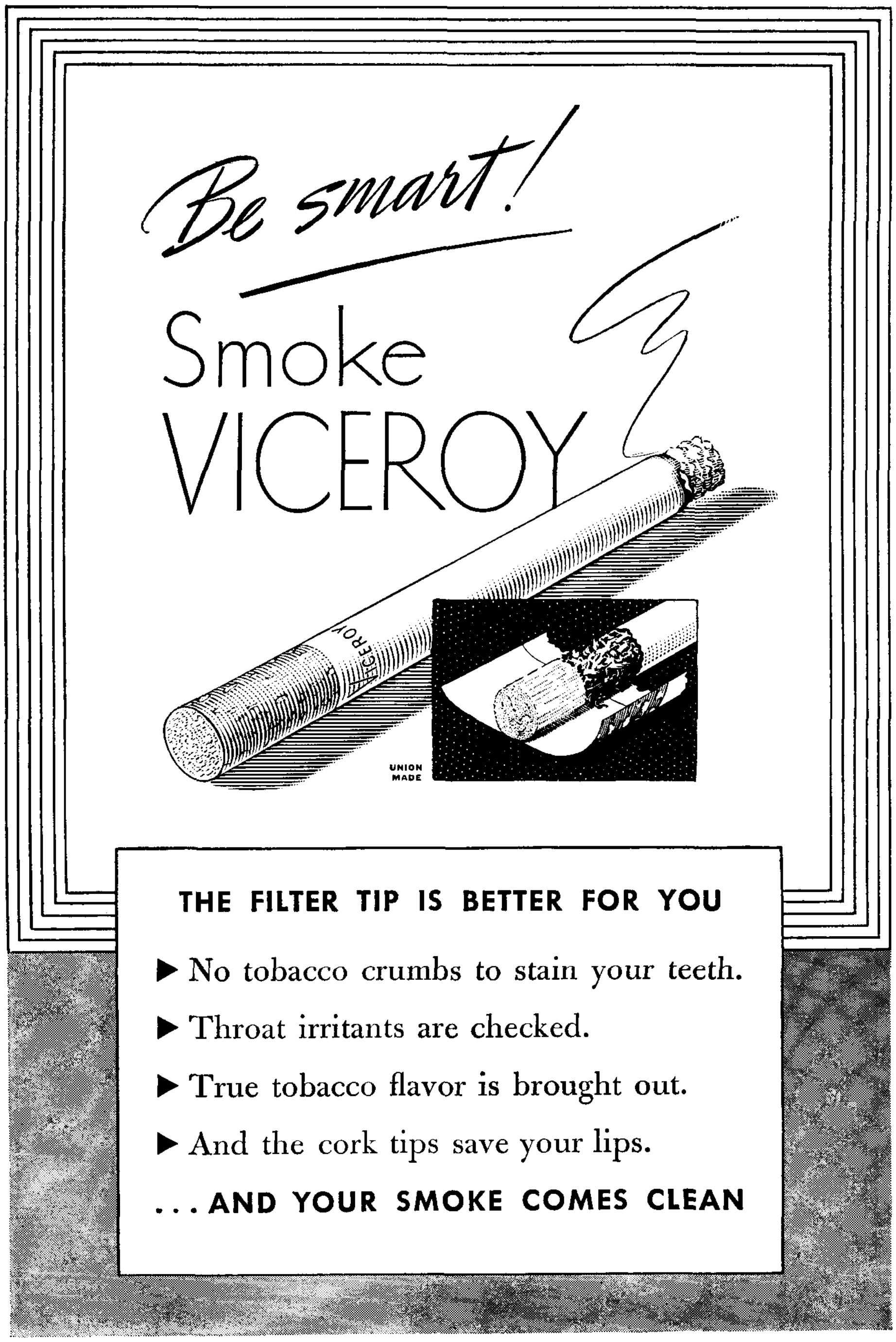
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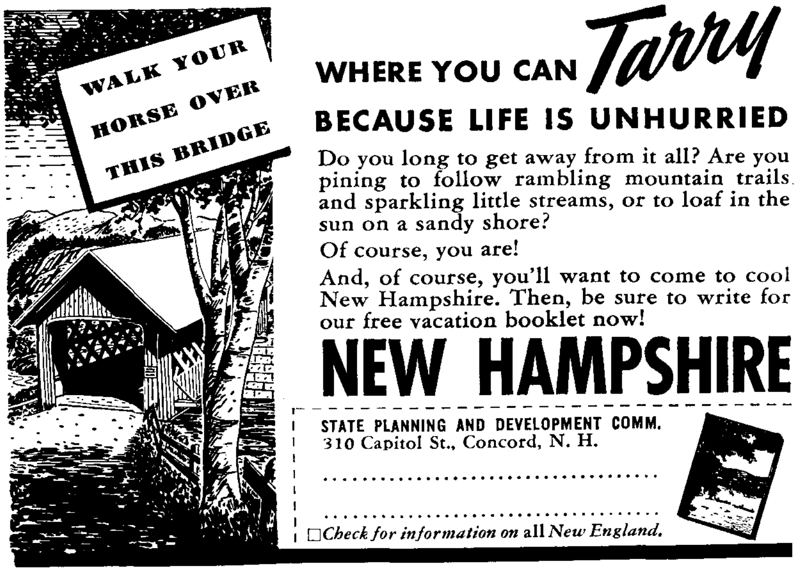

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book, which in Italian becomes "Via col Vento."

YOU can tell the civilian Nazis immediately by their clothes. The men think that beside the shabbily dressed Italians they appear quite swagger in their new *ersatz* suits, but these look just as wooden as the trees they're made of, and even if they didn't, the dreadful cut of the garments would be a giveaway. It's the same with their shoes, which are new and shiny and made of *ersatz* calf, which anyone can spot for the paper it is. The Nazi women, of whom there are many here, go around looking dowdy and frumpy, without makeup, girdles, or brassières. They are forever sightseeing and buying things, especially needles and thread. They crowd into Coen's department store (which, though now controlled by the state, still has in its stock a few bolts of French and British materials) and get their greatest thrill out of being able to buy silk stockings. The stockings aren't much good—two or three wearings and they are done for—and size and color ranges are broken, but to the Nazi ladies they seem wonderful.

Italian dressmakers groan at German styles, which run heavily to flowers, ribbons, bows, and buttons, but they are required to attend the showings that the Nazi fashion designers put on from time to time. No matter how poorly the German clothes are adapted to the Italian woman's short, stout figure, the Roman dressmakers are expected to buy a few as a demonstration of the Axis spirit. One of the best dress houses in Rome, trying to keep on the right side of everybody, regularly purchases several German models but never shows them to its clientele.

THE other day an American shopping in a haberdashery on the Via Tritone got to talking with the proprietor about the effect of Nazi buying on business. The proprietor looked unhappy. "These Germans come in," he said, "and buy up all our stuff with those tourist marks of theirs. Italians simply haven't the money to buy, so these *bestie* get everything we have on our shelves. As it is, we haven't got much and pretty soon we won't have anything. I'm not just talking about my shop. I'm talking about Italy." —J. S.

•

A GREAT GRANDMOTHER
WOMAN, 47, BECOMES

—*Headline in the Detroit Free Press.*

No oldster, she.

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* Actual color photograph—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco before aging.

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this lighter, milder leaf brings a fancy price!

—but Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says J. M. Talley, warehouseman of Durham, N. C.

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A Soda-Mizer repays the $1 it costs in the soda and ginger ale it saves you in just a couple of week-ends. In bright red, blue or green plastics. Fits any bottle. Good drug, department, housewares, gift and novelty stores sell Soda-Mizer. If yours doesn't, mail us $1. (P. S. What a present!) Howard L. Ross Corporation, Dept. 44, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

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boy who is indicted for the murder of Edwin Hallett, fiancé of one of those rich girls. The locale is New York City. Mr. Oursler has cleverly avoided too much repetition, but the outcome is badly motivated.

THE TWENTY-ONE CLUES, by J. J. Connington. The bodies of a minister and a lady parishioner are found in a bracken patch near the railroad tracks with bullets in their brains. There has been some local gossip about them and a few anonymous letters, but no one in the small English village is perturbed until the pair—the leader of the Awakened Israelites and Mrs. Callis, who likes to be in on everything—are discovered dead. There are, as the author maintains, twenty-one clues in this leisurely puzzle. You may count them if you like.

MURDER IN MINK, by Robert George Dean. An undercover love affair in a Midwestern city leads to blackmail, murder, and the exposure of a new racket. The lady in the case gets shot. There is a moral for gentlemen in this swift, humorous tale: Don't buy fur coats for tired blondes unless you're wearing a false mustache and paying cash.

•

SOLILOQUY WITH A SPRAY GUN

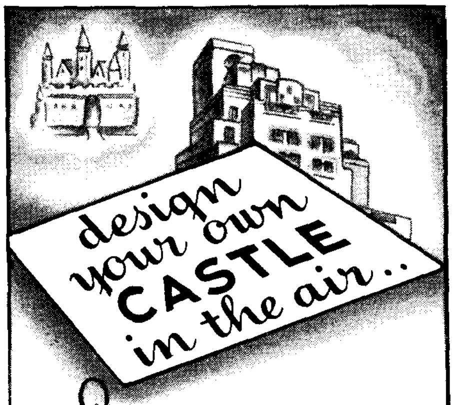
Spring comes again with aphis on the wing
To haunt the rose. The snail comes simpering
With eager nose, flanked by the caterpillars ribbed and gray,
Thankful for any leaf that comes their way.
And tuneful birdlings, when they are not mating,
Perch above newly seeded gardens, waiting.
—VIRGINIA BRASIER

•

STATE COLLEGE, Pa. (UP)—Inconsistencies in spelling books may often be the cause of poor spelling among school children, according to Dr. Emmett A. Betts, head of the reading clinic at the Pennsylvania State college.

"Teacrers take the books too seriolusly and follow them too slavishly," Dr. Betts said. "They teach fifth grade pupils only those words in the fifth grade book. Actually our study has shown that there is no such thing as a fifth grade for a sixth garde word."—*Beaumont* (*Tex.*) *Journal*.

Thank fortune, there's *somebody* who doesn't take them too seriolusly.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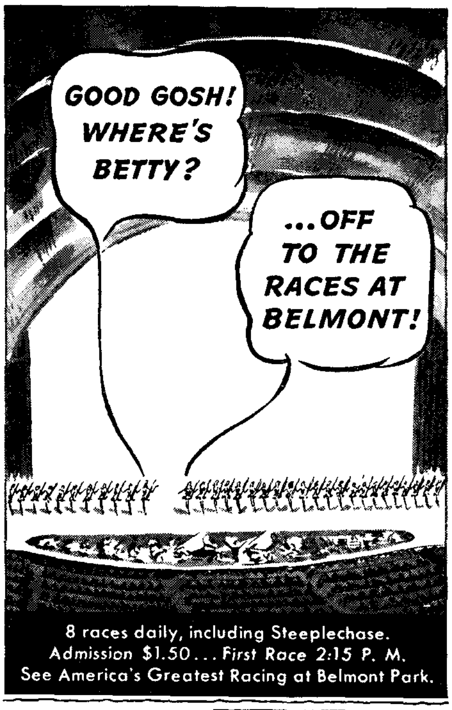
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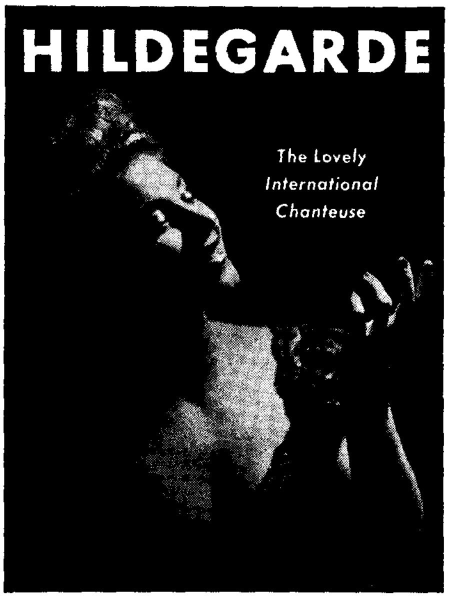
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August, 1939, and January, 1941, to friends and families here by soldiers' wives, commuters' wives, women on sheep farms and chicken farms, women in Edinburgh and Birmingham and London, and a few young girls. Repetitious in spots, but in general a revealing collection. Mrs. Brown explains the writers' circumstances and Jan Struther contributes a moving introduction.

America Is Worth Fighting For, by Ralph Ingersoll. The editor of *PM,* partly as an answer to General Johnson's "Hell-Bent for War," replies to some of the isolationist arguments, examines "the morality behind the war," and sketches an American program for economic democracy at home and all-out aid to Britain. Sections of the book seem to have been developed from the author's editorials. Rather loosely argued.

Skeleton of Justice, by Edith Roper and Clara Leiser. The perversion of law in the Nazi courts as it involves the Ministry of Justice, judges, state prosecutors, religious trials, political trials, juvenile crime, and so on. Mrs. Roper, a reporter who covered the Reich's courts from 1936 to 1939 for German newspapers, fooled the Nazis into allowing her to take her material out of the country. Miss Leiser translated and arranged the book. Readable, evidently authentic, and pretty well covers the subject.

River of Ruins, by Louis J. Halle, Jr. Two young anthropologists from Harvard explore the remains of the great Mayan culture scattered about the region of the Usumacinta River in Guatemala and Yucatán. Rather mild as such stories go, but handsomely written and full of well-informed and sensitive observation. A distinguished job. Photographs and sketches by the author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Trial of Vincent Doon, by Will Oursler. Day-by-day account of the trial of Mr. Doon, a Boston

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A Casual Column Supporting THE SATURDAY SUN

SCHEHERAZADE saved her neck, in a day when sultans had no newspapers, by the endless variety of her tale-telling. Today The Saturday Sun, unworried about its cervical vertebrae, is a modern Scheherazade.

It has the literate reporting and wide range of contents that make The Sun a great metropolitan daily—*plus* 35 special features, many running a page or more. You'll find it a guide in many guises, versatile, intensely readable. Hobbies, arts, fashions, homes, sports are just a few of the interests that come into its ken. Highlights:

GARDEN GUIDE Let Montague Free guide your trowel and make your garden grow. He won the Garden Club's gold medal at the International Flower Show—and if anyone can put the bloom of health on your petunias, he can. His column is just one feature of the Garden Page.

PEDIGREED DOGS Arthur Roland, past winner of the Dog Writers' Association medal, edits the pedigreed pet pages with no bark but plenty of bite. Your dog will be prouder of you if you keep up with his world through these blue-ribbon pages.

CAMERAS & PHOTOGRAPHY An increasingly popular page of news and instruction for both amateur and professional shutterbugs, by Norris Harkness. Just expose yourself to his advice and watch your skill develop!

WHERE TO DINE You can eat your way around the world—right in Manhattan—with this page as your gastronomical guide. And remember that you're always welcome at the Where To Dine Bureau in The Sun Building. It's the city's most popular service for diners-out at restaurants, hotels, night spots. Just phone or call in person. No charge, of course.

If you enjoy lively, worthwhile, provocative reading, don't let 3c a week stand between you and The Saturday Sun!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WITH THE SATURDAY SUN

writes with the informed reticence, sincerity, and elegance toward which all modern art, with the lagging exception of poetry, is certainly developing. This privately printed book is one of the most notable collections in many years, and it is a good thing that the spoiled and surfeited reader of modern poetry must make some effort to find it, let alone look at it. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Who Fought and Bled, by Ralph Beebe. A humorous, homespun historical novel—the War of 1812—with, unbelievably, not a love affair in it. The chief female is a red-haired brat only twelve years old. The action plays around Detroit, which the Americans lost to the British through poltroonery and dumbness. Lively and interesting.

Tadpole Hall, by Helen Ashton. The weeks just before and after September, 1939, in a village on the English coast. Evacuated British children and a couple of Austrian refugees provide the foreign element. The plot centres in the family of a retired Army colonel. Well put together, sympathetic, and sensible. For some reason not immediately apparent, all the characters have the names of birds: Colonel Heron, Miss Pigeon, Mrs. Drake, Herr Hahn, and so on.

A Fish Dinner in Memison, by E. R. Eddison. Another of Mr. Eddison's highly mannered, gorgeously silly fantasies that play games with time and space. James Stephens believes it is "the most magnificent book of our time." Recommended to Cabell-lovers.

GENERAL

Darwin, Marx, Wagner, by Jacques Barzun. The author believes that these three "intellectual imperialists"—all "somewhat less than great thinkers," all collators rather than originators of ideas—really established the popular notions of mechanistic materialism and pseudo-scientific "system" that are at the root of both Communism and Fascism. A compelling study of the origins and relations of mid-nineteenth-century ideas, well documented and generally well written. Somewhat involved here and there, but a rewarding, fresh, and often profound interpretation.

Women of Britain, with a running commentary by Beatrice Curtis Brown. Letters written between

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AMBASSADOR GARDEN
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Jules Lande
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
FOR LUNCHEON
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8 races daily, including Steeplechase.
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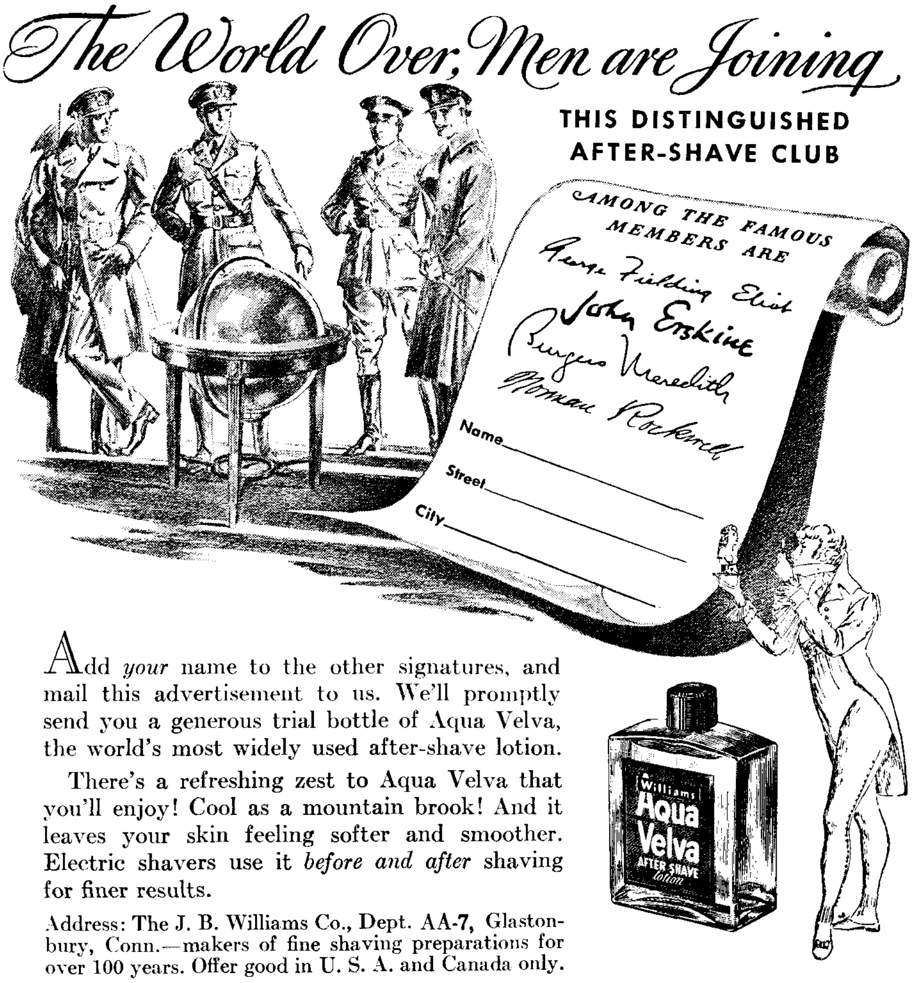
papers . . . where the casual reader may pick it up and discover for himself just how satisfying and refreshing good poetry can be."

New Directions published in 1938 "The Complete Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams." Dr. Williams led off "The Poet of the Month" series with "The Broken Span." Williams is, and has been for over twenty years, an "experimental" poet. He has consistently written in the "free verse" which is now as dead and dated as *art nouveau*. He has, however, kept this rather flaccid vehicle truly free, fresh, and firm, never forgetting that it can have a formal excellence of its own. Free verse must be based on a sharp reporting eye and ear, and Williams is as perceptive now as he ever has been. He has solved in his own way the problem of getting the modern scene into short poetic form. Usually he fails when he tries to burden it with abstract "thought" or philosophic "idea." He has widened the focus of the modern lyric from its narrow adherence to, as someone puts it, "the song or the epigram." He can write both epigram and song, so in his chosen method he is dodging no technical difficulties. "The Broken Span" should waken interest in "The Collected Poems" and in one of the finest lyric poets of our day.

"The End of a Decade," the first book of a young poet, Harry Brown, is the latest pamphlet in this series. Brown, many of whose poems have been published in this magazine, possesses one of the most unmistakable poetic gifts which have recently appeared. Such a talent is not only basically good from the beginning but exhibits, also from the first, all the signs of virtuosity. It is pleasant nowadays to find a young poet apprenticed not only to Auden but to Ovid. Brown should soon completely free himself from the natural youthful tendency to indulge in the delights of classical reference and nomenclature. These trappings, if persisted in too long, become less Pindaric and Virgilian than rather hack Bulfinch. It will be fine when Brown grows as ironic about himself as he already can be about almost everything else.

THE one example of a book of poems printed by the poet which I should like to mention is the collected "Poems" of Yvor Winters. Mr. Winters has published this book for himself and his friends; it has not been advertised or even sent out for review. Winters is obstinately outside all the soggy and hack poetic trends of the day. He



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And they're all in H. Allen Smith's new book!

There she stood — barefoot up to her chin! And the strip-queen who danced with newspaper "fans" is just one of a thousand-and-one screwballs you'll meet in this fun-poking book by the *World-Telegram's* ace feature writer, which does to the whole world what *A Smattering of Ignorance* did to musicians. Don't miss it!

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Beery
Rosenbloom
Frisco
Dempsey
Cagney
Baer
Sheridan
Burns
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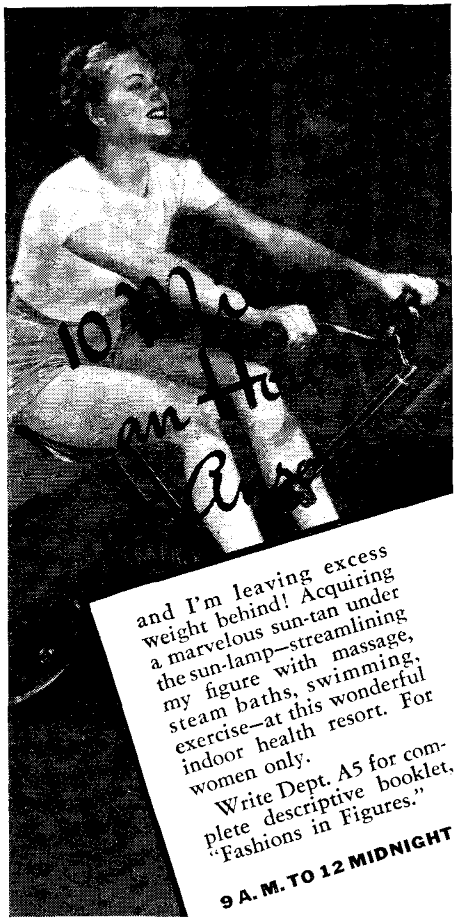
LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE

by H. Allen Smith

INTRODUCTION BY FRED ALLEN



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One drawback to publishing without considering the general run of taste is that the publisher may find himself coddling a decadence instead of serving the future. *James Laughlin IV, the editor* of New Directions, has on occasion done both. But he never gets thoroughly set in his ways, and since he is constantly trying something different, his products in some years are fairly free of false steps and faded or fancy judgments. This is such a year. Mr. Laughlin has launched, since January, a series of poetry pamphlets under the rather unfortunate covering title of "The Poet of the Month." Each number in this series is printed by a fine press, and each number costs thirty-five cents unbound, one dollar bound. The entire series of twelve may be obtained for an annual subscription price of four dollars. Three numbers have already appeared.

"Each year one number of 'The Poet of the Month' will be devoted to a great poet of the past . . . celebrating his anniversary or linking him with a contemporary interest," Mr. Laughlin's announcement says. The February pamphlet is given to Donne (contemporary interest), and later there will be one of Herrick (anniversary). "John Donne: Some Poems and a Devotion" has been printed by D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press and is a particularly charming piece of typographical design. A note expresses the laudable hope that "this edition of Donne may be left lying around the room with magazines and

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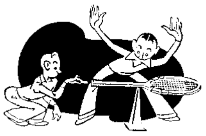

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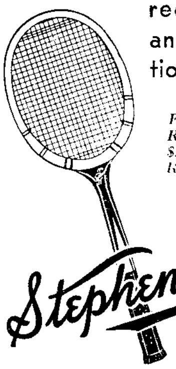

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and finds needles in haystacks; autograph collectors, a tribe stranger than any you will find in the annals of anthropology; and Gene Fowler, who is the man of legend that Mr. Smith himself would like most to be. You will find these grotesqueries in an easy-to-read assortment called "Low Man on a Totem Pole." It's diverting enough.

Mr. Smith at last hearing was on the trail of a two-year-old baby who collects swing records. Good hunting, Mr. Smith.

FOR more earnest souls who prefer to pay no attention whatsoever to Mr. Smith, there is Harold Ward's excellent anthology, "New Worlds in Science." It is recommended as a well-arranged, well-edited collection of thirty-three scientific essays, most of them popular, a few, such as Einstein's "On the Method of Theoretical Physics," moderately tough going. There are brilliant pieces by Caryl P. Haskins on ants, Hans Zinsser on lice, J. B. S. Haldane on eugenics, Bertrand Russell on why God is not a mathematician, Paul B. Sears on soil erosion, Julian Huxley on the relation between war and science, and J. D. Bernal on what the scientific future holds for us. The general line is that science, which has already performed miracles, is set to perform even greater ones but is unable to do so in a world that resembles a lunatic asylum much more than it does a laboratory.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

SOMETIMES, usually at the end of a publishing season, the value of books which are not part of the regular commercial publishing rhythm seems particularly impressive. There are at least two ways of escaping this rhythm (and a heavy and lumbering one it can be). One is to print the book yourself, and the other is to have it brought out by an "experimental" publisher. The first method really demands buying and operating a small press, since too many traps exist for the unwary in taking a manuscript to a printer to be published at a price. But with a private press one is perfectly safe and free. The experimental publisher, provided he is not "fronting" for some social scheme, is the next best thing to every poet his own compositor.

Being human and, of course, in business, the experimental publisher has his own blind spots in taste, errors in judgment, and snobbery about his experimental preferences, but he is likely to take a chance on the unknown poet and

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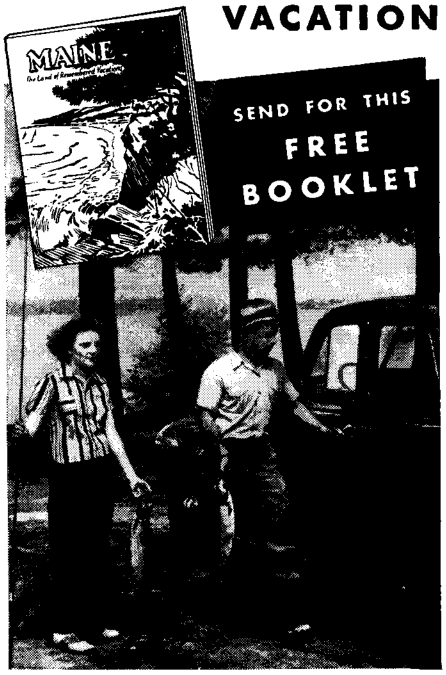
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Josette's wild wedding night, the fight between Ernie and Kenny (Miss Wolff is a darb at fights, as casual and hard-eyed as a veteran sports reporter), Dorothy's strangling of her cat, and a half-dozen others.

Though Miss Wolff is enormously gifted, I do not believe "Whistle Stop" is a very good novel. Its flaws lie partly in its sprawling construction, partly in the central figure of Kenny, whose charm everybody is supposed to feel but who seems to me one of the most repulsive figures I have ever encountered, and partly in the fact that the characters, with the possible exception of Mary, are petty and mean. There are plenty of petty, mean people in "Main Street," with which "Whistle Stop" may legitimately be compared, but somehow "Main Street" adds up. It means something. It increases your understanding. "Whistle Stop" doesn't mean anything. It is a marvellously exact picture of a group of squabbling, unpleasant, dead-end people, some of them brutal, some half-witted, most of them dull. It does not have any implications beyond this, or if it has they elude me. This does not detract from Miss Wolff's two superb talents: as a realistic photographer and occasionally as a narrator of tense, violent action. Altogether, I think you'd better read "Whistle Stop" and keep an eye on Miss Wolff. If she can write this way at twenty-two, she should be good for a banning in Boston before she's twenty-five.

MR. H. ALLEN SMITH, who does those interviews for the *World-Telegram*, has collected some of his stranger adventures and inserted them between covers. Fred Allen throws in an introduction, which is funnier than anything in the book, but I contend that Fred Allen is funnier than practically anybody else, so don't trust me. Mr. Smith, says Mr. Allen, is "the screwball's Boswell" and "a biographer to the dispensable man." Among the oddities Mr. Smith has met and analyzed are a Washington journalist who believes that Herbert Hoover has bladders on his feet; another fellow who bounces turtle eggs; Charles Fort, the Achilles' heel of Mr. Theodore Dreiser; a movie actress whose ambition is to be anemic; Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, who says proudly that his wife, formerly a children's psychologist, gave up morons for him; Colonel Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, the Black Eagle; various and sundry *stripteuses*; the quite unbelievable Jim Moran, who records odd sounds, sells iceboxes to Eskimos,

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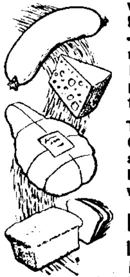

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BOOKS

And Only Just Out of College

In 1940, Maritta M. Wolff, now twenty-two, received from the University of Michigan her Bachelor's degree in English Composition. If her English composition entitled "Whistle Stop" counts as evidence, she did not learn her trade in the college classroom. Miss Wolff knows too many things not discoverable around any campus. She knows almost too much. Such precocity is humiliating to the rest of us. Miss Wolff has no right to be so ruthless and so mature at twenty-two.

This is by way of saying that "Whistle Stop" is a stunning performance for a young girl, and at least half of it a highly creditable job for any girl or boy, young or old. It's about the Veeches, who live in a small Michigan town and add up to the most unpleasant family since "Tobacco Road." I counted nine Veeches in all, plus old Jud Higgins, a family friend who conveniently hangs himself midway in the story, and Miss Wolff infuses life into each one of them. Perhaps there's a little too much life. I could easily do with three or four fewer Veeches. Thus diminished, "Whistle Stop" would be a considerably better book, faster and less irritating.

I say irritating because you don't make dull people interesting just by making them clear. Ma Veech, with her eternal gabble-gabble; Pa Veech, a feeble old man who reads library books; Carl, one of the sons, whose sole characteristic is his fear of life—these three might just as well be dropped, for all of me, though I suppose if they were, Miss Wolff's heart would break. She is a great one for "natural" dialogue, pages and pages of it, all of it true talk but flat and dull and an impediment to the action. A sort of female James T. Farrell.

"Whistle Stop" really consists of two books. The first is a life-sized portrait of the Veech family, a loosely connected series of sketches and episodes, all showing a remarkably realistic eye. The Veeches are a family designed by Providence for disintegration. The only strong members are Mary (who I fear is our friend the Bad Woman with a Good Heart) and Kenny, handsome, brutal, and shiftless. The weakness of the others condemns them to failure: the feeble-minded Carl; Josette, whose silly, desperate pride traps her into a miserable marriage; Josette's twin, Jen, who should be in reform school; Ernie, the elder brother, a moderate success financially but devoid of character; and young Dorothy, Mary's by-blow, a partially demented, sly, scheming little creature. Half a dozen poorly integrated sub-plots revolve around these characters.

The main plot, however, gets going toward the middle of the book, and from there on "Whistle Stop" is a powerful job. Between Mary and Kenny there is an unexpressed incestuous feeling, handled by Miss Wolff with beautiful tact and cleanliness. Mary is the mistress of Lew Lentz, the town Mr. Big, who hates Kenny. The strains and stresses along the sides of this triangle eventually break Kenny and force Mary into a marriage with Lew that she does not want. Here is the real story of "Whistle Stop;" the rest is Miss Wolff's excess energy.

Still, this excess energy has its points. It gives us such bitterly etched scenes as

"I wouldn't have liked that—getting shot on ***my*** *honeymoon."*

he once sat down on the floor of his shop with something like two thousand putter heads surrounding him. After careful deliberation he reduced the number of eligibles to sixty-four, and a second session got the total down to forty-eight. He had these forty-eight fitted with special shafts and took them all with him to the 1933 Ryder Cup matches in England. He didn't do any too well over there, but it shows how a first-rate player feels about loyalty to a single club.

IT calls for no crystal ball to prophesy that there will be a flock of new club and district champions this year. Seven of the eight best players in the metropolitan district will be seen little, if at all, in local tournaments. Dick Chapman, the National Amateur champion and the only player in the Metropolitan Golf Association with a plus-one handicap, is serving as an athletic instructor at Maxwell Field, Alabama—or was the last I heard. Of the three scratch players in this district, Johnny Burke, the Metropolitan Amateur champion, has a job on the West Coast; Willie Turnesa, a former National Amateur champion, is working in Detroit; and Ray Billows, the New York State Amateur champion, has more or less retired from tournament play in favor of becoming a family man. Frank Strafaci and Tommy Tailer, perennial tournament-winners, are privates at Camp Upton and Fort Dix, respectively, and Charlie Whitehead, New Jersey's outstanding golfer, has some kind of connection with the Navy.

OUR MILITARY PROS: Ed Oliver, the Hornell pro, who, although he was subsequently disqualified, tied for first place with Sarazen and Lawson Little in last year's National Open, is now a corporal at Fort Dix. He has been granted a four-day furlough to play in the Goodall Round Robin Tournament at Fresh Meadow next week, and his first two opponents will be Sarazen and Little. . . . Augie Boyd, until recently the assistant pro at Bayside, is now Lieutenant August Boyajian at Fort Hamilton. —P. W. W.

•

> Upon our own waterfront it seems there is an argument as to who will taxicab the freight.
> whom will taxicab the freight.
> —*San Francisco* (*Calif.*) *Daily Pacific Builder.*

Hmm. Let's see how they look side by side.

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This Business of Putting

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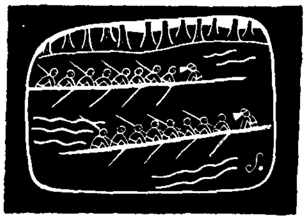
I'm not forgetting that Bobby Jones, one of the great putters of all time, remained faithful to his early love, the famous Calamity Jane, and I'm wholeheartedly against approaching any sport with a lot of superfluous gear, but I still maintain that most golfers would waste far fewer strokes on the green if they made a point of changing putters four or five times a season. In support of my argument, I give you half a dozen of the most consistently brilliant putters of the past fifteen years: Horton Smith, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Paul Runyan, Tommy Armour, and Leo Diegel. I have no statistics on Smith, Hagen, or Armour, but I do know that they have changed putters with considerable frequency and almost invariably to their advantage. Runyan has gone through periods when he was changing the grip, club head, or shaft of his putter as often as once a week. Sarazen has a theory that a putter is good for only one tournament, and he is likely to show up for a match with six or eight, postponing the selection of the one he will use until after he has considered weather conditions and the kind of grass on the greens. In June, 1932, he won the British Open with a putter which he had acquired the previous January but had never used. As for Diegel,

THE OARSMEN

Fifth at Carnegie—The Little Fellows

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing in these parts has reached that state of mid-season confusion in which the form chart means about as much as the Treaty of Versailles. The smart money, which was on Columbia to beat Princeton last Saturday, turned out to be not as smart as the Princeton undergraduates, who were telling their houseparty guests all afternoon that the Tiger was a sure thing in the last race at Lake Carnegie. The Tiger did, in fact, win handily by a length and a half, after showing early speed and fighting off a challenge in the middle distance by the Morningside Heights entry. M.I.T. and Pennsylvania also rowed. Anyhow, Harvard is now the only undefeated crew in the East and, unreliable as the form chart may be, should have no trouble with Navy and Penn at Annapolis this week. While we're at it, let's get right out on an oar and pick Harvard to go unbeaten to and through the Yale race, Princeton to beat Yale and Cornell at Ithaca this Saturday, and—steady now—Washington to win at Poughkeepsie. The best way to treat whatever water deities really decide these things is to move right in and kick them in the stomachs.



A crew that upset the dope in no uncertain terms at Princeton was the Pennsylvania junior varsity, which had lost to Columbia by a cool eight lengths the week before and turned around and won from Columbia Saturday by two-fifths of a second. This department, although no dope, was also upset at Princeton. The finish line was easily four miles out of town, and of signs or officials to show the way there were none. Luckily for spectators who finally did find the right spot, there was a good view of the finish and of Norman Thomas, whose son was coxing the Princeton varsity. There was a public-address system, too, to keep folks posted on the early stages of the races. The announcer's voice was lost among the Princeton automobile horns at the end of the varsity event, the only one that gave the home rooters anything to toot about.

ELSEWHERE last Saturday, Cornell took its second beating in two starts, this time from Syracuse; Rutgers won from Boston University and Dartmouth; and the Harvard 150-pound crews swept Princeton and Yale off the Charles River. Cornell's record so far makes it an unlikely threat at Poughkeepsie, although it was runner-up to Washington there last year. Rutgers, on the other hand, still has to raise funds to get to Poughkeepsie at all, but once there should be not too dark a horse. In winning the Goldthwait Cup, Harvard simply proved that it has a number of good lightweight oarsmen as well as heavy ones.

The Goldthwait Cup, confined to the Big Three, is one of the two annual regattas just for 150-pounders, the other being the Joe Wright Cup, which most of the remaining Eastern colleges will row for on the Charles this Saturday. The 150-pound crew is an older institution than the 150-pound football team. It dates back to around 1925, when Joe Wright, then coach at Pennsylvania, suggested that there ought to be some branch of rowing open to fellows of just average size. Reactionaries argued that rowing was open to anybody of any size, provided he could pull an oar hard enough, but the movement caught on anyway. Lightweight races are always at the Henley distance of a mile and five-sixteenths. The oars are often lighter and the shells may weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds less than the ones the big boys use. Crews must average 150 pounds, with no member over 155.

It frequently happens that freshman lightweight oarsmen grow up to be heavyweight varsity material by their sophomore year. The Columbia crew captain in 1937 had been on the 150's as a freshman. If there had been such a thing as a 150-pound crew in 1920, Reginald Jenney, that year's Harvard stroke, might never have gone out for the varsity and beaten Yale. Jenney weighed 147 at the beginning of the Yale race, which was rowed upstream, and 141 at the end.

—RIGGER

•

TODAY'S UPWARD LOOK

The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will.—1 Corinthians 7:39.—*West Chester (Pa.) Daily Local News.*

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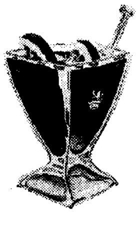

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is a collector's item if there ever was one. There are, in the set, eight reprints of recordings made under the old Okeh, Brunswick, and Columbia labels. Among them you'll find such hits of around ten years ago as "Prayin' the Blues," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Shim Sham Shimmy," and "Oodles of Noodles."

THERE is little in the latest batch of dance records to indicate anything like a trend, even if you wanted one. You may notice, though, that for the moment, at least, some of our swingiest bands seem to have calmed down somewhat. The following list offers a few of the better jobs, calm and otherwise, the otherwise items being marked by an asterisk:

BABALU and BAMBARITO—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. "Babalu" is distinguished chiefly by its jungle rhythm and the singing of Miguelito Valdez, which is something like a cross between the slippery gibberish of a tobacco auctioneer and the high-pitched call of a muezzin. "Bambarito" is a typical Cugat rumba, piercing trumpet and all. (*Columbia 36068*)

ALONE TOGETHER and WHO'S EXCITED?*—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. This group, living up to its recently established reputation for versatility, gives "Alone Together" a symphonic treatment in dance time and threatens in "Who's Excited?" to go berserk, but only threatens, thanks to the steadying hand of the arranger. (*Victor 27385*)

THE THINGS I LOVE and LITTLE MAN WITH THE CANDY CIGAR—Gene Krupa and his orchestra. Howard Du Lany indulges in a vocal spree in "The Things I Love," but he does it so well that you don't mind the long stretch of singing. Besides, there is more dance tempo to this than you'll find in many a non-vocal performance. The "Little Man" number is a neatly done novelty bit. (*Okeh 6143*)

I LOVE IT SO* and YOU BETCHA MY LIFE—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. The words of "I Love It So" are really quite funny—crazy double-talk stuff about a chap who gets to "talkin' Broadway jive on the Jersey side"—and Paul Mason's delivery makes them funnier. It's swing mixed up with corn, the swing predominating. Connie Haines sings "You Betcha My Life" with the right amount of fervor, and the band contributes its share. (*Victor 27392*)

FOR WANT OF A STAR and BRAGGIN'*—Harry James and his orchestra. The playing of "For Want of a Star" is about as smooth and appealing as you could ask of a swing band. "Braggin'" is given the kind of treatment we've come to refer to gently as sock, with James' trumpet going off on some late-model tangents, which seem bound to wind up in opposition to the rest of the orchestra. They never do, though, and you can score another one for law and order. (*Columbia 36081*)

—OFFBEAT

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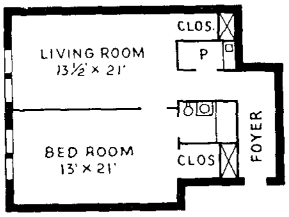
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Philadelphia Record*]

China has no navy, but is said to be desirous of obtaining some fast, small ships that can be easily hit.

2 Room Suites



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and his orchestra opened their engagement on Saturday, May 10th, and now play their smooth dance music nightly (excepting Mondays); *on Sunday afternoons they will add charm to the cocktail hour.* Mr. Orton, former solo pianist of the Syracuse Philharmonic Society, has more recently played at "El Morocco" in New York and the Colony Club in Palm Beach.

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some excerpts are likely to receive eager attention from choral societies generally. —ROBERT A. SIMON

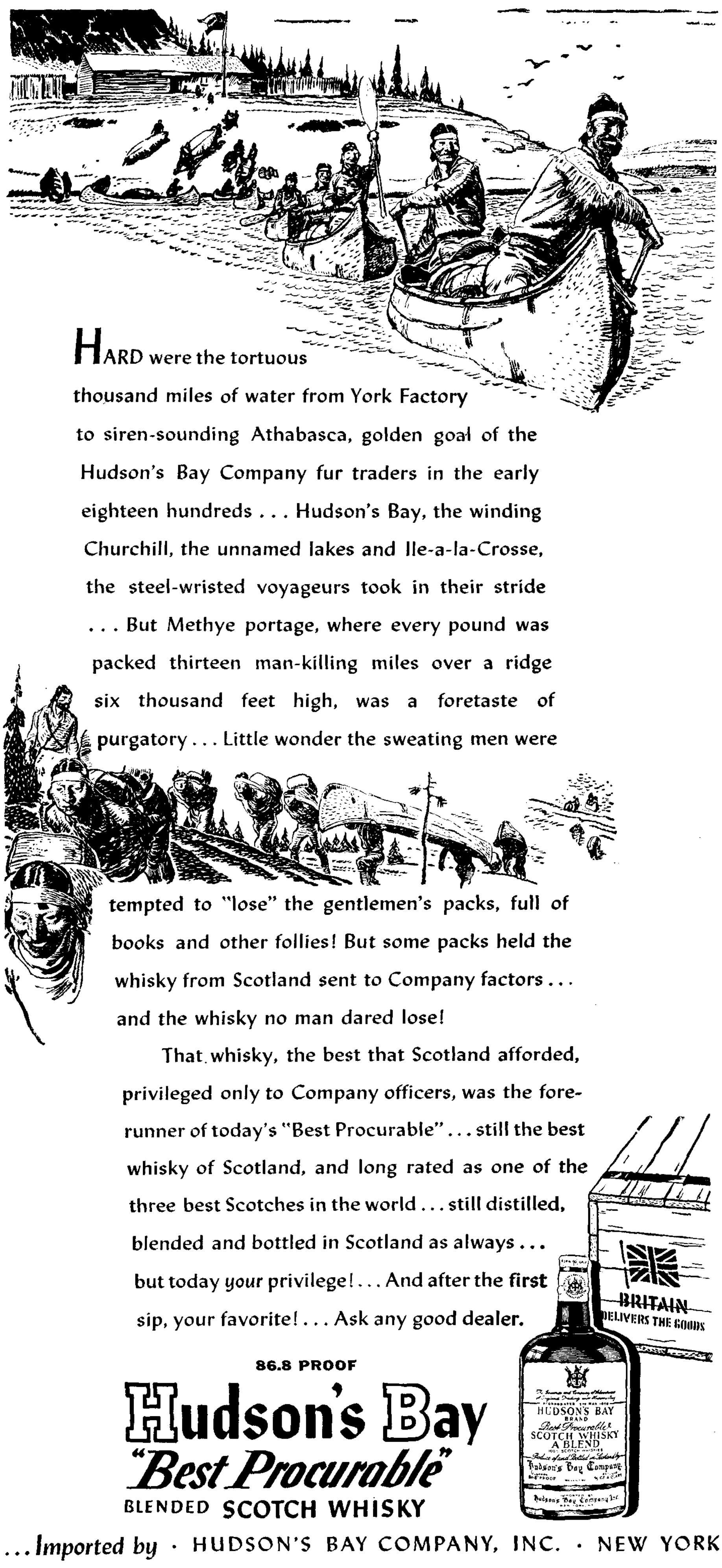
POPULAR RECORDS

A Solo and Two Albums

ONE of the fine things about Mildred Bailey's singing is the care she takes with the words of a song—whether it is a ballad, a number slightly on the rhythmic side, or a swing-out. In "I'm Afraid of Myself," which she sings on Decca 3691, good diction is especially important, because the piece is one of those "weddings of tune and text" which the songwriters are always promising to turn out and so seldom do. Enunciation isn't the only thing Miss Bailey shines at here, though; there is the little matter of her rare musical instinct, which prompts her to tackle the melody directly and steer clear of frills. She also has a subtle and provocative way of almost, but never quite, holding back against the slow, regular beat of the accompaniment. Miss Bailey does just as well on the other side of the record with "Georgia on My Mind," a suitable companion piece. The accompaniment, played and sung by five fellows billed as the Delta Rhythm Boys, is adequate on all counts.

Decca, by the way, is leading its competitors a merry chase in putting out so-called pop albums, which is no more than right, since it was the first to do much with the idea. One of the company's latest releases presents a series of classical pieces interpreted by that talented Negro pianist Hazel Scott. Miss Scott, who when she feels like it can play such things as the Ritual Fire Dance from de Falla's "El Amor Brujo," the Rachmaninoff prelude in C-sharp-minor, and the Chopin "Minute" waltz as written, here makes things harder for herself and easier for rhythm enthusiasts by swinging them. There isn't much more to be said, except that no matter how fast the going, she never misses a note and that the more she warms up to her subjects the hotter they get.

AN interesting collection of performances by the Dorsey Brothers orchestra, which used to set styles for the hot-music aristocracy back in the early thirties, has recently come off the Columbia presses. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey have made a lot of history since then. Each decided to go his own way, each now has his own orchestra, and each has had quite a career in the years since they parted company. It all adds up to the fact that this album (C-51)



HARD were the tortuous thousand miles of water from York Factory to siren-sounding Athabasca, golden goal of the Hudson's Bay Company fur traders in the early eighteen hundreds . . . Hudson's Bay, the winding Churchill, the unnamed lakes and Ile-a-la-Crosse, the steel-wristed voyageurs took in their stride . . . But Methye portage, where every pound was packed thirteen man-killing miles over a ridge six thousand feet high, was a foretaste of purgatory . . . Little wonder the sweating men were tempted to "lose" the gentlemen's packs, full of books and other follies! But some packs held the whisky from Scotland sent to Company factors . . . and the whisky no man dared lose!

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ly orchestral compositions, but the piece rarely got hold of itself and went to town.

A great many young soloists and choristers, under the able direction of Hugh Ross, worked diligently and enthusiastically. For future reference, you might note William Hess, who has a fresh and effective tenor voice.

DENIS DE ROUGEMONT designed "Nicolas de Flue" as a huge festival play with music by Arthur Honegger for the Swiss National Exhibition at Zurich, but the war made it impossible to produce the work according to the original plan, so the Messrs. de Rougemont and Honegger remodelled it into a sort of cantata for narrator, choruses, and orchestra. That's the edition in which "Nicolas de Flue" was offered in Carnegie Hall by the Dessoff Choirs, a chorus of children from the Fort George Presbyterian Church, and the New Friends of Music orchestra, Paul Boepple directing. The effect was something like incidental music for a pageant with the pageant replaced by explanations. Sometimes there was music behind the narration, but the projection of the speaker's voice through a public-address system didn't help to blend the talking and the singing or playing, and the great amount of discourse seemed out of proportion anyhow.

In the choral and orchestral goings-on, the familiar Honegger mastery was evident. Some of the episodes, especially the simple and folk-songy ones, were charming, and the composer's writing was expert all the way. The dramatic bits weren't so striking. A chorus of demons sounded like a college cheer, a chorus of rioters resembled a high-minded brawl, and a "March of the Ambassadors," planned to accompany "a show of tempting wealth," wasn't much more than clever entr'acte music.

Under Mr. Boepple's energetic guidance, the choruses did handsomely by the score, although a little more power would have been useful now and then. The audience liked "Nicolas de Flue" immensely, and apparently didn't mind the dips in the level of the music. The new composition isn't going to replace Mr. Honegger's "Le Roi David" in anybody's repertoire or affections, but

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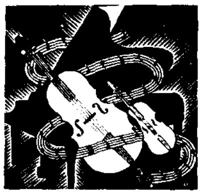
THE Belvedere BALTIMORE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Singing Groups

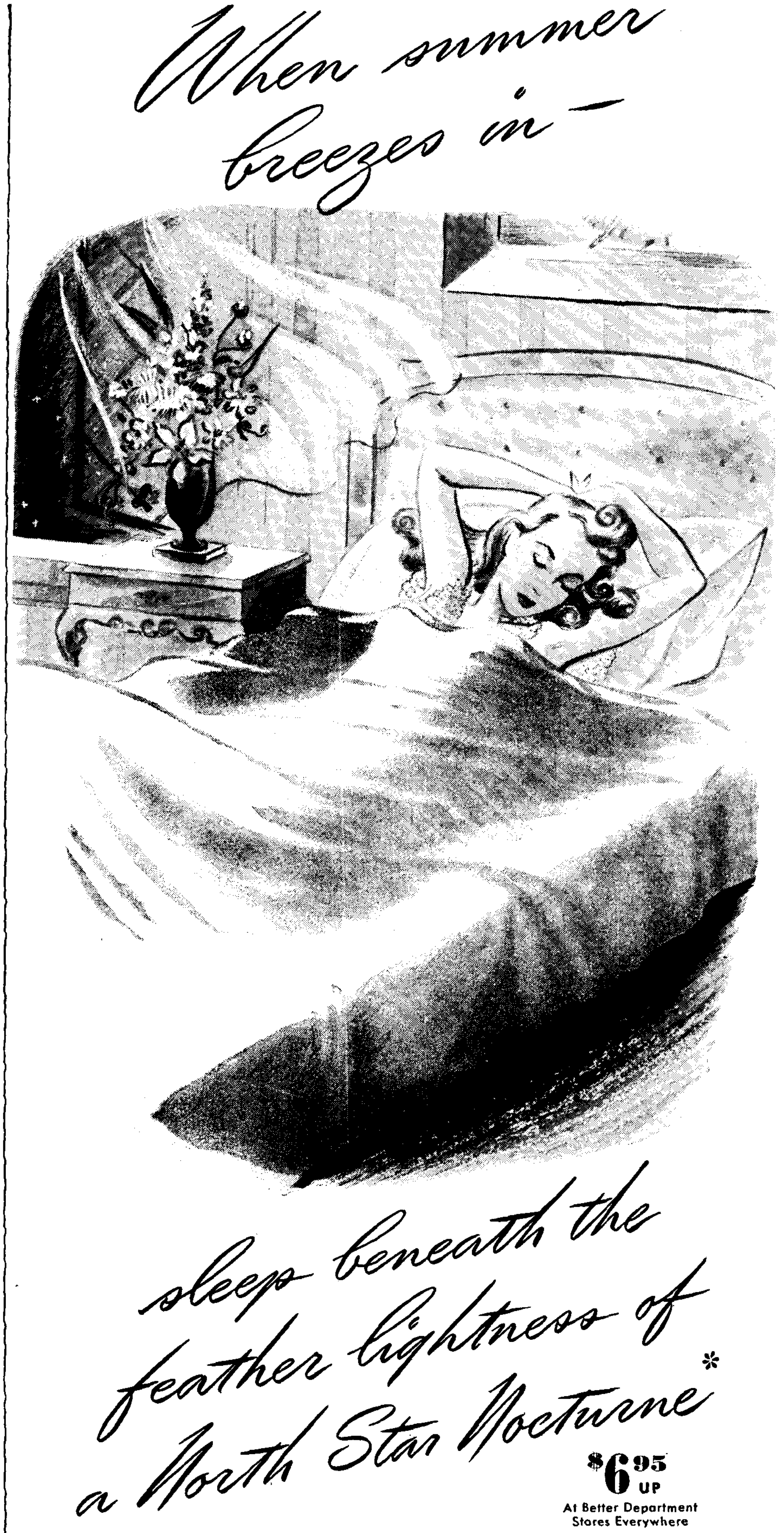


CHORUSES about town have been participating in several unusual productions lately, including a dramatic legend, a choral operetta, and "Four Saints in Three Acts" with doughnuts and coffee. The performance of "Four Saints in Three Acts" in the Coffee Concert series at the Museum of Modern Art was officially "a public rehearsal conducted by the composer." Reviewers were invited to handle it reportorially rather than critically, and I'll violate the injunction only to the point of observing that Virgil Thomson conducted and played the piano with engaging skill.

Maybe it's all right to review the doughnuts and coffee which are served during intermissions at these affairs in the Museum. They are, if a bit of paronomasia will be pardoned, dunky-dory.

"PAUL BUNYAN," the choral operetta with text by W. H. Auden and music by Benjamin Britten which was presented by the Columbia Theatre Associates in Brander Matthews Hall last week, must have seemed full of possibilities to the people who chose it for performance, because the writers were young men of no small eminence, the subject matter was full of timely implications, and the operetta itself included a number of unconventional devices, such as three lyrical wild geese, a Western Union messenger complete with bicycle, a moon that actually turned blue, and a duet that argued the relative merits of soup and beans. There were many other items that one would not have expected in a musical offering, and on paper or in conference they may have looked like the makings of something pretty exciting. Even the business of having Paul Bunyan represented only by an offstage speaking voice may have shaped up, in advance, as a good touch.

In the theatre, though, "Paul Bunyan" didn't jell. The pretentious elements became too apparent, the characters were not especially interesting, and the show failed to build. Mr. Auden supplied some bright verses and Mr. Britten contributed music that occasionally was as soundly ingenious as his pure-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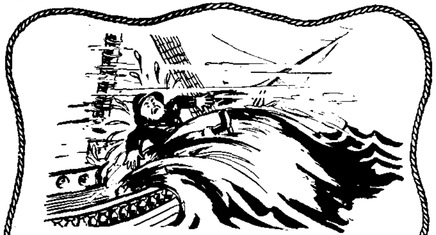

SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER, "It's blowin' quite too peart and I don't see fitten' for to lower. What I need's a slug of plush from the ***Wanderer's*** galley."

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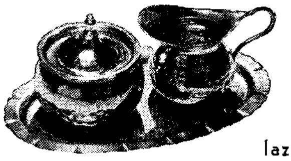

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the farm as mildew, rust, smut, and bunt," I said.

"You live in Westport?" said the girl.

"According to Mordecai Cubitt Cooke," I continued, "if we break open a grain of wheat infested with the stinking rust or bunt and then place some of the powder in a drop of water on a glass slide and submit this to the microscope, we shall find that this minute dust consists of myriads of globose brown bodies termed spores, which possess certain reproduction functions."

"Lucky spores," said my dinner partner, with a glazed expression.

She turned rather quickly to her partner on the other side, and I nudged the woman on my left, a Mrs. Appleby, who is a leader in my set. "You'll be interested in this," I said. "Winchell hasn't had it yet, but bunt or stinking smut is caused by two species of microscopic fungi which live as parasites in the wheat plant." I went on to discuss *Tilletia tritici* and *Tilletia foetans*.

As I said, Mrs. Appleby is a leader in my set. Word of my new interest spread like wildfire. By the next day my telephone was humming with rescinded invitations; around three in the afternoon I began to hum myself. I haven't been out of the house since, except to go to a bookshop and order a copy of Daniel McAlpine's "The Smuts of Australia, Their Structure, Life History, Treatment, and Classification."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

DEPARTURE OF A POET FROM LARCHMONT, N.Y.

[*Adv. in the New Rochelle Standard-Star*]

LARCHMONT

Leaving in May for Mississippi where the nights are not so nippy. Came to Larchmont for the electric communication from the big Grand Central station, to enjoy the boating on the Sound, and the golf clubs all around.

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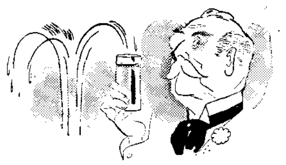
Now I am looking for a buyer man, an artistic fellow built so he can know a good thing when he sees it and will never fail to seize it, and who has Thirty Thousand Dollars or can raise it when he hollers. The address is 15 Shadow Lane, and Herbert H. Dyke is the name. Phone Mrs. Dyke at Larchmont 1714 and she will greet you at the door.



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Warren Anderson, and "Sooty Blotch of Pomaceous Fruits," by Arthur Samuel Colby, sounded promising, but they turned out to be mere pamphlets and thus not strictly within the scope of Mr. Fletcher's scheme. I had just about resolved to abandon "Fungi" and look up "Pond Life," another item on Mr. Fletcher's list, when I recalled a note I had seen on the first card, or one of the first few cards, in the "Fungi" section of the index. I flipped back to it and read:

> Fungi—See also Actinomycetes, Ascomycetes, Ascotricha, Aspergillus, Bacteriology, Balansia, Basidiomycetes, Blastomycetes, Cynomorium Coccineum, Diaporthe, Discomycetes, Endogoneae, Erysipheae, Fermentation, Fimetariales, Giberella Saubinetti, Gasteromycetes, Hydinaceae, Hymenomycetes, Hyphomycetes, Lacteria, Lentinus, Lycoperdaceae, Macrosporium, Meliola, Micromycetes, Mildew, Mycosis, Molds, Mucorineae, Mushrooms, Mycorhiza, Myxomycetes, Nidulariaceae, Peronosporaceae, Phycomycetes, Phytophthore, Plants—Diseases, Pleurotus, Polyporaceae, Protomycetaceae, Pyrenomycetes, Rhizoctonia, Russula, Saprophytes, Sclerotinia, Septobasidium, Septoria, Smut, Sordariaceae, Sticta, Stilbum, Torula, Tuberaceae, Tulasmellaceae, Truffles, Tylastomaceae, Uredineae.

Well, I walked over to the "S" section of the index, looked up "Smut," and, after studying the various titles in this fungoid subdivision, picked out "Rust, Smut, Mildew, and Mould," by M. C. Cooke, perhaps because it sounded like a rather interesting law firm. I ordered the three books from the stacks and turned to "Mastering Your Nerves" for further instructions. "Take the three books home and look through them," these ran. "Select of the three the one subject you find most attractive on closer acquaintance, and set about the task of mastering it thoroughly."

Robert Moses is right about the Library people being stuffy; they wouldn't let me take the books home, so I read them right there, in the reading room, having sandwiches sent in every few hours. I found Mr. Cooke's book more attractive than the clock and worm volumes and by nightfall I had mastered it thoroughly. I went home, took a long, hot bath, and proceeded jauntily to a small dinner party, the sort of thing that always used to make me feel jumpy. "Why, your hand doesn't shake a bit this evening," said my hostess as I confidently downed a Martini. We went in to dinner and I turned briskly to the girl on my right. "Four diseases in wheat of fungal origin are known and recognized in the popular language of

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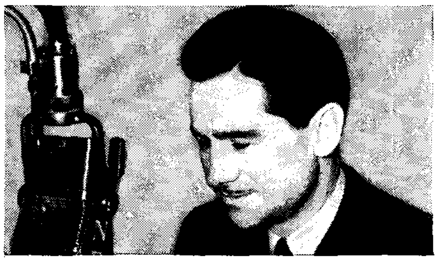

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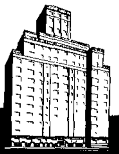

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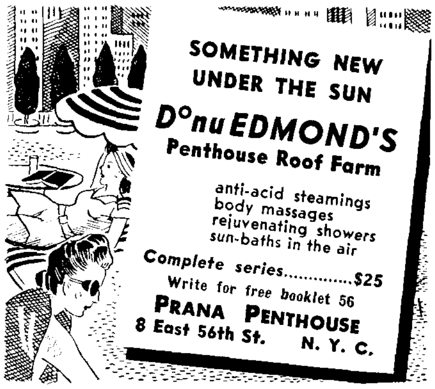

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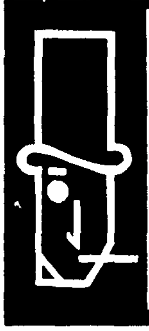

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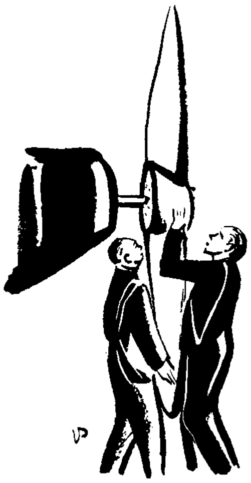
HOW TO BECOME A TERRIBLE BORE,

OR THE ART OF DINING HOME

IT seems like another aeon, but less than a month ago I was a popular, or at least a widely tolerated, extra man, dining out five or six nights a week, having my dinner coat pressed every other day, the recipient of innumerable cigars, and the pawn of married women, some of whom called me up as late as six in the afternoon of a day on which they were giving a dinner party to ask me to fill in, and fill up. I was way behind on my stamp collection; I had to snatch precious hours from my work during the day to catch up on *Time*, *Life*, and the monthly letter of the National City Bank; I was constantly exposed to conversation about world affairs; my house slippers, which I like to put on when I dine at home, were rigid with disuse and my nerves, like my dinner coat, worn to a frazzle. I had drifted into this way of life gradually—to what extent I realized only one night this January when the butler of a house where I had long been a familiar figure said to me, as he helped me off with my coat, "It's common gossip at the Staff Club, sir, that you're getting to be the Henry James of your generation—in point of dining out, that is."



I am able to mention this in a carefree way because all of it now has the aspect of an implausible nightmare. My telephone hasn't rung for ten days, my mail consists exclusively of appeals from charities, I sit home night after night in slippered comfort conversing easily to myself about trivialities, my laundry bill has been cut in half, I have read an entire book and bought several Hoyo de Monterreys on my own, my stamp albums are in apple-pie order, and I understand that the Staff Club has gone back to talking about Lauder Greenway, Nicky de Gunzburg, and George Jean Nathan.

The vehicle of my salvation is a book called "Mastering Your Nerves," by Peter Fletcher, a volume which has made me the laughing-stock of hostesses all over town and as composed as a cat. I picked it up at my neurologist's two weeks ago and, in a chapter entitled "The Discovery of Things," read:

> We are dull, bored, uninterested and uninteresting, tired and disillusioned, in a world brimming with mysteries and thrills, because we have never opened the eyes of our minds to see the wonders on our own thresholds. . . . Here is a list of common things, about most of which most people know nothing at all.
>
> Furniture.
> Postage stamps.
> Flowers.
> Birds.
> Trees.
> Insects.
> Clocks.
> Pictures.
> Printing.
> Buildings.
> Music.
> Jewellery.
> Microscopes.
> Stars.
> Rocks.
> Rivers.
> Roof tiles.
> Thatch.
> Grasses.
> Pollens.
> Flies.
> Aeroplanes.
> Children.
> Books.
> Butterflies.
> Embroidery.
> Statues.
> Matches.
> Silks.
> Wireless sets.
> Chemicals.
> Skeletons.
> Carpets.
> Windows.
> Carvings.
> Dogs.
> Telescopes.
> Pond life.
> Worms.
> Salads.
> Snakes.
> Pencils.
> Porcelain.
> Newspapers.
> Fungi.

It struck me that children are not really "common things" and that most persons do know a little more than "nothing at all" about books, newspapers, radios, and dogs, but I was desperate and my neurologist was tied up with another extra man, so I read on. "Go through that list," I read on, "and choose from it the three items you know least about. Walk round to your local free library before you have time to change your mind, and from the catalogue there pick out the titles of the most interesting book on each of these three subjects."

Like a man in a dream, I walked to the Public Library and looked up "Clocks," "Fungi," and "Worms," three subjects about which I know next to nothing, or .000000000000001. It is hard to tell from a title whether a book is interesting or not, and I proceeded on the theory that what Mr. Fletcher meant was to pick out the title which looked the most interesting. Under "Clocks," therefore, I selected "Die Hemmungen der Uhren, ihre Entwicklung, Konstruktion, Reparatur und Behandlung vor de Reglage, nebst Zugehörigen Tabellen, Zahlreichen Abbildungen und 6 Porträts. Allgemein verständlich für Uhrmacher, Ingenieure, Techniker u. s. w.," by C. Dietzschold. Under "Worms," the obvious choice seemed to be "Some Common Bagworms and Basketworms," by Claude Fuller. When I looked up "Fungi" in the card index, however, my troubles began. "The Yeastlike Fungi of the Human Intestinal Tract," by Harry those twin flower-cutting pails—one tall and one shallow—attached to a single tall handle; $3.50. Admittedly, these are not as picturesque as a basket, but being able to plunge flowers up to their necks in water the minute they're cut more than makes up for that. . . . Of all the gardener's clothes brought out this year, I'll take the denim overalls with knee pockets to hold kneeling pads. Several stores, Bloomingdale among them, have these.

"I Like Gardening," by Jean Hersey, is pleasant reading and full of tips, mostly sound, for timid amateurs. If the book has a fault, it's over-optimism; Mrs. Hersey either has been awfully lucky in her experiences or else she doesn't see any sense in reporting unsuccessful ventures. Anyway, if you've been scared off gardening by scientific books that make you feel you need at least an engineering course to grow a row of beans, "I Like Gardening" may be the very thing to start you dreaming again.

—B. B.

•

FIRE SURVIVOR'S APPRECIATION

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to express, thru your columns, my deep and heartfelt gratitude to every one, who helped me in the Whitehall hotel fire. First, the Auburn fire brigade, in their brave, courageous, tho unsuccessful attempts, (on account of their ladder being too short), in rescuing me from my window on the sixth floor, from the street level.

I want to thank Chief Herrick, for sending one of his men up the ladder, to close the window below me, from which the dense smoke was puffing into my face; also for carrying me into Jimmy's Diner, after I had fainted from the descent down the ladder.

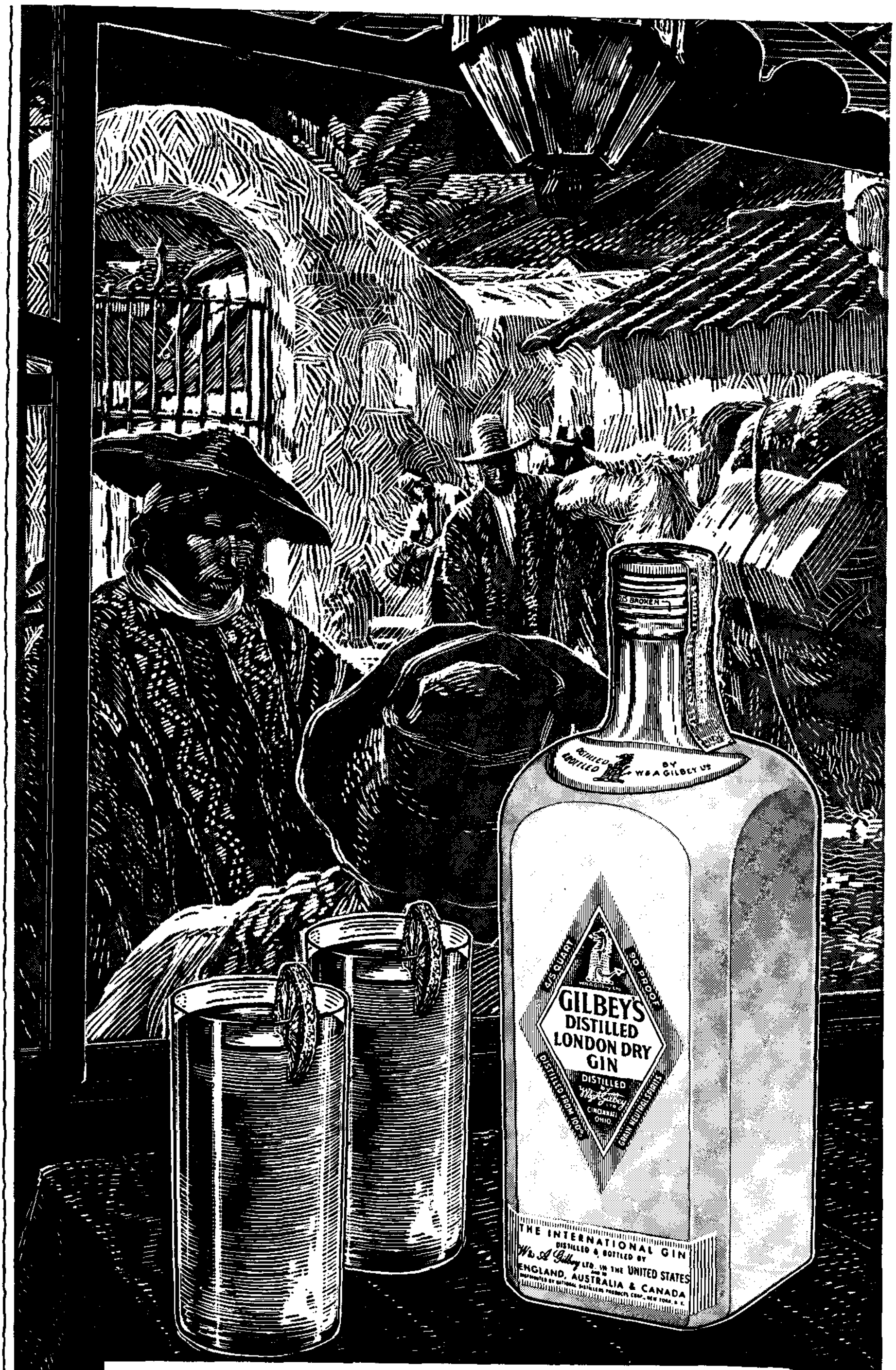
I want to thank Lieutenant Jones of the Lewiston Fire Department for taking me out of my window and down the aerial ladder. I am sincerely grateful for the ambulance, that took me to the Central Maine General hospital, for the excellent care and attention I was given, there; for the patience and kindliness of Dr. Clapperton, of Dr. Cox, of Dr. Frost, of Dr. Millicent, of all of the internes, of Nurse Newcomb and all of the nurses on her floor, while I was in 208, particularly Miss Lovejoy, Miss Althea Dunham, Mrs. Goldermann, Miss Stearns and Mrs. Varley, the superintendent of night nurses. I appreciate greatly all that Miss Macauley did for me.

I thank the Red Cross, the YWCA, the Littleton grill and the taxi company, but of course most of all I thank the dear God, for saving my life, and in His infinite wisdom, for having each of the above, in his appointed place, at the critical moment, to be of aid to me.

(MISS) A. CONNELL.

—*Letter in the Lewiston (Me.) Journal*

Greatest teamwork we ever saw!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to cover the whole open expanse. It's fine to let the soft summer night into a room after dinner, but I say let's keep the mosquitoes out. Then, you may remember the party room in the last show, with two big sofas back-to-back in the middle of the floor. One faced a fireplace, the other a window with a view. Now there's a single sofa with a back that swings up and over, like those on railroad day-coach seats—serves the same purpose and takes up less space.

Di-Noc, the lacquer finish which can make any reasonably flat surface look like leather, marble, caning, wood panelling, or whatever you like, is back too. Since this stuff is attracting a great deal of attention and seems about to go places, you might like to know how it works. Say you want a wall to look as if it were covered with straw matting, or, for some reason, the surface of a cabinet to resemble snakeskin. Getting in touch with the Di-Noc people, at 295 Madison Avenue (41st), you tell them what you're after, and they then photograph lengths of real straw matting or snakeskin, print the picture in color on thin, transparent, very flexible sheets of lacquer, and apply these to the surface you wish to cover. The finish is washable and tough, fools the keenest eyes, and in most cases is expensive. As yet there aren't many ready-made Di-Noc pieces around, but Lord & Taylor can show you a few—wrought-iron-and-rattan terrace tables with tops finished in this way which cost no more than similar tables with ordinary finishes. Maybe someday we'll see Di-Noc sold by the roll, like wallpaper, for amateur craftsmen to try their skill with.

More about Gardens: The flower-cutter which holds onto the stem of a flower after snipping it from the plant now has a big brother—a pair of pruning shears which will do the same thing with heavy branches. It's perfect for cutting sprays from flowering shrubs, climbing roses, and so on. I haven't found this in New York stores, but you can order it from the Wayside Gardens nurseries in Mentor, Ohio. Their catalogue lists it at $7. . . . Hammacher Schlemmer is offering the Crab Grass Eliminator, an attachment for lawnmowers. It is supposed to lift up the crab-grass seed spikes so the mower's blades will cut them off. This should help to keep the pest from spreading, but to get rid of the parent clumps themselves, don't forget the special crab-grass poison at Carl Giessler, 202 East 58th Street. . . . Lewis & Conger again have

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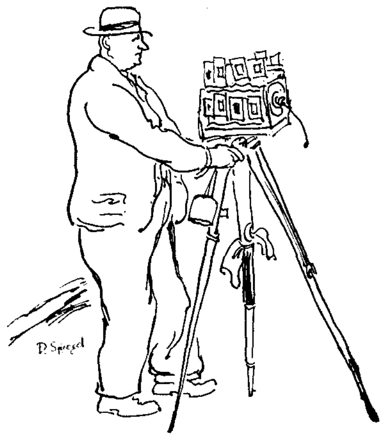
remains undismayed at the necessity of surpassing himself every six months or so. This time he has as collaborators half a dozen distinguished members of Associated American Artists, each of whom was assigned a room and commissioned to paint a picture for it. This, of course, reverses the usual procedure, placing the painter in the position of accepting inspiration from the decorator instead of providing it for him. As far as I can see, it boils down to the same thing in the end, however, for what you get by either method is a room in which an important picture is completely at home, and if a more or less secondary rôle is all right with painters like Grant Wood, Ernest Fiene, Luigi Lucioni, Georges Schreiber, Frederic Taubes, and Robert Philip, I don't know why we laymen should fuss because some precedent-upsetting is involved.

The rooms in this new show are as much like big, beautiful stage sets as most of the others Pahlmann has done, and perhaps a little more so because of some extra dramatics in lighting by Feder, who uses fluorescent light as a painter uses color. Feder has mastered the technique of that concealed spot-ray lamp which throws a beam through space to splash against some object and bathe it in a soft, mysterious glow. People go daft trying to find out where the glow comes from. (Tip: look for tiny holes bored in the ceiling or high up in the molding or the cornices.)

Several ideas that created a stir in the last Pahlmann show, in the fall, reappear in this one, and some of them have even been improved upon. The overhead type of door—you've seen it on garages—which makes one whole wall of a penthouse or country-place room, rolling up out of sight above a false ceiling whenever you want to convert the room into an open-air terrace, is still around. To me this will not be fully satisfactory until, when the door rolls up, it pulls up after it (from under a false floor, I suppose) a great window screen



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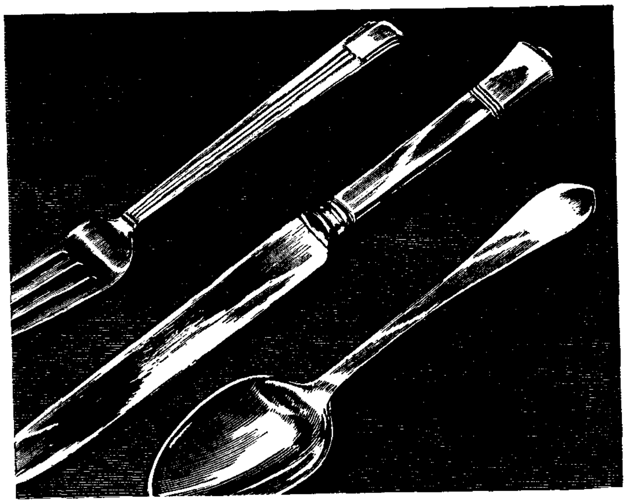

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—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Out, In, and Out Again

EXCEPT for the endless matching of flowered chintzes—in curtains, bedspreads, dressing-table skirts, slipcovers, and closet fittings—which has become a perfect mania in the stores, the specialists in decorating the home seem largely preoccupied at the moment with outdoor furniture. Hardly a day passes but something new in this line pops up somewhere, and now it's W. & J. Sloane's turn. The attraction here is an impressive lot of rattan-and-leather things, Mexican in flavor and presumably designed for covered terraces. The pieces, which are all whopping big ones calling for plenty of space, include chaises, armchairs, tables, and low, benchlike seats. The chairs and chaises are made of natural polished pigskin or a reverse-calf sort of leather called split bullhide stretched loosely over rattan frames with such sprawling, lazy lines that you start to relax just looking at them. A big bullhide chaise costs $86—an average price. Pigskin comes higher. Sloane is also showing a rattan chaise consisting of shaggy Puerto Rican string cloth, the kind that is used for bath mats, stretched on an especially undulating frame. Nothing could be more wonderful to sink into when you're just out of the pool, dripping wet. A five-piece dining set—glass-topped oblong table and four chairs in Pompeian green iron—costs but $49.50 and is a find for a city back-yard garden or small roof terrace.

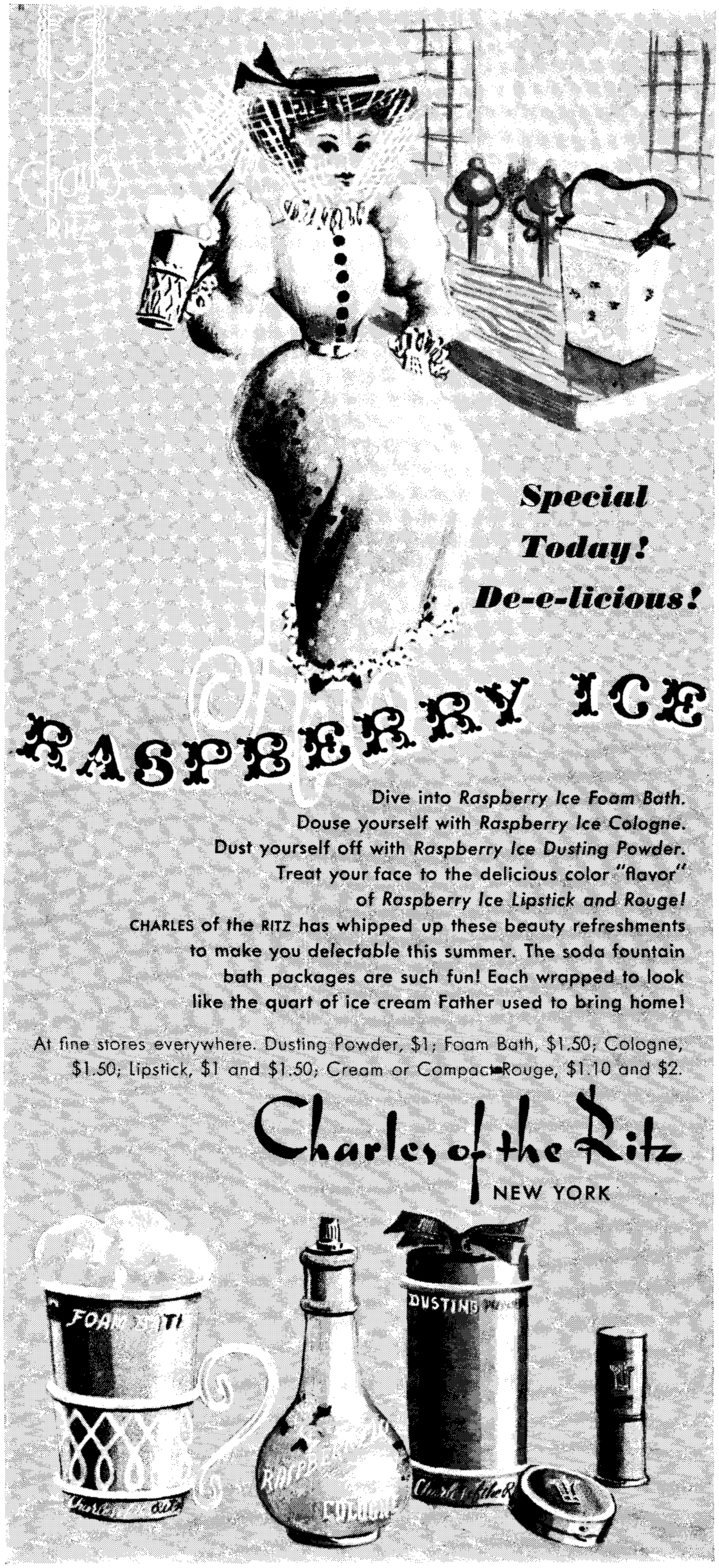
Macy, too, has a good, inexpensive collection of furniture for outdoor meals. A five-foot green iron table with a heavy slatted top of natural oak, and your choice of matching chairs or benches or a combination of the two—five pieces in all—comes to no more than $45 or $50. The simplest wheelbarrow garden chair in the place is also, I think, the nicest. It is built of wood slats, white enamelled, with barrow handles which you grasp to trundle it around the grounds on thick wooden wheels that can't hurt the grass; about $7.

ON view at Lord & Taylor at present is another batch of rooms by William Pahlmann, who after some four years of mounting fame as a decorator derful jackets—little-boy fly-front affairs, collarless longish cardigans with five buttons, and riding-coat types. Also, for golfers, there are culottes, cut to come just above the knee, which are exceptionally becoming to the hips. The tailoring of all of these is meticulous, there are lots of saddle-stitched leather belts, prices start at $17.95, and the clothes look a million.

Among the brand-new ideas, you'll see rayon-jersey bathing suits of the dressmaker type with various ways of wrapping around the waistline, so that you can adjust the suits to your figure. One with a pale-gray skirt has yellow-and-white jersey twisting through the bodice and waistline, and there are several combinations of olive-green skirts with tops of beige and yellow. Other bathing suits have gaga trimming of lingerie or grosgrain ribbon; one is a brown rayon sharkskin with a white eyelet ruffle around its décolletage and at its hem. For your dark, Oriental moods, a backless dress of black spun rayon has a high, stand-up collar on its covered front and a huge gardening pocket with pink linen appliqué on its full skirt. Finally, there's a *Vie Parisienne* costume —a ruffled white pinafore, like those worn by two-year-olds, but instead of going over the conventional skirt it merely covers a blue-and-white striped play suit.

Jane Engel, at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), has a collection of some of the most charming white piqué evening dresses possible, most of them costing as low as $17.95, though you'd never guess it. Many are trimmed with bands of a heavy cotton lace applied to give the effect of embroidery. In one off-the-shoulder princesse affair, very *jeune fille*, the lace is used to give a panelled effect; in another, it trims a fitted bolero jacket, outlines the low neckline of the dress beneath, and makes a jagged band on the skirt. If you like touches of color with your white piqué, look at some dresses that have wide red grosgrain shoulder straps and horizontal rows of red rickrack everywhere, and at some others with green piqué around their square necks and hems. For those who wish to be completely feminine, white organdie dresses trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon have a white lace frill running from the neck to the hem.

As another step toward romance in the evening, the same shop shows some casual, below-hip-length coats that could double for sports. They are made of a fabric called Twillure, which looks like



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Charles of the Ritz
NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

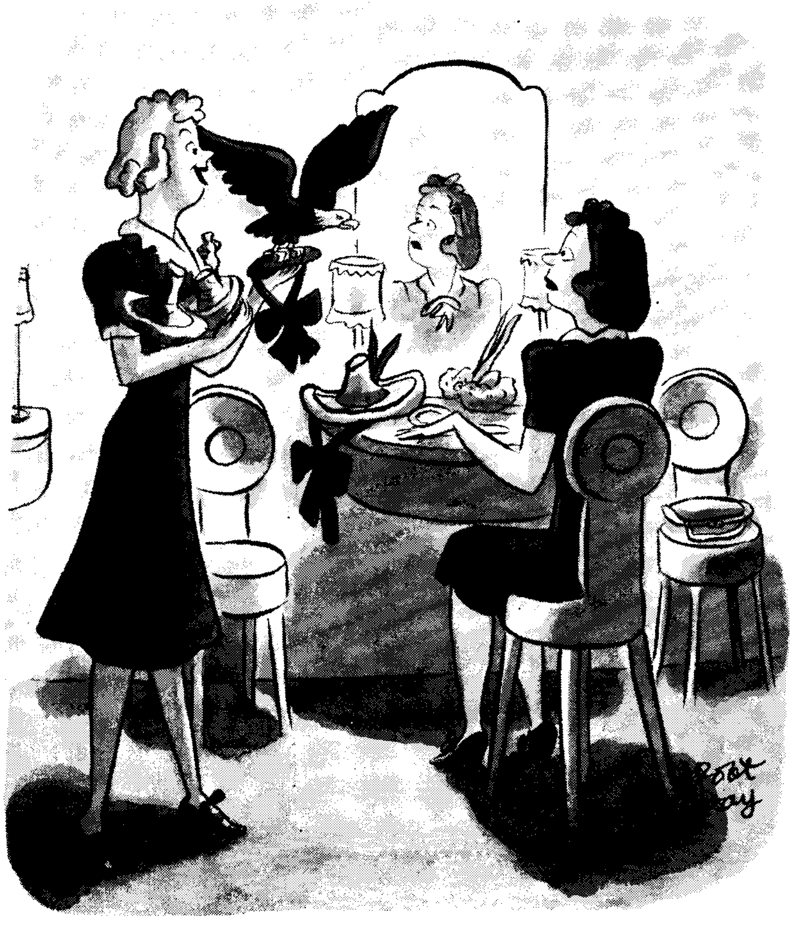
WHEN American fashion was cut loose from Parisian apron strings a year ago, many were the shy new geniuses who were hauled from obscurity to do or die for domestic design, and many and eager were their offerings. The immediate result was plenty of clothes that displayed imagination but naturally enough lacked poise. I thought at the time that it would be several years before these new white hopes of couture would be able to produce changes in silhouette without seeming to strain for effect, but I was wrong.

The latest designer to show what this country can do is Mr. Brigance of Lord & Taylor, who has demonstrated that he can give his ideas a suavely professional treatment and thus has joined that competent American company which includes such authoritative folk as Irene of Hollywood and Muriel King and Clare Potter of New York. His current summer collection (ready-to-wear at prices like $17.95 and $29.95) presents play clothes and casual dresses that offer brand-new silhouettes of assurance and distinction. His bare-arm top is a honey, with its deep folds draped from the tips of the shoulders so as to leave the arms free and still cover the ugly underarm line. The loose drapes make for coolness, their fullness gives the waist and hips a slimmer look, and there is a deep blousing in back to suggest a descending waistline without sacrificing trimness. You'll see this top on all sorts of clothes. A dress whose top is made of a white rayon jersey has a wide waistband in one of Brigance's nasturtium greens, which has a yellow tinge, and a full skirt of gray piqué with a white baroque scroll design. (The same gray piqué, trimmed with white, makes an enchanting bathing suit.) A second dress is of pale-beige rayon jersey with one great cluster of bougainvillaea printed on it at the bosom. It has a bare midriff and a narrow skirt of natural-color sharkskin over longish sharkskin shorts. Brigance favors tubular, uncreased slacks and shows some in a natural rayon linen with a casual pink jersey top and a pale-blue sash to wrap around. White rayon-jersey beach coats that could be worn at a country club in the evening also have such tops and wide, buttoned waistbands.

Another new and becoming notion is the Brigance cummerbund waistband. Most of his skirts and shorts and slacks are slim and closely fitted by means of darts up the hips; they have belts built in at the back, with ends crossing in front and buttoning on the hips to make a smooth, flat, firm line over the stomach. Gabardine slacks in another of those nasturtium greens (a deep one this time) have this waistline and are worn with a top that is all crisscrossed bands of two shades of green. Another manifestation of Brigance's liking for shadowy effects is a dress of plaid gingham in soft, shaded pinks and faded blues; this has a separate square-necked top, a full skirt, and pink crash shorts. Tunics to be worn over slacks or as dresses in themselves are split perpendicularly down the middle, front and back. The two sections, each in a contrasting shade of the same color, are full enough to overlap when they are worn, and they are held in place by a belt. Sounds incredible, maybe, but it really works.

Shaded leaf prints are used too. One of faint browns and greens and yellows makes a bathing suit with a box-pleated top, looking a lot like a picket fence, and a box-pleated skirt. Bare midriff again. Other notions, all of them divine: midriff blouses, usually with short sleeves and high necks, that mold the bustline and end abruptly at a band just below it; water-resistant composition jewelry designed to accompany play clothes and bathing suits; simple espadrilles to match slacks and shorts and the like, as a relief from multicolored beach shoes; bathing suits with built-in brassières and garter-elastic treatments on the shoulder straps to keep them firm on the shoulders.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE have by now practically established as a summer "classic" some sports things made of pure-wool gabardine in the most heavenly and blendable colors you'll see in a long time—pale yellows and rusts and dirty greens and pale blues, as well as gray and natural and navy and black. You can make up a variety of costumes from the individual items, which include long or short shorts, slender slacks with zippered side closings or fly fronts, skirts with kick pleats or gores, and won-



"Have you a loved one in the service?"

knout across his shoulders. Mad he must appear, since his plan is the murder of a child. It is problematic whether the lady, having acquiesced, for a while at least, in the idea of the killing, could later experience such a quick change of heart as to become saintly. Without aid from Lombroso, one is inclined to suspect such a character, a saint with possibly too many vagaries. As you may gather, since only one side of the face is blighted and that is cured halfway through the film, Miss Crawford still presents the well-known features now and again, but the step she has taken is drastic for a lady in her position. It may lead, indeed, to wonders and to "Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

WITH a downy simplicity which may give thinkers a pain in the neck, two winsome whimsy pieces of the day touch on labor problems. Unemployment is jauntily subordinated in "The Devil and Miss Jones" to sentiment, Coney Island, and tuna-fish popovers. A Croesus with dyspepsia (Charles Coburn) takes a job as clerk in his own store, one of his vast holdings. A lovely salesgirl (Jean Arthur) huddles him under her wing, and another, more mature (Spring Byington), feeds him those popovers—an early step in romance. . . . Even more infantine is the handling of labor disputes in "Reaching for the Sun." An honest clam-digger (Joel McCrea) lands a job, thanks to the wits of a comrade (Eddie Bracken), in a Detroit automobile factory, marries a waitress (Ellen Drew), and suffers the hardships of life in a city.

"The People vs. Dr. Kildare" has nothing to do with labor problems, of course, and is just another of this series, resonant with the bark of Lionel Barrymore and the indefinable mezzo of Marie Blake, the beautiful telephone operator.

GERMANY presents "Sieg im Westen" at the Ninety-sixth Street Theatre, a competent film, if somewhat monotonous at times, of the advance of the German tanks through France. As usual, there are no scenes of bloodshed, none of the dead and the wounded, and some caution is taken to indicate that works of art and historic importance have been guarded. —JOHN MOSHER

•

LIONS TO HEAR TALK
ON AFRICAN LIFE
—*Headline in the Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

With moist eyes.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! And look at the size! It's baby's first tooth, and it makes his smile more winning still! And that's what adding something new has done for a great cigarette, too — made its flavor even more pleasant.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mlle. Scarface

JOAN CRAWFORD has embarked upon a venture which may, if pursued, lead her into strange byways and even at last make of this fair heroine of endless screen romance a kind of female Karloff. There comes a time to the beautiful creations of the movie firmament when they pause a moment and reflect upon their destinies. Whatever their public may think, they themselves, I suppose, weary of being always beautiful, beheld in the moonlight, their tresses and lashes and dimples and cupid bows always in evidence; they may sicken to a nausea at the very thought of all the roses and all that damned jasmine. Love must give them the heebie-jeebies. Many of these ladies turn at this critical point to humor. Like Marlene Dietrich, they resort to the squawks of the comic and are happy forever. Evidently, Madame Joan prefers the horrors. Judging from "A Woman's Face," she has chosen wisely, and there may be ahead of her a long, grim program, which should, of course, be capped in the end by Lady Macbeth.

The young Swedish heroine of "A Woman's Face" has suffered a ghastly disfigurement which has twisted and distorted the right side of her countenance and, incidentally, has twisted and distorted her heart and soul. She's a bad affair. Unbeloved, she hates with a vengeance and with profit, since she has taken up blackmail as her vocation. The plot derives, via a French play, from the Swedish picture which first brought Ingrid Bergman to the notice of American producers, and this version of it, although a little rickety at times and a bit too facile, spares us no shocks. In a series of flashbacks we learn of the scarred girl's villainies, of her fortunate encounter with a surgeon (Melvyn Douglas) who heals her wounded face, and then of the crime suggested to her by the man who seems to love her. Conrad Veidt has this lover's treacherous rôle to manage, and I feel he seems rather too sane. There's a weird, crucial moment in an attic when he is supposed to reveal his true madness to the girl, and here I think a snack of wilder frenzy might have helped. George Cukor might have prodded him on, let loose the Cukor owner in breeders' and nominators' premiums, not to mention two more cups for the trophy room at Calumet Farm. As for the other horses in The Preakness, I thought they looked drawn and tired even before they ran, especially Dispose, Porter's Cap, and Our Boots, all three of whom had run in the Derby.

STILL picking up the loose ends of the Derby, here's a story that may explain the short odds against Whirlaway, who was heavily backed away from the track, and the much longer starting price of Porter's Cap, a horse expected to give Whirlaway a hard race. You may take it for what it's worth, but it seems that a day or two before the race a radio announcer wandered into the stable area at Churchill Downs looking for local color for his pre-race broadcast. He saw a man leading a horse around a walking ring, noticed that the animal was limping a little, and, putting on his best sportsman's manner, said, "Hi there, my man, what's that horse you've got there?" It happened that the horse was Market Wise and that the man leading him was his trainer, who, having no use for such airs, replied, "This? Oh, this is Porter's Cap."

BLACK RAIDER, who I thought would run so well when he came East, didn't run at all well in the Pimlico Nursery Stakes; in fact, he finished out of the money. There was bumping and other hoopla at the head of the stretch, and Haas, who rode Black Raider, was set down for his part in it. Colonel Martingale suggested that all the trouble came about because Haas didn't put out his hand to signal that he wanted to make the turn.

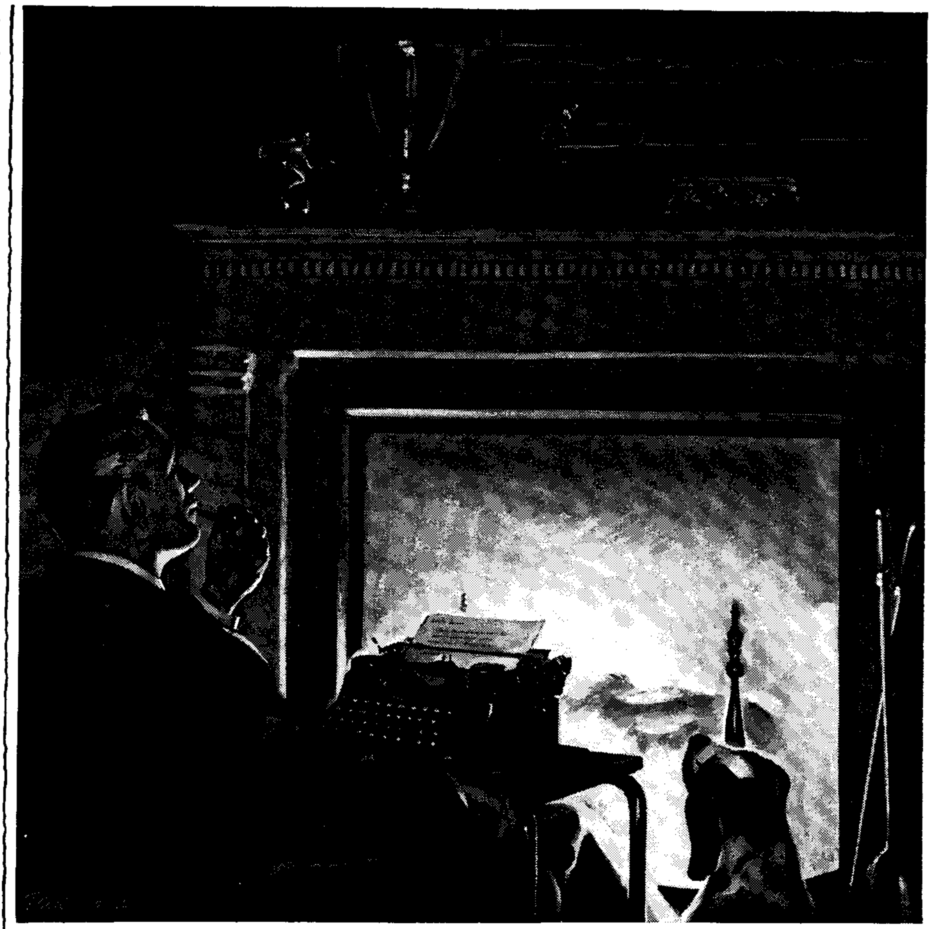
THIS year's surprise at Belmont Park, as you've probably discovered by now, is the new course for two-year-olds. By closing the old Widener Course, which I was sorry to see go, Alfred Vanderbilt has been able to put up a bigger and better tote board nearer to the stand, right where the steeplechase jockeys can stop and read the odds on it as they pass it in a race. This weekend: the Withers Mile.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Now I have another suggestion to makes. God sits on a throne in tacks made lately on young women in Detroit, and this condition, according to press reports, is growing constantly worse.—*From a letter to the Detroit News.*

Sounds almost hopeless right now.



Dear Jim:

Glad to hear from you and especially glad to hear that you've been accepted by the Army Medical Board. When you read about the great number of younger men - of course you're no old grampa at 33 - being rejected because of poor physical condition, you must be mighty glad that we've always taken time out from our work to get in a little tennis or badminton.

Of course, Jim, I'm a little older than you and they wouldn't take me even if I could get away from my family responsibilities. But to my mind, the fact that I've played the same games you have, and kept in just as good condition as you (remember the last time we put on the gloves?) will also pay dividends to this country of ours.

I find I can work harder and produce more if I stay in good shape. Even more important, my mind is untroubled and confident. I don't get the jitters, and, as a result, I can sanely, calmly weigh the important issues at stake, without getting stampeded by either anti or pro scare stories. It seems to me that if all of us could do just that, we'd at least know where we are going, and, right or wrong, have the guts to follow through once we made our decision.

Jim, I don't want to sound like a prophet or a know-it-all, but I sincerely believe that if every one of us would take time out from our work to participate in some sport, and get in good condition, both physically and mentally, we'd soon discover this country of ours hasn't a thing to worry about.

Sincerely,

John

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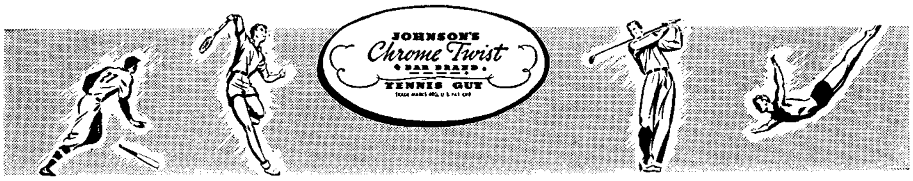

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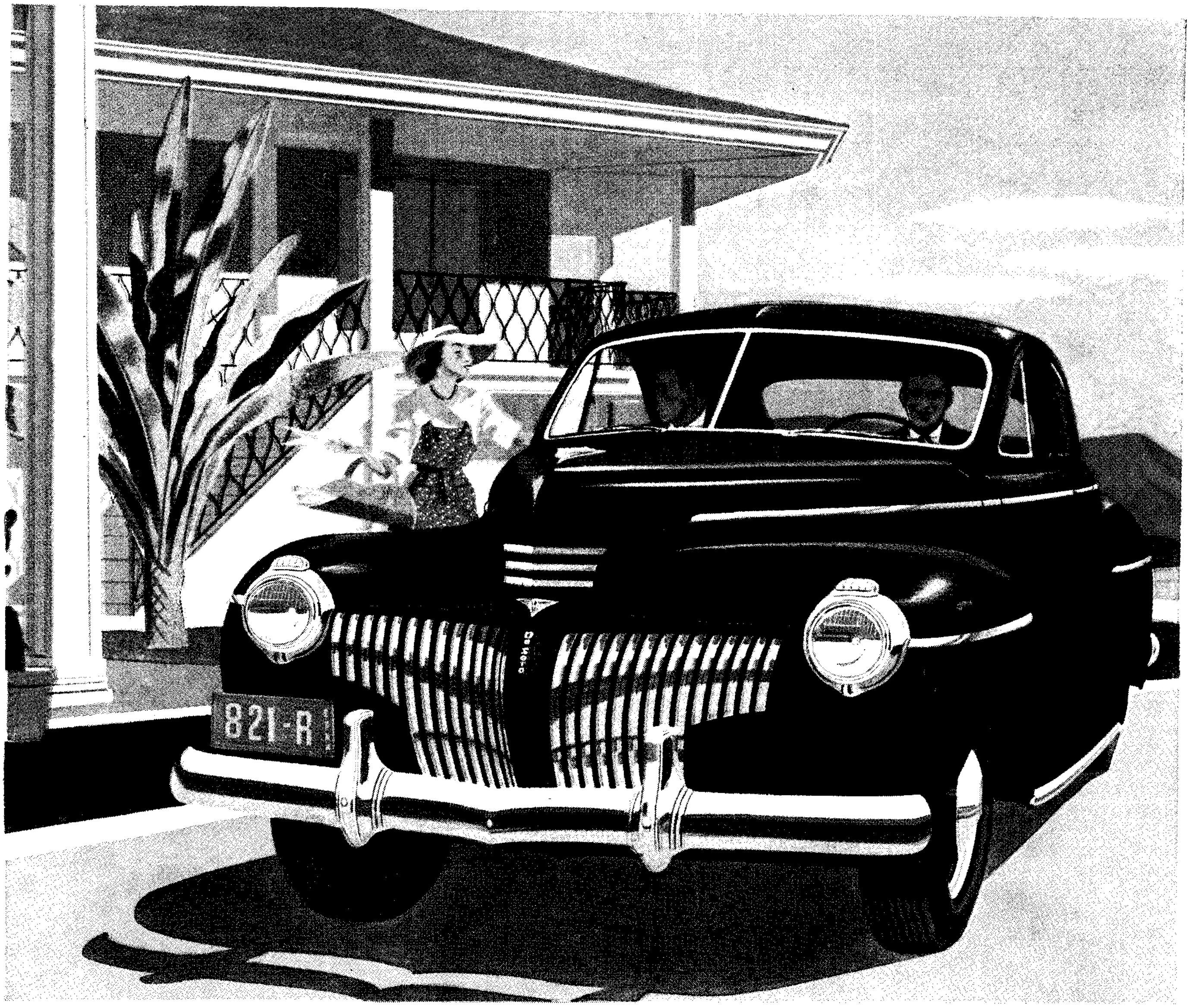

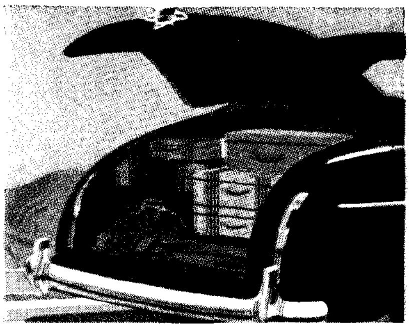

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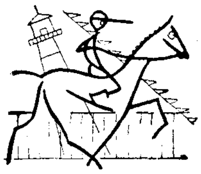


WHETHER or not Whirlaway is the best three-year-old was a question for seven days after he won the Kentucky Derby. He settled it in The Preakness at Pimlico last weekend. Offhand, I'd say he turned in a more brilliant performance there than at Louisville. Even admitting his luck in having the early pace so slow that, despite his poor start, he could catch up without being hurried, as well as the fact that the final time was also slow, the race he ran should stand as one of the most notable of the season, which is perhaps not high praise. I find that I'm growing more and more to agree with Whirlaway's jockey, Arcaro, who said after he had won The Preakness, "You can throw all them other horses away."

Warren Wright, who owns Whirlaway, was much cooler before and after The Preakness than he was when he went through the same experience at the Derby. Charlie Howard, who owns Porter's Cap, asked him at Pimlico if he wasn't nervous. "No indeed," said Wright. "I'm used to all this now." Still, he must have had a long moment of anxiety, for Whirlaway started from the stall gate slowly (Arcaro insists that he was left at the post, but I can't agree with him this time) and was last for more than half a mile.

Meanwhile, King Cole was leading. Although he wasn't going all out as he usually does, none of the rest of the runners tried to pass him, for the reason that their riders had orders not to. What those riders didn't know was that King Cole's boy also had been told to ride a waiting race. Three furlongs from home, Whirlaway came up on the rail, something he'd never done before, and, catching one horse after another, finally went around King Cole, going easily, almost contemptuously, as though to show everybody he could make a turn fast without running wide. Taking the lead, he won by five lengths or so, merely galloping.

Whirlaway won't run again until the Belmont Stakes on June 7th, which he ought to have no trouble winning. He's earned his holiday. In a week he picked up $110,640 in prize money—the Derby was worth $61,275 and The Preakness $49,365—plus $3,500 for his ment. And she said Millicent said Nonsense! what is a Garden Club for particularly a local one like this if not to include all kinds of people if they have nice gardens? I daresay she said much more to Fairlie, maybe something about Fairlie not getting her head turned because she was up for the real Garden Club, but Fairlie did not tell me of it. But I know Millicent and how domineering she is. So Fairlie turned to me and she said Dear Zella, you know so much, what do you think? Would it be a good idea or do you agree with me we should wait until we have a chance to find out what the newcomer is really like for she might be socially impossible. Yes I said, I think that waiting would be wise—it is always a mistake to take people of that sort in too quickly. That is what I think, she said. Isn't it wonderful? Of course I agreed with her because I hoped it would annoy Millicent which is fair game although you know as well as I do that if Millicent decides Mrs. Grahame is going into the North Ferry Club or anywhere else, in she will go and never mind Fairlie Wilson or anyone else—which is just what happened to Fairlie herself.

I must stop now, I am exhausted and so will you be reading my handwriting. No more now about the Wilsons, Eric, for I know that what you will want to hear from me will be about Mrs. Grahame if she is next in line for following after Fairlie. But you cannot say this is not a wonderful country when things change in it like that and people, can you? no matter what the Fascists and Nazis say about it or even the Communists. Write soon and I'll promise to answer soon as I can, and if I finally do persuade Joe Wilson to sit for me I will send you a photograph of it and you can pin it to these letters and put them away until we are both nicely dead. I think he rather likes me, too.

Affectionately,
ZELLA

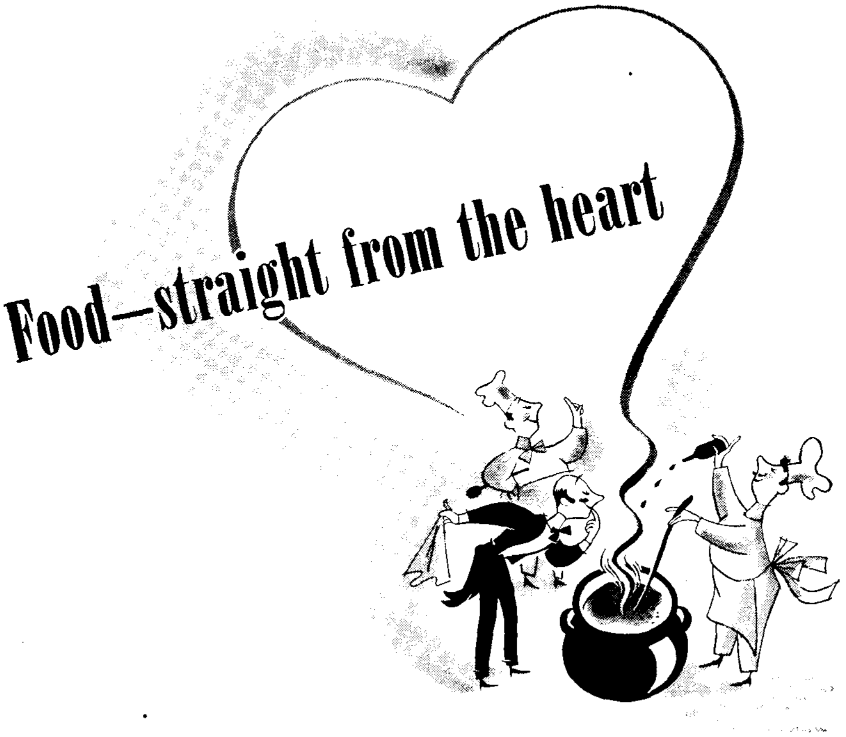
—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Ernie Bonham, 220-pound Yankee pitcher, tested his strength yesterday by discarding the brace he had been wearing since training camp days in Florida as a support for his ailing back. Tiny voted the experiment a huge success.—*James P. Dawson in the Times, April 26th.*

Bonham, still wearing the steel corset prescribed for him by the Johns Hopkins clinic, overpowered the Washington batsmen.—*Stanley Woodward in the Herald Tribune, April 26th.*



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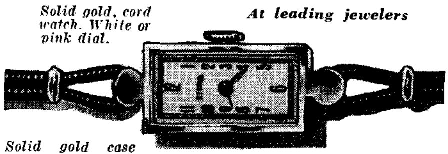

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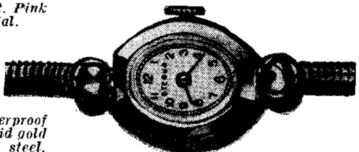

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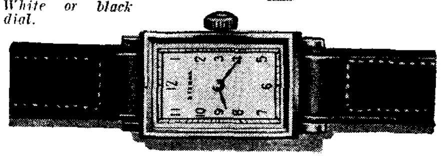

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Green with her which was interesting because it was the first time I had ever heard her say Millicent Green and not Mrs. Green or even Mrs. Hiram Green—she is rather gauche that way still. Well I said, what was Millicent doing there. Oh she said, she had invited Millicent to come as she wanted to show her some new varieties she had ordered and anyway Millicent's chauffeur was ill and Hiram had the second one and Millicent wanted to talk to her gardener at Matunuck etc. She made it sound very complex and I couldn't quite see why because why shouldn't Millicent be going down to Cottrellton or Matunuck or anywhere else with her? Even if I did ask why. You never quite know what you will get from Fairlie on a question when you ask one which is one of her charms.

So the long and the short of it was that they got down to the Wilson's summer house and talked about the plants, some sort of Annual Lupine Fairlie seemed very keen about and I must say very knowledgeable too, and then she said that Millicent said let's go over and call on that Mrs. Grahame. Personally I doubt if Millicent said That Mrs. Grahame, at least to Fairlie but that's what Fairlie said she said. So I asked Fairlie what happened? Oh, she said they went over and called and there was nobody there in the house but a caretaker who looked at them very suspiciously. Fairlie said she said Let's go back now because it is getting sort of late but Millicent said No, and she said to the caretaker I am Mrs. Hiram Green—I can just hear Millicent say it, sort of looking down her nose very high and mighty and gracious too—and as we have come so far I should like to leave a card, so the caretaker let them in. Wasn't that clever of her said Fairlie? I said Yes because I didn't want to interrupt the story but it seemed pretty elementary. So they went in and Millicent wrote on a card at a desk in the living room. What was it like, I said? Terrific said Fairlie, it was all Italian, very heavy pieces and not at all the sort of thing you'd think of for a house in the country and made over farmhouse at that. Well at that I almost burst out laughing for Fairlie is the one who got a jackass of a local decorator to do over her own country house last year and believe it or not she did an all white living room—if you want to know what not to put in a house in the country! But I didn't laugh only I made up my mind as soon as she left I would call Millicent and find out if Fairlie had done over her house at Cottrellton *again*, she seemed so confident in being critical of that poor Mrs. Grahame's Italian pieces probably from her house in Orange. I did call Millicent, too, and she said yes, Fairlie has it all done over, it is very sweet and chintzy and nice and how do you suppose she ever persuaded her husband to crash through twice in one year?

But that is not the story really. After Millicent had written the card Fairlie said they oohed and aahed about the house and the upshot was the caretaker took them all over it and they had to go on oohing and aahing but Fairlie said—to use her own words—It was horrible! She described it and it did sound so I must say. The astonishing thing about a woman like Fairlie is how quickly they learn. Well then they left finally and went back to Fairlie's and they went to Matunuck and so back to Providence, but not before they had seen Mrs. Grahame's garden I forgot to say. I asked Fairlie what was it like? I could see she didn't want to admit it but evidently she knew—she is nobody's fool—that I'd find out soon enough from Millicent—so she said it was going to be really magnificent. Well then she said isn't that amazing that a woman like that Mrs. Grahame can have a house like that so utterly lacking in taste and still have a beautiful garden? I kept my face straight of course and said Yes isn't it? And I said what did Millicent think about it? And Fairlie said Oh she agreed with me that the garden was superb.

Then Fairlie looked at me and said Dear Zella you know so much, do give me some advice. Look at this situation, she said. Millicent Green was so impressed by that garden that she feels it's up to me, because I am President of the North Ferry Garden Club, to get Mrs. Grahame taken into that. But from all I've heard, Zella, Mrs. Grahame is rather a common sort of woman and certainly the house bears that out. But Millicent said look at the garden and isn't it necessary to educate people like that because in time anyone who makes a fine garden contributes to the community and wouldn't it be unkind to keep Mrs. Grahame out, particularly as she is my neighbor?

Oh, Eric, I wish I had been there to hear it! Well, said Fairlie, I said to her, Well that is true but the North Ferry Club is awfully nice and although there are people who belong to it like you and old Mrs. Collins—and myself—still it is very nice and sort of homogeneous (I think she said) and maybe this Mrs. Grahame will prove a disturbing ele-

THE WILSONS

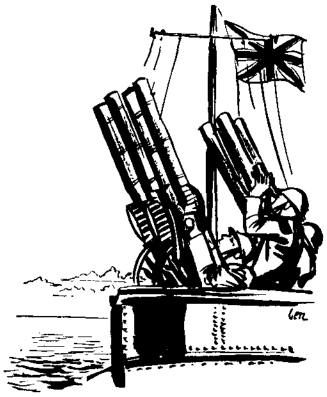
NO MORE NOW

Cutters Green, Warwick, R.I.
May 12, 1941

Eric Dear—

I WAS pleased naturally enough at your praise of my letters but I can tell you that I have no idea of having them published because in the first place I cannot write being a painter and not knowing anything about grammar and such, and then because if I published them as they are my name would be MUD in Providence. I'd have to change all the names and even so everyone would recognize whom they all represent. And even if I changed all the names and changed the people all about and tried to make different characters out of them—or even invented new characters still there would be people who would say oh yes that's Fanny Medford and that's Millicent Green and that's Fairlie Wilson and there would be the Devil to pay wouldn't there? Not all the women in Providence love me too much anyway—though I say nothing about the men. So you see, using those letters I wrote you is out of the question and you will just have to preserve them for posterity and they can be published after you die if I am dead then too—but by that time no one will care what happened to any of us—if indeed the Reds who will rule the world then would probably even let anything like that be published not being propaganda for their side—or would it be?

Anyway as I say, I am a painter and painters never can write or hardly ever and trying to explain a painting in words is silly, because it makes no sense and the people who do it always have to write terrific long words that no one understands except the other people who write about paintings—like hypnagogic and slightly Soutinesque in its elongations.



As for our news, Geoffrey is still commuting back and forth to Washington and is pretty exhausted with it and I only wonder how long he can keep it up and not crack—when I consider how he feels about this Administration—like all the people of our sort in Providence except one or two odd ones who are violently pro-Roosevelt and were too last November. But I am not going to go on about that so don't worry, I wrote you all that before.

I have not been well having had a slight breakdown from overwork and a series of horrible influenzas and all the servants had them too and we all gave them to each other in the most discouraging manner. How is Ottawa and did you escape the flu this past winter? Dr. Zeff, my dear psych says I must take it easy or I will set up God only knows what horrors on top of the constant ill health and finally will not *want* to be well at all—which I cannot quite believe.

And speaking of colds and things, Fairlie Wilson was livid with me about her daughter Hilda, quite a pretty nice girl of about sixteen or so. Fairlie asked me to paint Hilda's portrait and I am doing it when I feel well enough and at one sitting Hilda came and I had a horrible cold but went right ahead to work just the same—what Dr. Zeff scolds me about—and Fairlie says I gave the cold to Hilda who was ill for a week. But how does she know it was my bug Hilda got? As if the whole of Providence hadn't been snuffling and sneezing and coughing. Actually I think Fairlie was just a teeny bit put out because I asked her husband to come and sit for me and she heard about it and I guess she stopped it because he never came. I was disappointed because he is not only quite attractive and good looking but he is a type for he is the successful specimen of the American Dream—the man who rose from a farm and is vicepresident in a bank and now very rich. I haven't the faintest idea where Fairlie Wilson comes from—two years ago no one had ever heard of the Wilsons—although she says she was born in Virginia only she hasn't got a bit of a southern accent but speaks well enough—more like a sort of wonderfully improved Waterbury or Schenectady or something. She talks now like Millicent Green who I guess she sort of models herself on and as I wrote you before, Millicent first took her under her wing and being Mrs. Hiram Green of Providence oh very very! she just dragooned everyone into sort of accepting Fairlie who I will say is pretty and clever and apparently very competent.

You like to hear about Providence and the Wilsons Progress, so to speak—well here is one for you now that I am on the subject. Well Fairlie came down here to see the portrait of Hilda last week as it is all but done and I must say she was very polite about it and only made a few stupid criticisms—but in that she is no different from anyone else. So we got to talking about this and that and finally we got on to gardens as one does at this time of year. Fairlie is president of that funny old North Ferry Garden Club, you may remember it, and now Millicent Green is maneuvering to have her be elected to the Garden Club of America and of course I am no snob but it does seem to me to be sort of overdoing things a bit. But as it's Millicent is doing it I rather expect Fairlie will be elected for my God where would the G.C. be if it lost Millicent and her Matunuck garden?

Well—I asked Fairlie whether she had seen her new neighbor's garden. A perfectly innocent question. Perfectly. Her new neighbor is a Mrs. Arthur Grahame—a really odd sort of woman, a widow with three daughters all *very* pretty and about Fairlie's Hilda's age as two of them are twins. Mrs. Grahame comes from Orange New Jersey I've been told and she is very rich indeed although nobody seems to know yet how her husband got his money before he died or if she is really a widow or divorced or if it is maybe her own money—in fact nobody knows anything much about her except that she bought a beautiful old farm and farmhouse about two hundred acres right alongside the Wilson's place in Cottrellton and has done over the house—very nice from the outside but nobody I knew had as yet been inside it. Naturally I was anxious to know if Fairlie had called on this Mrs. Grahame, but I swear I wasn't thinking at *all* of what effect it would have on Fairlie having a person that nobody knew settle in Cottrellton—which is just what happened originally with the Wilsons of course—but just that I wanted to know about Mrs. Grahame's garden and perhaps Fairlie would have been asked inside the house. So I asked her.

She seemed to be rather put out about it—I couldn't think why—and tried to change the subject but I was not going to be put off, being full of curiosity, and finally she admitted that she had called on Mrs. Grahame. When was this, I asked? Oh about a week ago, she said and it was when she was motoring down to see about her spring planting. Were you alone I asked her? No, she said, she was not alone she had Millicent

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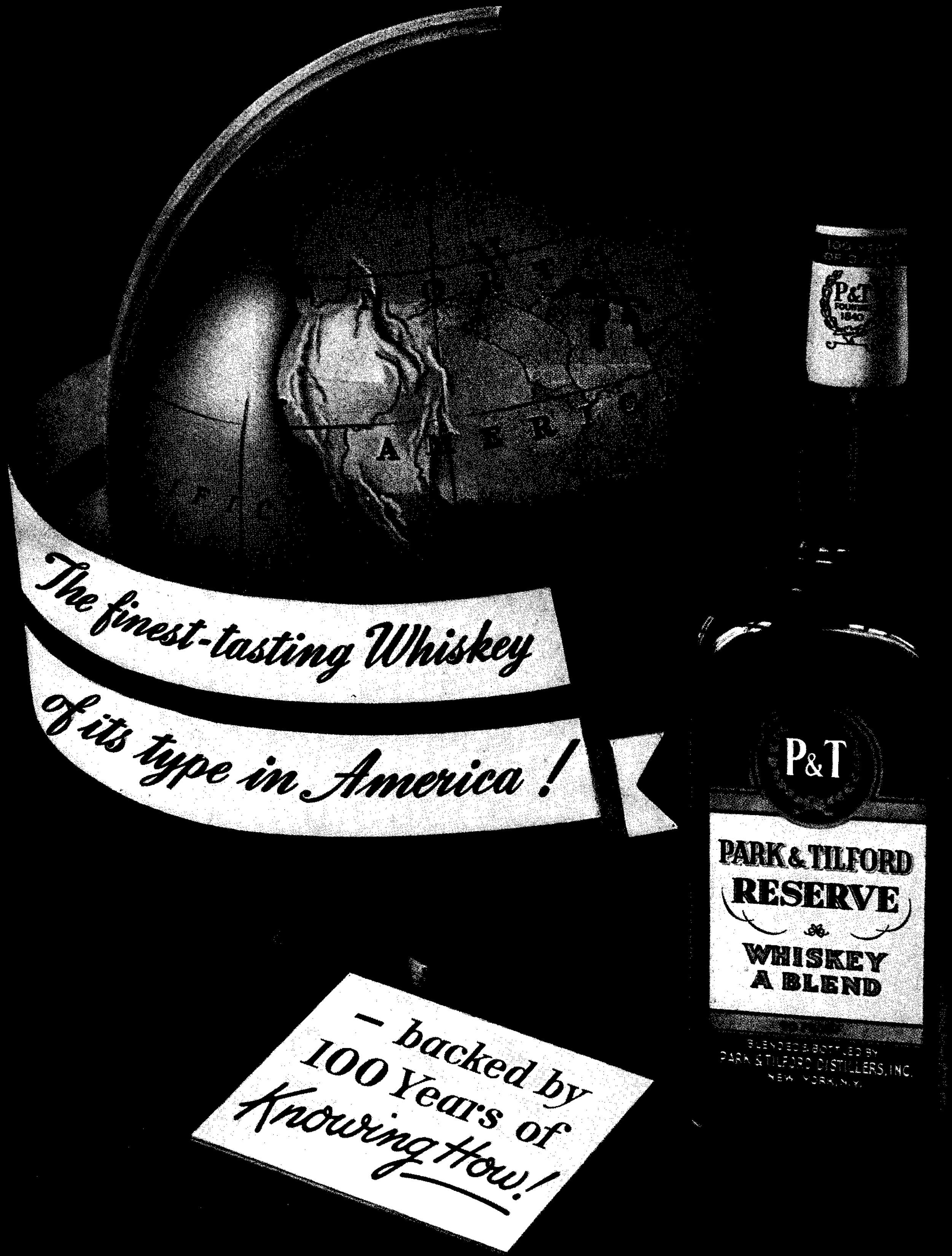
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OF ALL THINGS

STALIN's assumption of the office of Premier has all the world puzzled. It seems to represent a new step in Soviet policy—probably sideways.

●

Thus far the Nazis have not permitted any Italians to enter Athens. Mussolini's boys never showed much interest in the old place, anyhow.

●

Marshal Pétain asked all Frenchmen to honor the memory of Joan of Arc. The Nazis had no objection, since the girl was notoriously anti-British.

●

Our country is grateful to Detroit for her contribution to national defence. Especially precious have been the gifts of Hanks Ford and Greenberg.

●

The taxmakers in Washington are struggling with a tough question: Shall the government take everything we have or leave something to be borrowed?

●

Admiral Byrd reports that the United States has laid claim to a million square miles of Antarctica. That is probably the ideal territory for isolationists.

●

The Senate has arrived at a state of considerable confusion. Pepper has already gone to war, but Wheeler is enjoying a profound and lasting peace.

●

Congressmen are reluctantly considering the idea of saving money by cutting down the appropriations for agriculture. Politicians love farmers because God made so many of them.

●

The election of Emil Schram to the presidency of the Stock Exchange is supposed to be a gesture of appeasement toward Washington. Someday Wall Street may even come back into the Union.

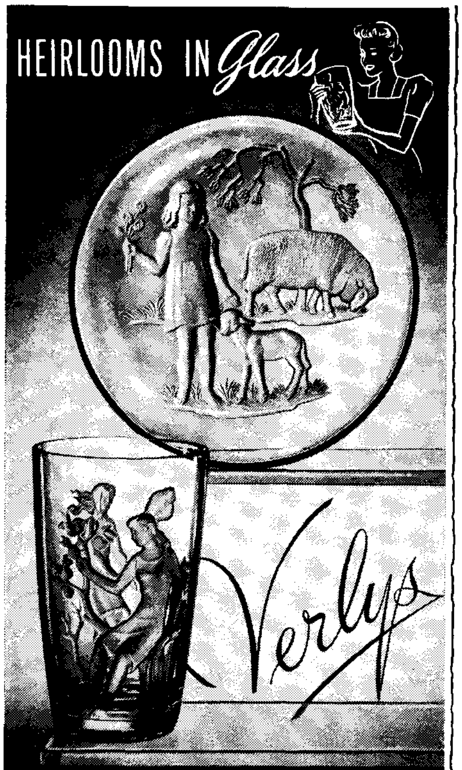
●

A gigantic mock war will rage all over the country this summer. These games will be of intense interest to everybody except Dodger fans.

●

Two million letters are being sent out inviting people to spend their holidays in New York. It is to be hoped that everyone comes, but not at the same time.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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"Sonny was robbed," Jack said to anyone who asked him what had happened. "He should have got the duke." After finishing their steaks, Sonny and Chris said good night to us and left. John Ford watched Sonny as he walked out.

"That lad looks like a fighter," John said to us. "Big and flat, with that bull neck and that little handsome head on him."

"Needs about six more fights," Jack replied. "Needs style. He ain't a crowd fighter yet. He's got to get into his brain the idea is to hit these guys he's fighting, not look at them. He's got to learn, see, to set the guy up, and then move in—like this, see—and let go a right, and whoom, the guy goes down. The crowd stands up and yells. They love it, and Sonny makes lots of money."

—Mark Murphy

•

A MODEL FOR MUDDLERS

GENERAL TWADDLE BLAMES "POLITICAL PRESSURE" FOR KEEPING POSTS OF LITTLE MILITARY VALUE
—*Headline in the Times.*

Said General Twaddle,
And nodded his noddle,
"Toward ruin
We toddle;
We huddle
On Brinks.
With useless and raddled
Cantonments we're saddled,
While lawmakers, addled,
Play tiddle-
De-winks.

"Though poor Yankee Doodle's
Hell-bent for the poodles,
Like Nero
They fiddle,
When Rome.
Was aflame.
Red ruin they coddle,"
Fumed General Twaddle,
"Yet idle,
We dawdle.
I call it a shame.

"Quick! Out of this muddle
Whose riddles befuddle,
Or, kit and caboodle,
In peril
We'll be.
While congressmen diddle,
Our thumbs must we twiddle?"
Cried Twaddle.
"Pish, piddle,
And fiddle-
De-dee!"

—Phyllis McGinley

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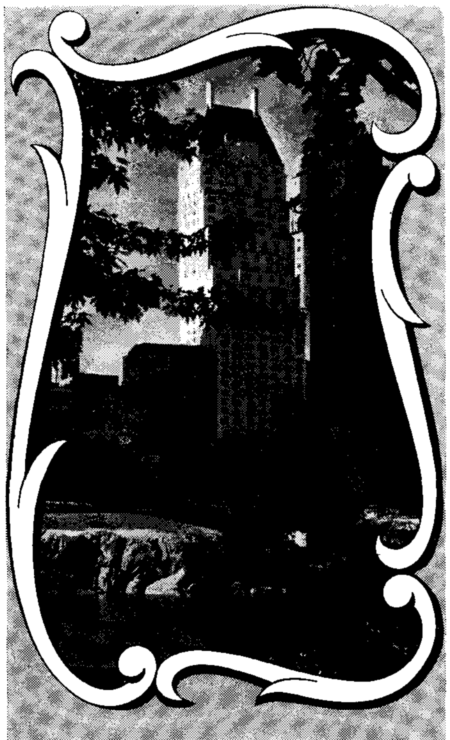

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box. Sonny complained that he had been throwing left hooks in the gym so much he had nearly forgotten how to jab. Chris, who by now was dressed, said, "You look good, Sonny. You go get him. I'm so goddam disappointed." An official called down the hall, "Frawley, get ready!" Through the crowded dressing rooms the call was repeated, men here and there yelling, "Frawley, get ready!" Lolly taped Sonny's hands and shaped and laced the gloves on while Jack watched. Then Jack rubbed vaseline into Sonny's face. Sonny, his bathrobe over his shoulders, slapped his gloved hands together and stamped his feet.

JACK, Chris, and I stood in the back of the smoky, noisy arena while Sonny and Lolly walked down to the ring. Sonny went in at 180 pounds and his opponent, Charlie Solomon of Philadelphia, at 178. The boys sparred carefully for a while, looking like something in a slow-motion picture under the bright floodlights. Sonny stamped his left foot and reached out slowly at Solomon. Solomon fought in sudden bursts, moving in on his opponent. Sonny, a good infighter, hit Solomon with rights and lefts to the body when they got close together. Whenever the boys separated after Solomon's attacks, Sonny didn't look too good. He stood stiffly and didn't seem to move in fast enough. He was starting slowly.

Sonny was better in the next two rounds of the three-round fight. Solomon was clinching often and Sonny was belting him in the ribs. Jack shifted and moved his shoulders and elbows as he yelled advice. Chris screamed, "Get him, Sonny! Get him, Sonny!" Sonny snorted and stamped through the third round. Once Solomon rushed in and grabbed Sonny by the waist. Sonny shoved the Philadelphia boy to the floor and nearly through the ropes. We could see the referee warn Sonny.

"What's he doing that for? What's that dope referee beefing about?" Jack muttered. "That's what Sonny shoulda done long ago. That's what I taught him to do."

At the end of the fight, Sonny looked fresh and Solomon was bleeding a little. The referee consulted with the judges for a few seconds and announced, "The winner—Charlie Solomon of Philadelphia!" We were shocked. "Aw, ya bunch of bums!" Jack screamed. Chris jumped up and down. "The bums! The bums!" he cried. Then he took to yelling, "Solomon, you stink! Solomon, you stink!" There was booing in the auditorium.

"I ain't ready yet, Jack," Sonny declared when he met us at the end of the aisle.

"You should of got the duke," Jack said. "That referee stinks."

"You win. You win," Chris said.

"Jeez, Jack," declared Lolly, "he fought that fight just like I tell him to."

"I wasn't robbed," Sonny insisted. He seemed to be convinced of this and was not merely trying to be a good sport. "I couldn't throw a jab all night. I just stood up there and for some reason I couldn't throw a jab. I knew I was supposed to jab, but I just couldn't do it. I felt funny. All tight like."

"You was, too, robbed," Chris argued. He seemed to be taking Sonny's defeat harder than he had taken his own. "You hit him sixty shots in the stomach. Don't they count shots in the stomach? He didn't hit you good once. He ran away all the time. Nobody, not even Billy Conn, could hit him with a jab. He run away all the time."

"From now on I'm digging in," Sonny announced after he had his shower. "I'm getting so when a guy tells me I can't fight, I'm beginning to believe him. I got to train hard." Sonny was pulling on his clothes when Solomon came in to get a shower. "What do you say, Charlie?" Sonny greeted him. "Nice fight." Chris didn't say a word. He merely glared at Solomon, who shouted from the shower that he had won twenty-one straight fights, then lost six in a row, and then had won that night.

"Don't forget I fattened your batting average for you," Sonny called to him.

"Who did he fight?" Chris muttered. "Boy Scouts?"

Solomon shouted from the shower that maybe he and Sonny would meet again in the ring. "Yeah," said Sonny, "and then we can have a game of rummy."

AFTERWARD Jack, Chris, Sonny, and I went to the Golden Glades. Sonny and Chris each had a steak and a beer, and Jack and I had several beers and talked to some men at the bar and to John Ford about fighting in general and the fights that night.

out!" The bell rang. Chris lost the decision.

Jack didn't say anything to Chris when he met the boy at the end of the aisle leading from the ring. We all walked silently toward the dressing rooms. The row of dressing rooms and the corridor outside were filled with fighters, handlers, and officials. Fifteen fights were on the card that night, and each dressing room was shared by several fighters. There was the usual smell. The talk everywhere was of fighting. Chris sat down, panting, when he reached his dressing room. Jack said quietly, "Chris, you should have slipped to your left when you saw that right—not to your right. See, this way, when you go over to the right like this you go just where he wants you, and boom, he catches you."

"I saw that right coming," Chris declared. "I tried to duck. I couldn't get out of the way and it hit me. It didn't hurt much, and then I walked into that left hook. I'm so goddam disappointed. I feel like a bum. Something always turns up. I swear, Jack, I don't know what holds that Terranova up. I hit him with lefts in the first round. I hit him with rights. I give him uppercuts. He just stays there."

"Forget it, kid," said Jack.

Sonny Frawley was just starting to undress when Chris came down from his fight. Sonny was unshaven and calm. After getting into his trunks he sat and watched a Negro manager named Chick Suggs fix up one of his boys. Suggs, a top Negro featherweight of the twenties, rubbed vaseline into the face of his boy, who was sitting on a table across from Sonny, and stroked him to calm him, as a groom does a nervous horse. Suggs' boy was white and had an absurd, squeaking voice. Another Negro manager entered the room. "So you got yourself a heavyweight, huh, Chick?" he said, laughing. "When you going to forget heavyweights? I don't take them any bigger than a hundred and forty-seven pounds. Boy, are those big boys dumb! All the brains they got is here." He flexed one arm and pointed to his biceps with the other hand. Chick agreed. "Are you right! I had such a tough time with my boy here. I work and work with him and he learns so slow."

Sonny sat through this conversation without saying a word. He looked bored. He said he wasn't nervous; he felt a little tight, that was all. Jack meanwhile was conferring with Lolly Kent in the hall. As the time came near for Sonny's bout, Jack had the boy take off his bathrobe and shadow-

AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA ★ AS SALTY AS THE SEA
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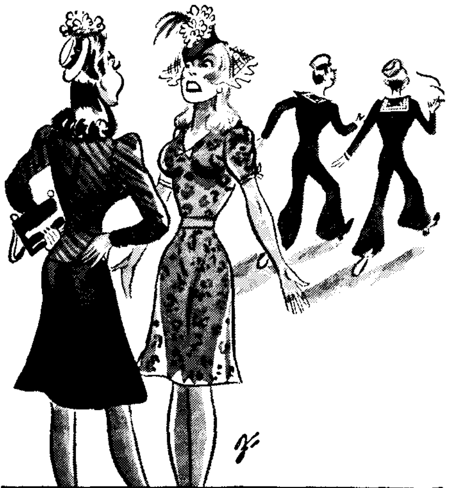

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Mickey's repentance was real, then took the boy under his care, raised money in the neighborhood to buy him gym clothes, and now he is doing well as an amateur. "He ain't a thief any more," Jack declared. "Even Mickey's old man says he ain't a thief any more."

Some middle-aged men came in to watch the workouts, and so did some small boys. Jack made the boys take off their caps, and when they yelled too loud and took to chasing each other through the bigger fellows' legs, Jack ran them off to another part of the building. One boy came in with a Lone Ranger pistol in his belt. "Freddy," said Jack, "what have I told you about bringing those guns in here? We got fourteen thousand two hundred and eighty-six guns put away that we took from boys who brought them in here. Now beat it!"

IN all, sixteen young men came into the gym that night to work out, and after they were through I sat with some of the lookers-on in the dressing room and talked of the fighters who had come from Ascension House—Frankie Morris, Red Affinito, Harry Traub, and others. The talk after a while turned to street fighting, and Jack, who was wearing a bandage on his hand and had scratches on his neck, explained how he got hurt. A couple of nights before, Francis Mullins, "who a couple of guys says is the best rough-and-tumble fighter ever came out of Ireland," walked into the Golden Glades bar, Jack's hangout on Amsterdam Avenue, picked up a chair, and started to throw it at the back bar. John Ford, the bartender and co-owner of the Glades, a fine baritone who sings at Kerrymen's reunions, said, "Francis, don't throw that chair through the back bar." Jack, eager to help his friend John and to protect the back bar's precious décor—bottles, china dogs, a statue of Popeye, three American flags, a china statue of Charlie McCarthy, framed slogans, and some sea shells picked up at Rockaway—challenged Francis.

"I tell this Mullins I will beat his ears down," said Jack, as the boys and I listened reverently. "We go outside. He throws a couple of punches." Jack helped the narration along with gestures. "I slip them, duck over to one side like this, go into a crouch, see, and set him up for a right hook. I let him have it. Whoom! He goes down, like this." Jack rolled his eyes, let his mouth and knees sag, illustrating how a man looks when he's crumpling. "I tell this Mullins," Jack continued, " 'Francis, never bother me again or I'll hit you good.'

"I go back in the bar, and pretty soon this Mullins comes back in. He says, 'O'Connor, I'll kill you.' So we go outside again. I jab him with a couple of lefts and give him a right cross, like this. He topples and grabs me as he goes down. We're on the sidewalk and he knees me and grabs my throat. I get loose, but he's torn my neck with his hands. I'm sick from his knee. We get up. 'Mullins, you bum,' I say, 'I'm going to cut you to pieces.' He comes at me and I let go a right. He sees it coming and ducks his head. Whoom! Right on the head I hit him. I bust my hand, my right. 'Francis,' I say, 'you bum.' I set him up again, see, this time for a left. I feint and he goes over to one side like this, see? I let go the left. Whoom! Down he goes, like this." Jack again showed how a man crumples. Jack said that later Francis came back to the bar, apologized, and said, "Jack, I didn't think a man as slim as you could do it. I never in my life have taken such a licking." Jack's stories usually end in the moral as well as the physical defeat of his opponents.

As I was leaving, Jack invited me to some amateur fights that Saturday night at the Royal Windsor Ballroom on West Sixty-sixth Street, where boxing shows are held about once a week. "Chris and Sonny are fighting," he said, "and the best way to see what they look like is to see them in a real fight."

CHRIS was already in the ring, fighting a fellow named Phil Terranova, when I met Jack at the Royal Windsor. Because he referees fights in town, Jack does not appear in the corner as a second for his boys. A fellow named Lolly Kent, who works in a private gym, acted as Chris's second on this occasion. Jack was standing near the entrance to the dressing rooms, at the back of the crowded arena. He bobbed and weaved as he yelled advice to Chris, who was having some difficulty. "Ya right, Chris! Ya right, Chris! Get in close with ya right, Chris!" he screamed.

In the third and last round of the bout, Terranova threw a long, looping right. From where we were standing it looked as though Chris would have time to go out for a beer before it got there. Chris, however, stood fascinated, and Terranova's glove ended its arc on the side of Chris's head. Chris went off balance and Terranova moved in fast with rights and lefts, keeping Chris off balance. The crowd whistled and yelled. "Get away from him!" Jack yelled. "Get ya left out! Get ya left around, hits you all over. Dirty fighter. Sweet!"

Jack called to a big youth who was hooking rights and lefts to the sandbag. The boy came over. "This," said Jack, tapping him on the stomach, "is Bill Frawley, Sonny Frawley, my light heavyweight. He's gonna be a real fighter." Sonny nodded and walked back to the bag. Sonny, who is nineteen, is also from the neighborhood and had begun working with Jack as a way of killing time. He wasn't a street fighter; at least, he seldom went looking for fights. He had played high-school and semi-pro football. Then he went to the C's, which is what the boys call the Civilian Conservation Corps. Since Bill got out of the C's, he has been working in grocery stores, along the waterfront, any place he can pick up a dime.

After Chris had worked out with a couple of lighter, faster boys, Jack put Sonny in the ring with him. Sonny moved methodically and lazily, as do many heavyweights, and Chris, smaller and faster, got to him with some rights. Sonny sleepily turned his head, taking the blows on the side of his neck. Now and then, Sonny snorted and stamped his left foot like a horse. Before long Jack stopped the fight. "Sonny, you bum," he said, "don't turn ya head. Don't turn ya head. Pick off them punches with your right. Like this, see?" Jack stepped through the ropes, crouched, let Chris jab at him, and showed how, by moving to the right and hooking a left into Chris, Sonny could spin him around and throw him off balance.

Back against the wall again, Jack told me that the number of boys who came into the gym varied considerably from night to night and that it was hard to keep track of just how many worked out, but that there were some regulars who fought in the amateurs and wanted to become professionals. He said that the Juvenile Aid Bureau had parolled eleven boys to him, several of whom were working out that night. Jack pointed to a nice-looking, dark-haired lad. "He was no good, see? Always causing trouble. He wouldn't work, wouldn't do anything. Just a punk. One day I called him in. 'Mickey, you thief,' I told him, 'you think you can fight. You can't fight. You can't do anything. All you can do is steal. You're just a tough punk.' " Mickey, Jack said, went on his tough way until one day he was punched around by a friend of his. This infected Mickey with the spirit of reform, and he came to Jack and asked to be taught how to fight. Jack made sure

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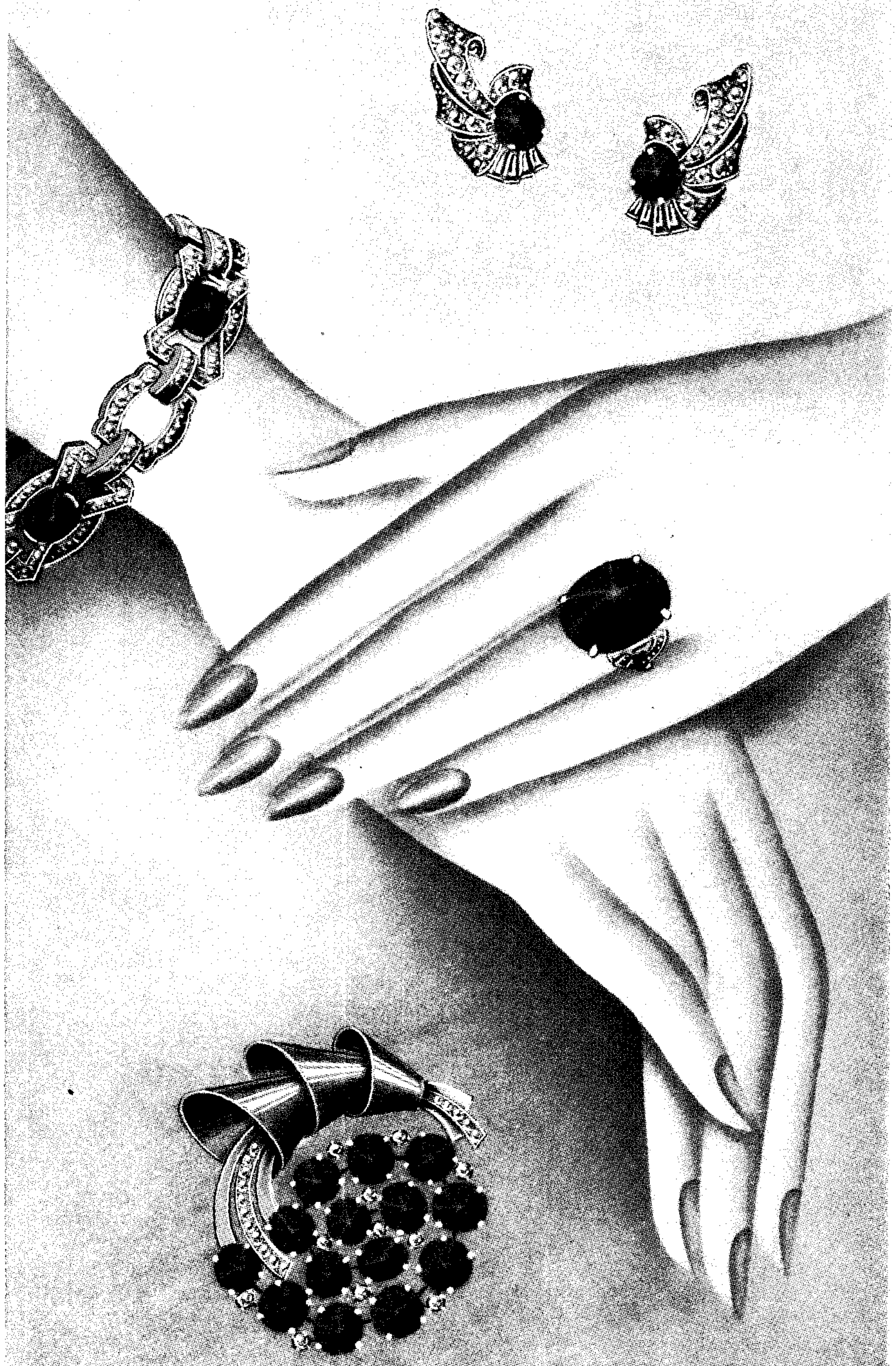

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now his luck with the boys he has developed has been rather poor. "I had this big McWilliams from Bayonne, a colored boy," Jack said. "He was Jersey champ and doing all right. I take him to an outdoor show in Jamaica. He has this guy he was fighting dizzy in the first two rounds, and then it began to look like rain. 'Jack,' this McWilliams says to me when I was fixing him up after the second, 'if it starts to thunder and lightning, you have those men stop this fight. I don't like thunder and lightning at all.' For the rest of the fight he looked worried and lousy. The next fight I take this boy to, my brother comes with me. McWilliams is in the ring and he's belting this guy he was fighting all over the ring. I turn around to say something to my brother and my brother says, 'Take a look.' I take a look and there was my boy flat on his face. This McWilliams, he was a dog."

Jack developed Irish Jackie Pembridge, who won the Golden Gloves in the featherweight division in 1939. Jackie was an aggressive little fighter and a crowd favorite who could take a punch. Jackie's feet went bad, and now he is working in a grocery store. "He was wonderful," Jack said. Jack had Trader Horn, a good money-maker, when the incident of the fractured skull occurred. By the time Jack recovered, Trader was working for someone else. Jack also had Harry Gentile but got rid of him when he showed a distaste for training. Johnny Luciano, another of Jack's boys, had possibilities as a welter until his girl told him he was too good-looking to have his face battered. "Like that all the time," Jack said gloomily.

WHEN we got back to Ascension House at seven, several youths in fighting trunks were exercising, punching the bag, or working out on a heavy sandbag. The place was even noisier now, and the sharp gymnasium smell of sweat, rubber, liniment, and stale air was even sharper. Two boys of about sixteen or seventeen, in street clothes, were leaning against a wall waiting for Jack. One of them came up and whispered to him. Jack grinned, got some gloves from a locker, and put them on the boys. They climbed into the ring and, following Jack's instructions, shook hands and started to fight. "Grudge fight," Jack whispered to me, and laughed. One of the boys danced around, keeping his left out and his right hand high, but was hit repeatedly anyway. Jack let neither of them rest until the bout was over; they must fight, he told them, until one said enough. The boy who was dancing threw up his hands after about three minutes, walked over to Jack, and asked him to take off the gloves.

"I talk too much. Always big-mouth me," the boy panted. "This kid and me are walking along the avenyuh talking, see, and I say to this kid, 'I can lick you.' No reason. No girl. We were just talking about fighting. So I tell him, big-mouth me, I can lick him. We come over here. And what happens? I get tired real quick. I'm always talking and I never lick anybody."

A stocky boy wearing trunks and an assortment of sweaters stepped into the ring and started shadowboxing. He danced about stiff-legged and threw short, jerky punches, smiling all the time. "Hey," Jack called to me, "come meet one of my boys! Meet Chris Chrysanthem, spelled just like the flower, c-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-e-m. I call him the Terrible Greek. West Side boy, aren't you, Chris? Got a stinking decision in the Gloves, a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Everybody booed." Chris bowed, said a few polite words, and went on with his dancing. Jack and I leaned against the wall and he explained that Chris, who was eighteen, was a good street fighter and an aggressive boxer but never showed up well in a gym workout. "In a gym," Jack said, "he stinks. He gets hit all the time and he can't keep his balance."

Chris, Jack said, will turn professional under his direction after a few more amateur fights. The boy, he added, is a power around 128th Street and Amsterdam, where he has broken up several crooked crap games, once knocking down three fellows after one of them had tapped him on the head with a blackjack. Chris had once spent ninety days in jail for hitting a cop and another time got in trouble by appearing on the street in his brother's Navy uniform. Chris came to Jack because he wanted to become a fighter. A boy in street clothes, hearing our discussion, walked up, jerked his head toward Chris, and said, "Y'ever see'm fight? Goes in fast, see, hits ya on the back, on the shoulder, turns you

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BOY WILL MAKE A FIGHTER

THE old Ascension Parish House, at 12 West 108th Street, has in its time turned out some of the most lethal prizefighters on the upper West Side and is still a great place for neighborhood blood-letting. The parish house, which has long been a sort of community gymnasium, is now rented to the WPA for a dollar a year as a recreation centre, in which a man named Jack O'Connor, one of several athletic instructors employed there, conducts boxing classes for neighborhood boys between the ages of eight and twenty. The location of Ascension House is ideal for Jack O'Connor's work. The district is a combative one; some of New York's cagiest street fighters have developed along Amsterdam Avenue, and many good amateur and professional boxers have come from there. The upper West Side circle in which Jack himself moves is fond of fighting. While some men wander into bars, hoping for a genial discussion of horse races or the war, Jack and his friends gather in bars and talk about fights, sometimes leading the conversation to a point at which one starts. It has always been so in this part of town, they say.

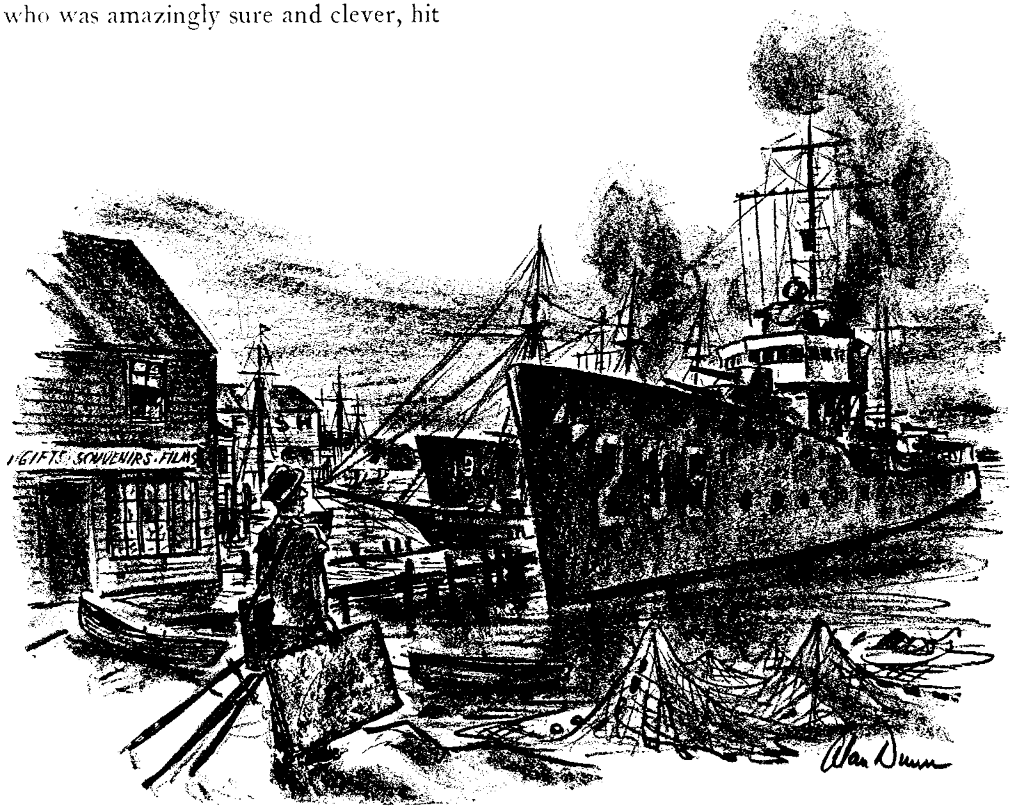
Jack's position in his group is secure. He was brought up in the neighborhood and made a reputation for himself as a street fighter. He got as much as $2,500 a fight when he was a professional featherweight about twelve years ago. His fighting career was slightly hampered by his inability to make up his mind whether to be a fighter or a baseball player and by trying to be both. After pitching for a while in the Eastern League and fighting professionally, he ran a gymnasium in Hartford, promoted fights, and managed a few fighters. His luck soured a few years ago, when he got into a brawl with some unpleasant characters over the ownership of a welterweight and came out of it with a fractured skull. After he recovered, he found he had no fighter and no job. So now he is back in his old section, teaching boys to fight, refereeing occasional matches around town, and looking for a stable of fighters which will make him a lot of money.

JACK is a lean, rather handsome Irishman of about thirty-five, with a broken nose. "This neighborhood is deteriorating," he told me one afternoon when I stopped in at Ascension House to watch some of his young fighters at work in the gym. "Years ago, when I was a punk around here, it was all Irish. Now we got spicks, colored people, Irish, everybody. The colored boys fight Joe Louis style. They stalk with their hands up like this, see? The spicks, they're bolo punchers. They reach way back here and swing way around. Whoosh! The Irish—I like the Irish—they fight like this. Jab, jab, pick off the punches with the right, always keep that left out and moving, and then follow with a right. Whoom!"

There was so much noise in the gym that it was hard to carry on a conversation. A crowd of little boys were running around yelling. One lad was punching a bag. At one end of the room there is a ring, in which a couple of boys were fighting. In another room in the building girls were playing table tennis and screaming. In an auditorium upstairs there was a basketball game and more yelling. Jack put two eight-year-olds in the ring for me to watch. One was Shadow, a small colored boy from Lenox Avenue who is dead sure he will be a fighter when he grows up. The other was Benny Munoz, the project's fall guy, who Jack said is called Benny the Bum because he never does anything right. Both boys were in street clothes and didn't bother to shed their sweaters and ties for the bout. Benny shambled about the ring, and Shadow, who was amazingly sure and clever, hit him easily. Benny at times waded in with a flurry of punches and then ran into a corner and covered his head with his arms. Every time Shadow brought him out of his crouch by belting him on the backside, and, when he stood up, Shadow hit him again. Benny suddenly began crying. Some little boys who were watching started to jump up and down and yell, "Benny the Bum! Benny the Bum!" Jack stopped the fight, dried Benny's tears with a towel, and asked him if he wanted to continue. Benny did, and when the round was over he still wanted to keep on fighting, although his turn was over.

Jack's classes, which are extremely casual, are held from about 3 to 10 P.M. He takes boys from eight to fifteen in the afternoon and older boys in the evening. On nice days the younger boys play baseball in Central Park or stickball on a side street. They come indoors to box when the mood strikes them. Jack said this was as it should be. "They're kids, see?" he said.

AT six o'clock, Jack and I went over to a corner delicatessen for a beer and a sandwich. Everyone there knew Jack and talked to him about fighting. He told me he had a couple of boys in his night classes who would go a long way and make real money. Up to



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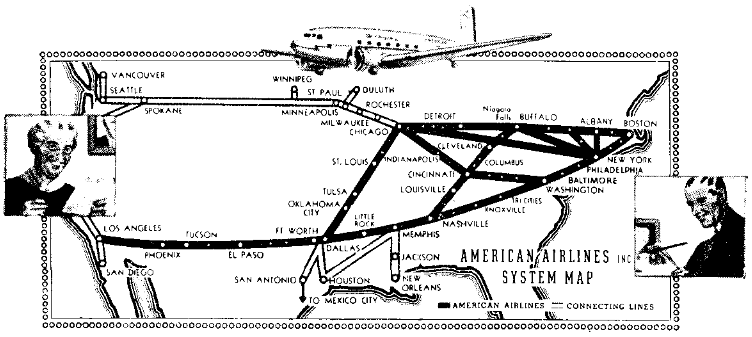
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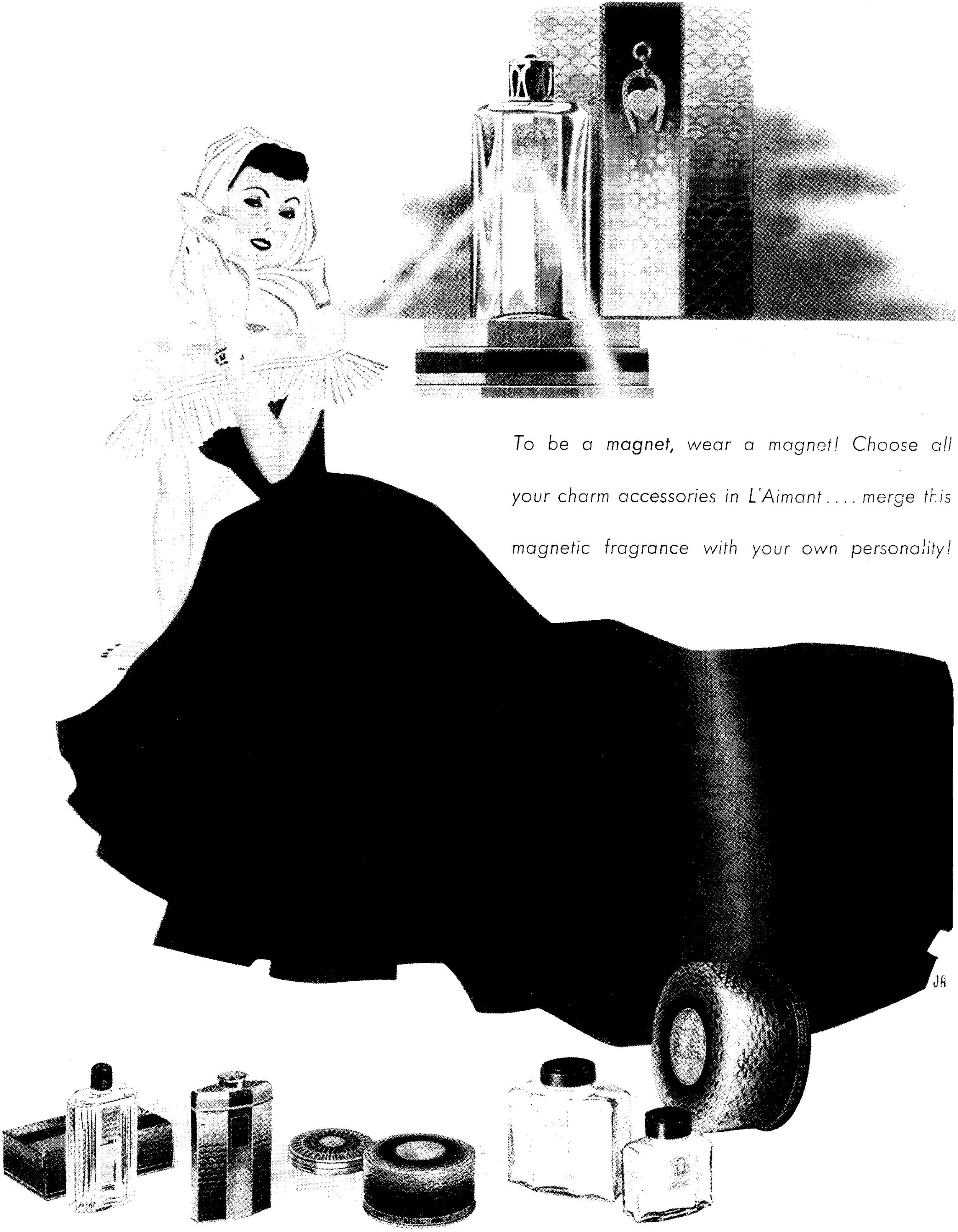

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